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The Ferry Boy And The Financier (1864)

John Townsend Trowbridge

THE
FERRY-BOY

AND

THE FINANCIER.

BY

A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE "ATLANTIC,"

AUTHOR OF THE "FIRST VISIT TO WASHINGTON,"
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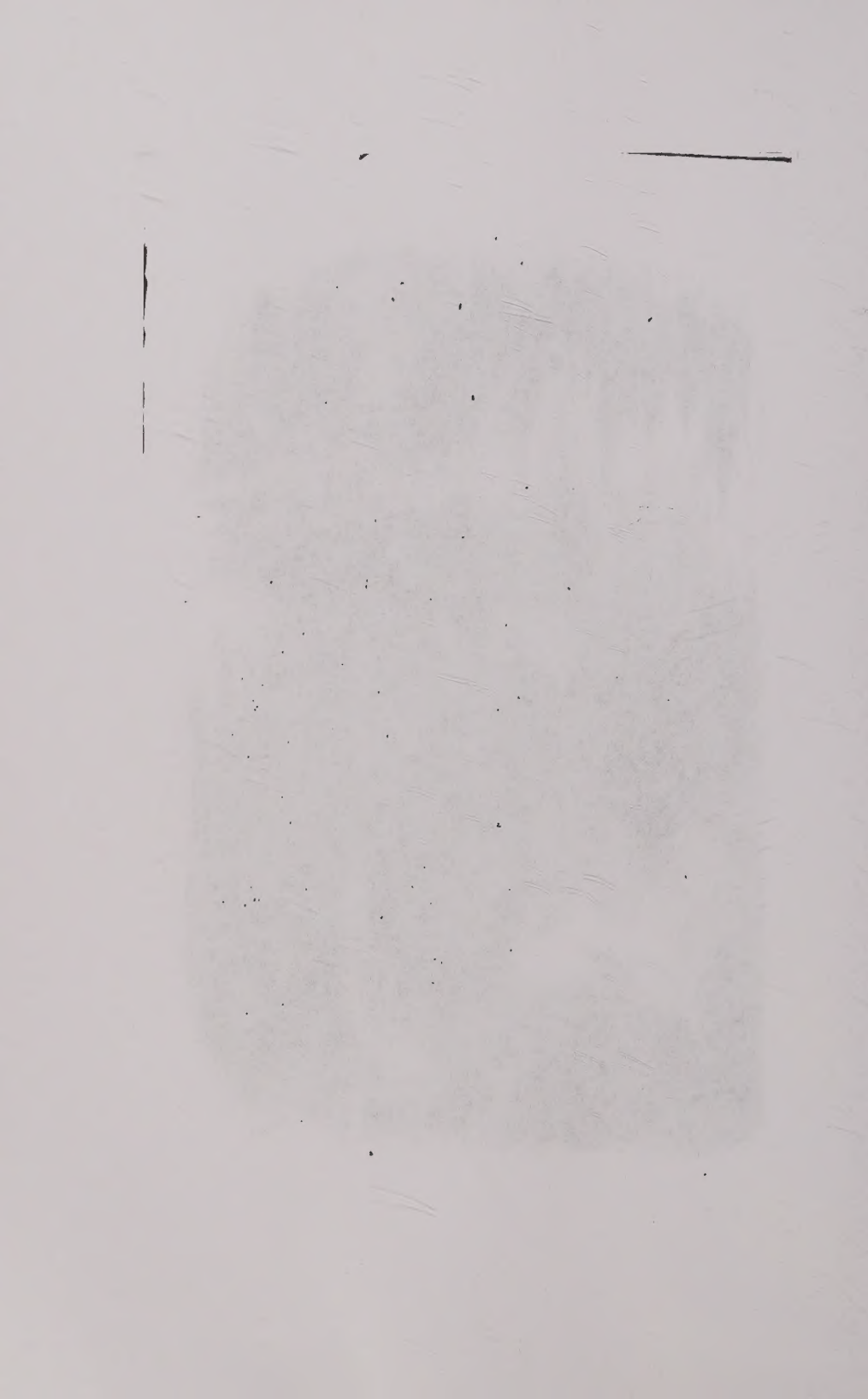
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P R E F A C E.

THE materials of which the following narrative is composed have been drawn from authentic sources. Yet it has been my study to give the spirit of the scenes and incidents described, rather than weary the reader with dry details. To this end, when necessary, imaginary conversations, and occasionally fictitious circumstances, have been introduced; while, at the same time, the most conscientious care has been used in depicting, without suppression or exaggeration, those strong traits of character which rendered the subject of this biography remarkable among boys, and afterwards distinguished among men.

It will be seen that only an outline is given of the professional and public life of the man at the close of the story. More than this would have been out of place in a book written chiefly for youth. But, as this is the only life of one of America's most

eminent statesmen yet written, I have endeavored to make it as complete as possible by adding some very important matters in an Appendix. The fugitive-slave cases are curious water-marks of that flood of oppression which came so near submerging the whole country, and which finally culminated in the great Rebellion; while the financier's labors since the beginning of the war are materials for future history.

In conclusion, I cannot forbear expressing my grateful acknowledgments to those persons who in various ways have assisted me in my work.

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THE

FERRY-BOY AND THE FINANCIER.

PROLOGUE.

IN a farm-house on the banks of the Connecticut, a child of three years was lying on the broad, bright hearth, one bleak March afternoon.

Out of doors, the winds whistled and whined with the cold, and the great trees flung their arms wildly about them, as if in imitation of the teamsters, who whipped their hands to keep them warm : but all was cheerful within ; for it was in the days of open fire-places, and big back-logs, and hickory cord-wood, that blazed and snapped all the more merrily when the storms shook the windows and doors, as if trying in vain to get in.

The glow of the hearth shone pleasantly on the little boy lying there, and his mother sitting near him. Supporting himself on his arm, he was pointing, with chubby finger, at certain characters traced on smooth white strips of birch-bark ; while his

mother glanced now and then from her sewing to see that he called their names correctly.

These characters were the alphabet. The child was learning his letters. For want of school-books, scarce and expensive in those days, the New-Hampshire farmer had constructed charts of birch-bark, while the mother supplied the place of teacher. In this way commenced the education of a large family of children, of whom the little boy I tell you of was one. From such small and humble beginnings the greatest events sometimes arise, just as the river that flowed past the farm-house door — that noble New-England stream, watering valleys, turning innumerable mills, dividing and separating States — has its sources in far-off, insignificant springs. It is well to think of such things when the humiliating trifles of life annoy and discourage us.

It was in the year 1811 that the boy I write of was learning to read, without the aid of book or printed page. Just fifty years later, the man whose education thus began was called to fill a most important — in some respects, the most important — station at the head of this nation. The child's name was Salmon Portland Chase. It is the story of his life — of that interesting career from the hearth to the cabinet, from birch-bark to "green-backs" — that I purpose to relate.

I.

FIRST LESSONS IN LIFE.

THIS was in the New-Hampshire town of Cornish. There the boy Salmon first saw the light, on the thirteenth day of January, 1808.

There he lived the life of most farmers' boys at that day and this; outgrew his frocks, and experienced the proud satisfaction of trousers; went to school; did chores about the house and barn; hunted hens' eggs, and brought them delightedly to his mother, — except when he fell in his haste, and broke a cap-full between his nose and the door-step, on which tragical occasion he came in distressed, but picturesque; his face streaming with tears and the mixed whites and yolks of eggs.

He also owned a calf; which somehow, to his grief, turned out to be his father's, when it was old enough to kill; an early experience of the uncertainty of earthly possessions.

In winter he had his little sled, and coasted down the snow-covered and ice-crustured New-Hampshire hills with the other boys, — clearing, with headlong

speed, what seemed to him then vast distances and dizzy descents; but which, visiting the spot in maturer years, he found small and tame declivities, after all: for, as the child grows to manhood, men and things, and ideas even, which appeared to his little soul so great and marvellous, shrink in comparison with his increasing mind and stature.

Reverence was a part of this boy's nature, which circumstances tended to develop. Within a stone's throw of his father's house, with just the village tavern between, stood a little old yellow house, where his father was born, — one of a large family so remarkable for character and talent, that it used to be said of them, that "more brains were born in that house than in any other in New England." (The Beecher family, concerning which a similar saying has since been in vogue, was not then in existence). For his venerable grand-parents, for his uncles and aunts, and especially for his own father and mother, the boy Salmon entertained feelings of the profoundest awe and respect, tempered by love for those nearest to him. But this is a trait which, I fear, is fast going out of fashion with boys of the present generation.

In summer-time, he used to go with frolicsome parties of boys and girls, and gather fresh wild strawberries down in the cold-spring meadow. Happy days! How large and luscious the little berries seemed to him then! It was on one of these occasions that he made a perplexing discovery.

"An eagle!" shouted one, pointing up to a great bird sailing majestically in the blue sky over their heads.

"An eagle, an eagle!" cried the rest, looking up, and clapping their hands, — all but Salmon. He looked up, and asked, —

"Where?"

"Don't you see?" It was his little sweet-heart, and rival in the spelling-class, pretty Betty Marble, who spoke. Even she could see the bird, soaring away there above the New-Hampshire farms.

"Oh, yes!" said Salmon faintly, *fancying* he saw: for, since all beheld an eagle, there must be one; and, what others saw, he thought he could see, of course.

But the circumstance troubled him. He began to suspect that his eyes were not like other children's. It was not till years afterwards, however, that he fully comprehended the fact that he was *near-sighted*.

Sometimes he went a-fishing; once, in a little boat, on the beautiful Connecticut, with his elder brother, when he had a tremendous bite.

"Pull him in!" said his brother.

So Salmon pulled till the skiff rocked, the line came in so hard. Then he saw what he had hooked, — a great, long, coiling and twisting thing as big as his arm.

"A snake! it's a snake!" he screamed.

"No, it isn't!" said his brother, laughing. "It's an eel!"

And so it was, — a fine, large fellow, which his brother had to help him get into the boat. How proud the child was of that prize! — how eager to carry it home, and show it to his parents and brothers and sisters!

But he carried home something better than the eel. It was this useful lesson, — that things are not always what they appear; and that, if you grapple boldly with that which most frightens you, ten to one it will turn out no formidable sea-serpent, but as harmless an object as that writhing and flopping fish.

He also learned from the experiences of others. One day he saw his father's hired man come in from the field, limping, and looking desperately enraged.

"What's the matter, Wilson?" said Salmon, alarmed.

"That corn!" muttered Wilson.

"Have the crows been pulling it up again?" asked the child, innocently.

But Wilson did not mean that kind of corn. He pulled off his boot with savage impatience. Then he placed his foot on a log, adjusted a chisel to the big toe, and, with a mallet in his right hand, struck a furious blow.

"There, I've cured that corn!" said he grimly, "according to Scriptur'!"

He had cut off his toe! The child looked on with

horror; and, young as he was, saw what the man was too angry then to see, — the folly of losing patience in suffering, and applying, in a fit of desperation, a remedy worse than the disease.

Up to this time, Salmon was of such an honest and unsuspecting disposition, that he gravely received truth every thing that was said to him by his seniors. He judged all men by his father; and he knew his father would not lie. But now that rapid candor of soul, which lay like a still pool under the blue open sky, was destined to be disturbed.

There was in the village a crazy old soldier of the revolution, — not crazy enough to be dangerous, but just enough to be fantastic and funny. He used to go about in his old regimentals, wearing proudly his cocked hat and epaulets, and flourishing a staff, which he made believe was a musket or a sword. He was a great favorite with the school-children, for whose edification he used to go through with the exercise of arms, — fencing furiously with unseen adversaries, and invariably getting the better of them; or shouldering arms, loading and firing, and charging bayonet. Sometimes he would charge upon the children with such suddenness and impetuosity as to put them to flight in good earnest, making them scream and stumble with terror, until they heard him laugh, and saw him strutting away with a stiff military air, immensely delighted with his own valor.

Sometimes, to please his youthful admirers, he would pull off from his tattered uniform bits of gold-thread, which they preserved as trophies. He used to wear bright-colored feathers stuck in his hat; and these, especially, were the envy of little Salmon.

To get some birds' feathers, and stick in *his* cap, became the ambition of his life. The crazy soldier would not give him any; but he consented at length to tell him how he could catch some birds.

"Put salt on their tails!" whispered the queer old fellow, confidentially.

Salmon was going home from school; but he stopped, and stood watching some birds, wondering if what the man had said was true; when he saw his sister coming along the road.

She was the school-mistress; and a most wonderful and accomplished lady, in the opinion of her little brother, who looked up to her with great awe and admiration, because she had been away to the academy, and could keep school.

"I'll ask her; she'll know," he said to himself. For did she not know every thing? He approached timidly, and said, "Can I catch birds if I put salt on their tails?"

"Of course you can, child!" she replied pleasantly, walking on, with her parasol tipped towards the afternoon sun.

That settled the question. Since she said so, it must be so. To catch some birds became now an

absorbing passion with the boy. Merely to obtain a few pretty feathers was nothing compared with the anticipated pleasure of having the birds themselves.

But how to get the salt on their tails? That was the difficulty. Many and many a time, with a pinch from the salt-cellar in his little fingers, he might have been seen stepping softly towards a blue-bird or a robin, his hand extended, his heart yearning, and his lips saying gently, "Don't fly, birdie! I won't hurt you, pretty little one! Do just wait a minute, till I—oh, dear!" And he would be ready to cry with disappointment, as the bird, precisely at the critical moment, flew away.

"They must know it is salt; and, if I get it on their tails, I can catch 'em; and that's what makes 'em so shy," he thought.

However, he was not to be discouraged; for a marked trait of this child's character was, as we shall see, perseverance. He would never give up any thing he had once undertaken, until thoroughly convinced that it was useless to pursue it further.

One Saturday afternoon, when school did not keep, he put the theory of catching birds with salt to a final test. He had discovered, under the bank of a ravine, a flock of yellow-birds, singing merrily together on some bushes. Here was a chance for him. He ran to the house, emptied the salt-cellars into his pocket, and returned. With palpitating heart, he crept stealthily as a cat on the bank, unseen

by the yellow-birds. So he got very near ; and they kept singing, quite unconscious of the dreadful fate awaiting them. Then suddenly he threw the salt on the bushes, on the birds, on their wings, yes, and on their tails ! Instantly he ran down the bank to catch them ; when, to his astonishment, he saw them all fly away, caring no more for the salt than for so much dust blown by the wind from the street.

Then Salmon went home, a wiser if not a happier boy. He had come with his pocket full of salt, and his bosom full of hope : now both were empty. He saw his father at work in the field, and went and told him the sorrowful story.

"I *know* I got *some* on their tails ; but they flew away just the same," he said in his grief.

"My son," said his father, smiling, as he leaned on his hoe, and looked down affectionately at the child, "you will learn from this that not all that people say is true ; but you must always consider what is said, and find out for yourself, if you can, whether it is true or not."

That lesson Salmon never forgot ; but, as he went through life, he found there were other kinds of birds that could not be caught by putting salt on their tails, notwithstanding the strongest assurances from some very sincere people that they could be.

So life opened to him, there among the Cornish hills ; over his head the same blue sky that smiles down upon every child ; around him the wondrous

world of nature and of men ; the great, deep, mysterious river rolling by ; old Ascutney looking on him every morning from his night-cap of mists, and every evening from his royal panoply of gilded clouds ; his little schoolmates, especially pretty Betty Marble, so much to him ! the schoolmaster who carried him on his back through the snow-drifts, and put out long words to him, such a great, good man in his eyes ! and now the dim future dawning before him, vast, unknown, with so much of good and evil in it for him to choose !

II.

LATER LESSONS.

THIS was in war-time. The young Republic had been having her second great quarrel with the mother-country since 1812. Although it had been provoked by Great Britain, the New-England States opposed it from the first, and were weary enough of it: for we were not fighting then, as in the old Revolutionary times, for national independence; nor for freedom and union, as in the great civil war that has convulsed the nation since; but because England behaved in a very offensive and overbearing manner towards us, — impressing seamen from our ships, and seizing the ships themselves when she caught them trading with the French, with whom she was at war. The party in power thought there was no other way to teach her good manners, and secure the justice she denied us, but to fight.

So they fought, until both countries grew heartily tired of the conflict. Then they concluded to stop fighting; neither having gained much besides bitter experience in that foolish business.

One afternoon, as Salmon, then seven years old, was waiting, in company with some other boys, to see the Boston stage come in, he heard a great shout, and saw a jubilant waving of hats on the tavern-steps.

"Peace!" was the cry; "Peace!" And, running up, the boys saw the joyful word inscribed on a little flag that waved from the stage-top. The glad tidings had been carried through the country in that way; for there were no telegraph-wires then to flash the good news all over the land.

Salmon ran home to tell his parents. Joyful indeed was the event to them, as to all; yet it was destined to work sad changes for the family.

Ithaman Chase, the father, was a fine type of the old-fashioned New-Englander. A man of imposing stature and great natural dignity, tempered by mild and affable manners, he was, in the true sense of the word, a gentleman. Sagacious, upright, energetic; following, Yankee-fashion, whatever useful occupation honestly claimed his attention; farmer, merchant, surveyor, justice of the peace, member of the State Council, and manufacturer,—he had succeeded in accumulating a handsome property. But, unfortunately, the close of the war, which brought rejoicing to so many, brought disaster to him. During the period of non-intercourse with the old country, he had invested his available means in a glass-factory, which yielded ample returns, until, the

war-tariff removed, it was found that the home-manufacture of glass could not compete with foreign importations.

The glass-factory was at Keene; and, to give his personal attention to the failing concern, Ithaman Chase removed thither in the summer of 1815.

There a new life opened to young Salmon. The glass-factory was a place of enchantment. To him glass-blowing was a marvel and a mystery. To watch the little bulb of molten metal come out of the great, roaring red furnace, on the end of the long tube, and swell and take shape from the breath and skill of the blower, was an unfailing delight, until the business itself failed, and the factory went down.

But, whatever else happened, Mr. Chase was determined that his children should have that which is of more value than riches, — an education. Salmon had long since graduated from birch-bark; and he was now put to the study of geography, arithmetic, natural philosophy, &c. It was his habit to test every kind of knowledge that could be made practical, and that led to some amusing experiments.

One day, having lost some favorite pebbles in a puddle of water, and poked for them in vain with a stick, he recalled this useful bit of information, which he had learned, — that water could be evaporated by the application of heat.

"I'll try it!" said Salmon. "You help me, Ned;

and when we've evaporated all the water away, and found the pebbles, you shall have half of 'em."

Ned was his younger brother. Incited by the brilliant idea of applying philosophy to the affairs of common life, and still more, perhaps, by the prospect of sharing the pebbles, he set to work, and helped Salmon bring wood, until a large pile was made over the puddle that was to be evaporated. Then the fire was set, and the boys awaited the result. The wood that was above the water soon burned out; and then the boys saw, not the water dissipated by the fire, but the fire quenched by the water.

"Never mind," said Salmon: "we'll try again. The book says so, and it must be. I'll chop the wood all up fine this time, and then we'll be sure."

Salmon chopped, and Ned put the sticks on the fire, until their too-eager pursuit of practical science occasioned a frightful accident. Ned ran to pick up a stick just as Salmon had raised the axe to split it. The axe came down with full force, not on the stick, but on Ned's head.

"I've killed him! I've killed him!" shrieked Salmon, dropping the axe in an instant, — forgetting fire, pebbles, and philosophy; and, lifting his little brother, he bore him, bleeding and insensible, into the house.

"O my boys! what have you done?" exclaimed their mother, taking the younger anxiously in her arms, and examining his wound.

Salmon was too much terrified to speak. The sisters ran to the spot; the father came rushing in. A physician was sent for. The blood was washed from the wound, and it was found that the skull was uninjured, thanks to a woollen cap and a thick head of hair, which had broken the force of the blow. Ned opened his eyes, and looked around. Seeing his brother, he said in a feeble voice, —

"Salmon, is the water all evaporated yet?"

"I guess he'll live," said his father, smiling.

At which Salmon laughed and cried with inexpressible joy.

"The book don't tell the truth," said he; "for I've tried, and now I know."

A few days afterwards, however, when Ned was able to go out with a bandage on his head, Salmon took him to the puddle, and, behold! the water had entirely disappeared; and there, after searching a little while in the mud, they found the pebbles.

"Father, what has become of the water?" asked Salmon.

"Why, the sun has dried it up, I suppose," replied his father.

"The *heat* of the sun?" said Salmon. "The book was right, then, after all; and I made a mistake in building the fire."

"Yes: you built your fire over the water, and the heat escaped up into the air. If you could have

made your fire under the water, then your experiment might have succeeded."

From which Salmon learned this other important lesson, — that some things may be true which we fail to understand, and that we ought always to beware of judging difficult matters from an imperfect knowledge of them.

And now the time had come when he was to learn the saddest lesson of all. It was in his tenth summer. His father had a "tavern stand," and carried on a farm. One day he was at work in the hay-field with his hired men; and Salmon, who had been sent to the house for a jug of cold water, was returning, when he saw a strange movement among the laborers. They ran to his father, who had fallen down: they lifted him up, and Salmon, hastening to the spot, met them carrying him from the field.

"Run for the doctor, lad!" cried one, hurriedly; and all appeared very much excited. Salmon dropped the jug, and sped across the fields. The physician came with him to the house. His father had already been brought in, and placed upon a bed. From that bed, Ithaman Chase never arose. The lesson the boy was to learn was the solemn lesson of death. His mother was now a widow, and her children were fatherless.

The shock had been a terrible one to all. The kind husband, the beloved father, the strong, upright

man, had received a paralytic shock, and been cut down in the prime of his manhood. The world seemed a blank to the bereft family for a while. But the mother was a woman of sterling character, who never gave up to despair. She consoled herself with the belief that her husband was happy in another world, while her children were left to her in this.

She was of Scotch descent, and had inherited from her parents, together with the prudence and fortitude of that race, a little property of her own, which still remained to her after the wreck of her husband's fortunes.

How to economize her narrow income, so as to support and educate her children out of it, now became with her an absorbing question. A long and hard struggle was before her; but she never shrank from it. She removed from the tavern stand to a little yellow cottage on the corner of the main street of Keene and the Swanzey Road. This continued long the widow's humble abode,—well remembered still,—from which she sent forth her sons and daughters to school or to the business of life.

Late in the fall, after the removal, Salmon learned another lesson, never to be forgotten. Running along a lane that bordered his mother's little farm, one cold morning, he came suddenly upon a man lying stiff and still on the ground. Horror-struck, he drew near. The face was half-hidden, lying in the shallow water of a roadside ditch. He was dead. Salmon

ran for help. A neighbor came, and they lifted the corpse out of the water: it was that of a drunkard. He had been in the town the night before, become intoxicated, and, returning by the lane to his home on the hills, had stumbled, and perished in ditch-water not deep enough to drown a child.

About this time, Col. D—— (an old friend of Salmon's father, who had been an editor in his day, and now kept a young ladies' boarding-school, to which a few boys were admitted, in the town of Windsor, Vt.) proposed to take charge of Salmon and one of his sisters; and now Salmon was, for the first time in his life, sent away from home.

It was a new and strange experience. The seminary was beautifully situated: shrubbery, fruit-trees, flowers, and that wonder to the young farmer-boy's eyes, — a little pond with gold-fishes, — made it a delightful spot. There were young girls from Georgia and from other parts of the South, and young girls from the North, — some of whom were to be famous afterwards for beauty and talent. There were bright boys too, with whom Salmon was incited to compete in scholarship, and, I regret to add, in roguery.

It was at this school that Salmon first undertook to "speak a piece." How bashful and awkward he felt, standing up before those beautiful and accomplished girls! how scared by their bright glances! How little he knew what to do with his dangling hands! But practice gave him confidence; and not

long afterwards, as we shall see, he began to excel in declamation.

There were other boys who did better than he. There was one, in particular, who surpassed all the rest in whatever he undertook. How they envied the ease and grace with which J—— mastered every task! But, alas for the bright promise of youth! J—— entered upon a brilliant career; then suddenly his many admirers lost sight of him. Shall we glance forward at his later years? It was in the city of Washington, not long ago, when, one evening, an ill-clad, feeble old man entered the library of a certain cabinet-minister, and taking off his hat, and uncovering his thin gray hairs, said, in tremulous accents, —

"You do not remember me, sir: my name is J——. We were schoolboys together at Col. D.'s, in Windsor."

"Ah! I remember you."

But how sad was the meeting! The gifted and amiable J——; could this be he? The man's history was written in his countenance. Strong drink had been his ruin. Friends, fortune, fame, — all had been sacrificed to the habit formed in youth, which could never afterwards be abandoned. Of course, the poor man received such help and encouragement as could be given, — money for his immediate necessities, and a place under Government. But all was of no avail: the demon of intemperance

could not be cast out. It had unfitted him for any business; and nothing was left to him in his old age but memories of what he once was, and thoughts of what he might have been.

There were no very bad boys at the colonel's; and the most serious mischief they ever did was to get up after they were supposed to be sound asleep in their beds, build a cheery fire in their dormitory, and have a merry time with nuts, apples, and jack-straws, over the colonel's head. Sometimes their noise awoke him. Then up he came in his night-clothes, with sudden, startling tread, which sent them to their beds again like rabbits to their burrows. They would seem to be fast asleep the instant the door opened; but pretence was of no avail. Woe to the boy who had the longest hair! One after another, the spectre dragged them out of bed by their locks, and, leaving them in a mass on the floor, retired as suddenly as he came. One boy, to guard against such unpleasant accidents, shaved his hair so close to his scalp, that, when the ghost attempted to seize it, his hand slipped off as from a pumpkin. Not much was gained, however; for the apparition had other means of getting at an offender's corporeal sensibilities.

Notwithstanding these episodes in his school-life, Salmon made progress in his studies. At Windsor he went through the Latin Grammar, and got as far in his reading as the *Bucolics* of Virgil, when his mother sent for him to return to Keene.

At home he was not idle. He kept up his studies, and commenced Greek and Euclid, reciting in private to Mr. ——. But now another change was at hand.

His uncle, Bishop Chase of Ohio, proposed to his mother to take charge of him and educate him. The offer was accepted, and soon an opportunity occurred to make the journey.

III.

WESTWARD HO !

SALMON'S brother Alexander, just out of college, was going West to join Gen. Cass's expedition to the Upper Mississippi. He had for a companion a young man, already beginning to be known as a scientific adventurer, — Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, who had received the appointment of geologist to the expedition, and was to become its historian.

These two agreed to take Salmon under their protection. It was late in the winter, or rather early in the spring, of 1820, when they set out to make what was then the long and arduous journey over the Green Mountains, and through the wilderness of Western New York, to Buffalo. The distance which can now be made by steam almost in a day, it then required over a week's hard travel by stage to accomplish.

The stage was an open sleigh. The young men were in fine spirits, and their boy companion was full of the excitement of adventure. Schoolcraft was

not only a man of education ; he was an author ; he had published a book, — a wonderful thing in the eyes of Salmon, who respected him accordingly, and who listened with deep interest while he and his college-learned brother talked of books, of rivers, of rocks and trees, and of the Indians, about whom Schoolcraft was destined to write so many stories afterwards.

Their route lay through Albany, Utica, and a rude little village on the Genesee, which is now the flourishing city of Rochester. There they stopped one night, and delayed their journey an hour or two the next morning in order to view the Falls.

"We won't spend much time here, as we shall see Niagara, which is so much more interesting," Salmon heard the young men saying to each other.

"If they go to Niagara, I mean to go too!" he said to himself.

On the afternoon of the next day they reached Buffalo, and put up at a tavern. As Salmon was warming his feet by the bar-room fire, nestling for comfort in the corner of the great roaring chimney, he noticed another boy, about his own age, standing, and warming his feet, in the other corner.

"Come over here, and I'll give you a part of my chair," said Salmon.

"Oh! I'd just as lief stand," said the boy, changing feet, and sticking out a red, wet shoe at the fire.

However, he altered his mind presently, and went over and sat by Salmon; and they put their arms over each other's backs, in order to hold on to the chair, and warmed their feet, and got acquainted.

"Been travelling far?" said the boy with the red shoes.

"A pretty good piece," replied Salmon; and he told him where he was from.

"Pshaw! I've come almost as far myself. I'm from Connecticut, and I've been here ten days. I've just been out seeing the town. I'll go on with you by and by, if you say so."

"I should like it first-rate, after supper," said Salmon.

The travellers' supper was now ready. "Such ham and eggs! and what pie!" said Salmon, who did not know it was his keen appetite that made things taste so good.

After supper he went out with his new acquaintance, and saw the town, and the lake covered with ice, and the streaks of blue where it was beginning to break up, and float off down the Niagara. Then there was a splendid sunset; after watching which till the golden rim faded from over the lake, and darkness gathered upon the shore, the boys returned to the town, well satisfied with each other and with what they had seen. It is true, they had not seen much; for Buffalo, which has now a hundred thou-

sand inhabitants, had then but two thousand: but every sight was a novelty to Salmon.

That night the boys slept together; and as they had a good deal of talking to do after they went to bed, and as Salmon was tired after his journey, the consequence was, he did not wake up until late the next morning.

"Hollo!" said he, rubbing his eyes open, as he felt somebody shaking him: "what's the matter?"

"The matter is, you'll lose your breakfast if you don't get up," said his new friend, who was already dressed.

Salmon was out of bed in an instant; for breakfast was something he would not have liked to lose.

"Have you been to breakfast?"

"No; but everybody else has."

"My brother and Mr. Schoolcraft—have they?"

"Yes, long ago, and gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed Salmon. "Where?"

"I don't know; but I saw them get into a sleigh, and ride off together."

Alarmed, Salmon pulled on his clothes, and, without stopping to comb his hair, hurried to the bar-room. There he found the landlord, to whom he put the eager question, "Where is my brother?"

"Him and the tother gentleman has gone to the Falls," replied the ungrammatical tavern-keeper.

"To Niagara Falls!" echoed Salmon, struck to the heart with disappointment.

"Yaas; and you're to stay here, they said, agin they come back; which'll be a couple o' days first, mabby more: for the tother gentleman's what they call a jolly-gist, I believe, — one o' them fellers that goes around pryin' inter rocks; though what there is jolly in that is more'n I can make out!" And the landlord laughed heartily at his own joke, while Salmon felt more like crying.

"How far is it to the Falls?" he faintly inquired.

"Wal, su'thin like twenty mild, — pretty nigh; awful goin' too!" said the tavern-keeper.

Near twenty miles, and "awful going!" And Salmon had no money to hire a horse; and his boots were already looking red-colored around the toes and sides, from the effects of snow-water, like his new friend's. But he had made up his mind to visit the Falls, if his brother did; and he was a boy, who, when he had once formed a purpose, would seldom give it up without at least a sturdy endeavor to accomplish it.

"I can walk!" he said, half to himself, setting his teeth firmly as he turned away from the ungrammatical tavern-keeper.

"I'll go with ye, if ye will!" said his new acquaintance.

"It's a bargain!" cried Salmon, his depressed spirits rising instantly.

And they went to despatch their breakfast.

IV.

THE WALK TO THE FALLS.

THE fried potatoes and johnnycake were soon eaten ; and, with pieces of pie in their hands, the young adventurers hastened back to the bar-room to inquire the way to the Falls.

"A straight road, right down the river : ye can't miss it. But ye never'll git there in the world !" added the landlord, discouragingly.

"Won't? why not?" asked Salmon, munching very fast.

"Why, you'll give out 'fore ye git half way ! It's the greatest piece of folly in the world for two boys like you to start to walk twenty mild jest to see the Falls !"

The boys made no reply, but swallowed their pie-crusts, buttoned their coats, and were soon ready to start.

"What ye going to do?" asked the tavern-keeper, who thought he had dissuaded them.

"*The greatest piece of folly in the world,*" said Salmon, laughing, as he shut the door.

The landlord laughed too, and predicted that he would see them both "back again by dinner-time."

"If we can only get there before my brother starts to come back, that's all I ask," said Salmon.

"I can walk as fast as you can," said his companion. He was a resolute little fellow too; although he seemed quite willing to let Salmon take the lead in every thing.

Salmon inquired his name as they tramped gayly along the road.

"Fred Jordan's my name. What's yours besides Chase?"

"Salmon Portland."

"Salmon Portland!" repeated Fred Jordan, laughing. "Where did you ever get such name as that? Salmon's a fish, and Portland's a town in Maine."

"I had an Uncle Salmon, who was a lawyer there; and, as he died just before I was born, they named me after him and the town."

"I think the town ought to make you a big present for that name!" said Fred.

"May be it will some day." And then Salmon laughed at the absurdity of supposing the town of Portland would ever hear of him, — "A little Yankee boy like me!"

"Oh! but you'll be a man some day; and who knows but you'll be governor, or go to Congress."

"My father was member of the Council of New Hampshire, and was *talked of* for governor," said

Salmon, thoughtfully. "And I've an uncle who has been a senator in congress,—my Uncle Dudley: he's now Chief Justice of Vermont."

"There used to be a Parson Chase in Hartford: he kept the female seminary. Is he any relation of yours?"

Salmon smiled. "Yes, he's another uncle of mine; and it's with him I am going to live in Ohio."

"What! is he the *bishop* you said had sent for you?"

"He's the youngest of my father's brothers; and a great man, I guess," said Salmon. "He was the first one of the Chases that became an Episcopalian: then all the rest became Episcopalians too."

"Are you?" asked Fred, rather lightly.

"I—try—to be," replied Salmon gravely; for the strong religious influences of his home had left their impression on his youthful character.

"Did you come through Albany?" Fred asked.

"Yes; and I can't help laughing to think how green I was. Says I to my brother, 'What a rocky place this is!' He and Mr. Schoolcraft laughed, and told me the streets were paved. I had always thought before that stones were to be taken out of the road, instead of put into it!"

So the boys talked as they followed the river-road, and found themselves alone in the primeval forest. The day was beautiful. The crows cawed in the tree-tops over their heads. Squirrels, black and

gray, ran across the road, or sprang up the great trunks at their approach, and chattered at them from the limbs. Their winter stores exhausted, these sprightly little animals had taken advantage of the fine weather to come out and dig for beechnuts down under the snow. The snow was knee-deep all through the woods, except just where the sleigh-track was; and the bright sun and the shadows of trunks and branches made wonderful pictures on its glittering surface.

"We saw the strangest sight coming over the Green Mountains," said Salmon, as they continued to chat by the way. "We passed through a cloud; and the horses and our clothes and the buffalo-robes were all covered with electricity. If we shook or stroked the fur, it sparkled like a cat's back in the dark. I struck the horses with the whip to make the streaks of fire fly! I could brush the electricity off from my cap as if it had been water."

The walking was not very bad; and the boys got on well enough, keeping their feet dry and warm with exercise, until they came to a sluggish stream that flowed across the road. There was no bridge, and it was too broad to leap over.

"Now what?" said Fred Jordan, looking inquiringly at his companion.

"I am going to cross, and keep my feet dry too," said Salmon, glancing around in the woods.

"You can't, unless I lie down, and let you make a bridge of me," said Fred.

"That would be a new way of passing over Jordan!" said Salmon, who thought, since Fred had made fun of his name so freely, he was entitled to make a joke about Fred's.

"There is ice up in the woods: we can cross there," said Fred.

Salmon told him to go and see. So Fred tramped through the deep snow far enough to learn that the ground up there was springy, and the ice treacherous. When he returned, he found that Salmon had already overcome the difficulty by constructing a temporary bridge of a fallen limb which he had dragged out from under the snow and thrown across the stream. By stepping carefully on that, and then giving a quick spring, they could leap to the other side.

They found many such obstacles in their way: still they did not turn back. Several times they stopped to rest; once at a log tavern, where they got a dinner of bread and milk. It was now two or three hours past noon: still they pushed on, hoping to reach the Falls before night.

As evening approached, however, a still more formidable barrier appeared in their way than any they had yet encountered. They saw the woods filled with smoke before them, and an unnatural glow shining through; and, hastening on, discovered that

the trees on both sides of the road were on fire. Some settler, tired of clearing fields for cultivation with his axe, had adopted this more expeditious method of subduing the wilderness.

"We can get through, though, I know!" said Salmon.

"I can go where you can," replied Fred.

As they drew near, however, the scene before them appeared really terrible. The air was filled with the crackle and roar of the flames, clouds of lurid smoke rolled up into the sky, and the glare of the conflagration lighted up the woods. The approaching darkness enhanced the awfulness of the scene. Many trees were mere pillars of fire, which might fall at any moment. Blazing brands dropped hissing into the half-melted snow; while all around in the forest the shadows of night were gathering.

"It's six miles back to the tavern. I won't go back!" said Salmon.

"Then we must either camp down here, or else try to get around the fires on one side or the other," said Fred. "But we'll get lost, I know, if we should try that; and who wants to stay in the woods all night?"

"I don't, for one! There are panthers in these woods, say nothing of the bears and wildcats."

"Then what'll we do?"

"You just follow me!" said Salmon. "I believe

we can pick our way through, if the burning trees don't fall on us."

Fred, instinctively trusting in his companion, came bravely to his side, and they set out to run the gantlet of the fires. They proceeded cautiously at first, looking before them to see if any of the burning trunks threatened to fall across the road. In this way they entered the midst of the flaming woods, where the heat became almost too intense to bear.

"All right!" cried Salmon, seeing his way through. "Now run for your life!"

"Good-by to the panthers and wildcats!" said Fred, laughing with the excitement, as they came out safely on the other side of the fires.

It was still several miles to the Falls, however; and it grew dark very fast as soon as they got beyond the light of the flames.

"It'll be pitch-dark long before we get there," said Fred. "My feet are as wet as sop, and I'm as hungry as a bear. Hollo! there's a house."

It was a little log-hut by the roadside, in the middle of a little clearing. There was a man chopping wood at the door, and two or three hungry pigs were squealing at a trough.

"Rather too dark to chop, isn't it?" said the boys.

"Yes; but the old woman wanted some fine stuff to tuck under the teakettle," replied the man.

The teakettle! — how much comfort and cheer that homely word expressed! Instantly a tempting vision

of a bright chimney-corner, a cat on the hearth, a supper-table set, and the said teakettle singing its merry song, rose before the minds of the tired and hungry boys.

"How far is it to the Falls?"

"Wal, about three miles. A bad road to travel in the night, though."

"Besides," Salmon said aside to his companion, "we can't see the Falls this evening, if we get there. Can you keep us over night?" — to the man.

"Wal, I guess so, if you can put up with a bed on the floor."

"Oh, we can put up with any thing!" cried Fred; "only give us some supper and a good fire."

"Wal, you can have all that. Walk right in. Here, mother!" said the man to his wife, "is some young chaps want to stop with us: so jest put a couple of extry plates on the table, and an extry sassaidge in the spider. Out of the way there, children, and let these boys come to the fire."

The young travellers soon had their shoes and stockings off, and their feet toasting by the spider that contained the sausages. Supper was soon ready; and the good woman gave Salmon a pair of her own shoes, and Fred a pair of her children's, to wear while they sat at the table.

"What is that roaring we hear?" asked Salmon in a pause of the evening conversation. "Is it the fire in the woods?"

"That? No: that's the Falls," said the man. "Haven't you heard it before?"

"Yes: we heard it before we got to the fire; but we thought it must be that, when we got up to it. Do you always hear it?"

"Always, and sometimes a sight louder than to-night. Dicky, just stick the pitch-fork up in the log, and show the boys."

Dicky, a boy about their own age, sprang for the fork, which stood in a corner of the hut, and, thrusting the handle into a crevice of the logs, called them to witness the phenomenon produced. The tines were vibrating with the deep, strong thunder of the Falls; and, listening, they could hear the fork humming a low, monotonous song, as if in emulation of the teakettle.

All this served to excite still more their curiosity with regard to the great natural wonder they had come so far on foot to visit.

The good woman made them a bed on the floor, and there they slept soundly until near morning. When they awoke, the fire was blazing brightly, the table was set, and she was getting breakfast; while her husband sat greasing his boots before the andirons.

"May we put a little of that grease on our shoes, sir?"

"Wal, if you think they need any more, ye can;" and the man showed the boys' shoes, freshly oiled,

and placed in a row with his own children's, in the corner.

They were very grateful, and, after breakfast, wished to pay for their entertainment. The man and woman looked at each other, and replied that "they were welcome."

"Oh, we meant to pay!" Salmon insisted. "Don't you ever take any thing when travellers put up with you?"

"Wal, sometimes, when they give us a good deal of trouble, and seem to have plenty of money," said the woman. "But you've been quiet as mice; and you haïnt got any more money than you'll want, I know. You're very young to be travelling around the world this way!" she added, with an affectionate look at her own children.

"I shall write to my mother about you," said Salmon, his voice thick with emotion.

"Do so: give her my love, and be good boys for her sake! We won't say good-by; for you must stop here, and get a bite, when you come back."

"You'll find that lam'-black and taller the best thing to keep feet dry, and presarve the luther," said the man, taking leave of them at the door.

V.

NIAGARA IN WINTER.

THE sun was not yet risen; but the sky shone like silver through the trees, filling the woods with a pure and beautiful light.

"I never felt better in my life," said Fred Jordan: "only I'm just the least mite lame."

"What a splendid morning! It makes me feel as if I could fly," said Salmon, full of exhilaration. "There is the sunlight in the tree-tops; and look yonder!—the river, the river!"

"The river, the river!" echoed Fred; and the boys clapped their hands as they ran forward down the road. They struck the banks of the stream just where its broad and smoothly-flowing sheet narrows and the rapids begin.

"There's the Canada shore, over yonder! Oh, look, Fred!—see how the sunshine strikes across the waves down there! They seem all alive, dancing in the light!"

But Fred was looking in another direction. "See that great raft of ice come floating down! How I'd like to watch that go over the Falls!"

"We can see it go into the rapids: it'll all break to pieces before it gets to the Falls, I bet you. Hurrah!"

They hastened on, leaving the road occasionally to stand upon the bank and watch the billowy swells rushing past, swift and impetuous, beautifully colored, and gleaming in the morning sun. The wildness and grandeur of the scene filled their fresh young hearts with joy and wonder. The raft of drifting ice from the lake came down, and, as Salmon had predicted, broke, massive and thick as it was, into great fragments, which went plunging and tossing in the fierce, mad waves, that bore it on towards the cataract.

"Oh, I wouldn't like to be on one of those cakes!" exclaimed Fred. "An Indian in his canoe couldn't paddle himself ashore now!"

"This alone," said Salmon, his countenance beaming with satisfaction, "is worth walking twenty miles to see. That must be Goat Island. More than half the river runs the other side of it, I've heard. Come, we are almost at the Falls now!"

They ran on, and did not stop again until they reached the brink. Here they stood speechless for some minutes under the trees, which the freezing spray of the night before had clothed, even to the slenderest twig, in a dazzling array of silver and diamonds.

The leaping and tumbling rapids were there drawn down into a swift, strong current of comparative smoothness, shooting straight, with arrowy velocity, at the verge. Then suddenly all that tremendous sweep of waters broke into a wondrous curve, splendid in the sunlight, its sapphire and emerald hues flashing to a cloudy whiteness, as the mighty volume burst and crumbled, and fell slowly, like a thunderous cataract of snow, into the abyss beneath.

They advanced, and looked over the precipice. There, far, far below, the dark river boiled and rolled in the vast chasm between its stupendous walls. A boat tossing on its surface, amid the fragments of ice, and streaks of foam, looked no bigger, as Fred said, "than a bread-tray." A cloud of vapor arose out of the gulf, with gusts of wind.

"Oh, the rainbow!" cried Salmon, getting between the spray and the morning sun.

Fred ran to his side, and witnessed the beautiful phenomenon, its colors brightening and fading as the wind blew the vapor thin, or swayed it to and fro.

"This is the American Fall. That must be the Horseshoe Fall, beyond the island. Oh, here's a grand place to see it, Fred!"

"Watch this ice go over!" cried Fred. "It don't seem to know what to make of it when it gets to the jumping-off place. How slow it falls! But don't it make you dizzy, watching it go down, down, down, till it's out of sight?"

"It's slippery all along here: we must look out, or we'll fall!" cried Salmon. "It's over a hundred and sixty feet to the rocks down there!"

"There wouldn't be much left of a fellow, if he should go over!" said Fred. "The spray freezing on, that's what makes all this ice. What do you suppose has become of your brother?"

"I don't know: I guess, though, we shall find him somewhere. See that little boat tossing down there! It is going up as near as it dares to the sheet. There are three men in it, and I shouldn't wonder if we know two of them."

How had they got down there? The boys looked, until they discovered a broken place on the edge of the precipice below the Fall, and a rugged path descending to a sort of natural platform under it. They carefully groped their way down this slippery and perilous pass, and reached the ledge in safety.

"Here's a ladder!" cried Salmon. "But who knows where it leads to? Dare you come?"

Fred would always venture to follow his companion's lead. He wished to wait a minute to breathe, however, and to look at the extraordinary icicles hanging from the cliff. Then, one after the other, they trusted themselves to the rounds of the ladder, and descended to another resting-place, thirty or forty feet farther down. They dared not look beneath them as they stepped, lest they should become dizzy, and lose their hold. In this way, by paths and lad-

ders, and rocky stairs glazed with ice, they made the difficult descent from the summit to the base of the precipice, which is now made so comfortably by means of winding staircases or gliding cars.

As they leaped upon the surge-washed stones below, the boat reached the landing-place, and Alexander and Mr. Schoolcraft stepped out.

"What!" cried Alexander; "is that you? Where did you come from? What are you here for?"

"We came from Buffalo, and we are here to see the Falls," answered Salmon frankly.

"I wondered what rash children were coming down those ladders, and expected every minute to see you fall and break your necks!" exclaimed his brother, appearing displeased.

But Schoolcraft took the lads' parts. "Depend upon it," said he, "boys who will take all this trouble and run such risks to get here have traits of character which ought to be encouraged rather than repressed. If they will show as much courage and perseverance through life in the pursuit of noble aims, they will some day arrive at distinction."

Alexander smiled, and Salmon's cup of joy was full.

"Oh, look at the icicles now!" cried Fred.

It was indeed an astonishing sight. All the side of the precipice above them, to the edge of the Fall, was fringed with spears of ice, — some of enormous

size, — like the hoary beard on the chin and breast of a giant.

But what amazed Salmon more than any thing else — more than the icicles, more than the tumultuous whirlpools of the river, more even than the plunge and thunder and misty gusts of the cataract — was an iceberg under it. Here, all winter long, shielded by the high cliff from the sun, and fed perpetually by the dash of the waters, the arctic wonder had grown, until it had become a stupendous pile, rearing high its glistening crystal peaks. It was perhaps fifty feet high, and it shone like a mountain of pearl. The light from above, striking down upon it and upon the volumes of vapor surging and drifting around it, produced an effect of singular beauty, which made Salmon thrill from head to foot.

"Is it true," he asked, "that the Falls were once several miles below here, and that they keep moving up every year towards Lake Erie?"

"There is every evidence that such is the fact," said Schoolcraft, who was examining the rocks at the base of the cliff. "All this great gorge, extending for miles below us, has undoubtedly been excavated by the river. Every few years, large fragments of the shelf over which the water pours break away. Two years ago, in this very place," — pointing up at the brow of the American Fall, — "a mass fell, which shook the country all around like an earthquake."

"I should think, then, the Falls would get to be sloping; for the water must wear the upper rocks most."

"Ah! but, you see, the upper strata are hard limestone, while these scaly layers below are very much softer. These accordingly crumble away first, and leave those projecting."

"That's lucky: for, if the soft rocks were above, there would be no such splendid falling sheet; would there?"

"Certainly not; but the river would rush down a succession of mighty stairs."

"How long has it been digging out the rocks up as far as here?"

"Nobody knows how many thousand years. Some estimate that the Falls recede, on an average, between two and three feet every year; but that can hardly be."

"At that rate, it would not take many thousand years more for them to travel up to Lake Erie, and drain it dry. Then, as the water of all the upper lakes flows this way, what is to prevent their being finally drained off too? There would then be just the river running through, — one great river in place of all."

"Very good reasoning. But the strata vary, my boy. The water has not cut its way through them at a uniform rate, by any means; and it is probable, that two or three miles farther up, owing to the

slope of the strata in that direction, all these soft, scaly layers will disappear, and the water will find a solid, unyielding wall to fall over. We know little definitely about it now; but the researches of future geologists will, I think, demonstrate this to be so."

An hour longer the travellers remained under the cliff; then re-ascended to the upper world. At noon, they dined at a rude tavern, which was then almost the only building erected where the village of Niagara, with its sumptuous hotels, now stands. Then Alexander and his friend took Salmon and Fred into their sleigh, and departed, bidding farewell to the mighty thunderer.

As they drove back on the road they had come, the boys had an opportunity to say a hasty good-by to their humble friends of the night before, who came duly to the door of the log-hut to smile and bow at the travellers as they passed.

VI.

THE "WALK-IN-THE-WATER."

"**W**AL, if you don't beat all the youngsters ever I see in my life!" said the landlord at Buffalo, that evening, when the party returned, and he saw the boys, after their successful accomplishment of the trip had proved him no true prophet.

"I told you we would see the Falls, and we did!" said Salmon, dryly.

They slept that night at the tavern. The next day, Fred was sent for by his friends; and he went, Salmon knew not where. But the latter did not forget his companion in that memorable walk to the Falls, whom he firmly believed that he would some day meet again. This indeed happened, although not until many years afterwards.

The travellers were now ready to resume their journey eastward; but, instead of proceeding by land, they resolved to wait for the opening of spring navigation, and go up the lake.

The ice was fast breaking up and disappearing. Navigation opened on the 4th of May; and, on the

following day, it was announced that the "splendid steamboat 'Walk-in-the-Water'" would leave Black Rock (now North Buffalo) for Erie, Cleveland, and Detroit, the next morning. (There was then no harbor at Buffalo which vessels could enter.) This was the first steamer that ever flashed a paddle on the Western waters, which are now ploughed into foam by the prows of numberless far more "splendid" boats.

You may well believe that it was a great day in Salmon's young experience when he took his little bundle, and went on board this wonder of the lake in company with his brother and Schoolcraft.

What greater marvel of man's art is there than the steamboat, with its machinery so complex, and yet so simple, — the pistons playing, the great shaft revolving, the strong paddles tearing the deep, and the ship making its way resistless, even against winds and tides, yet with no subtler mystery involved, and no greater power at work, than that which lifts the lid of the teakettle with puffs of vapor?

The steamboat lives. She throws the billows behind her with power. She cuts the sea as with a sword. Ribbons of silver fly up before her like shavings from a smoothing-plane; and, for miles away, her track shines. In the showery spray under her bows sits a laughing nymph in the sun: her name is Rainbow.

But this was in the days when steam-navigation had not ceased to be regarded by some as impracticable. Narrow and doubting minds still scoffed at Fulton's invention, although it had been several years in successful operation; and declared, that, after all, it would be found that nothing but sails and a good wind could be relied on to take a ship through the water. To such (we call them, now-a-days, "old fogies") the "Walk-in-the-Water" was a fiction; or, at least, they suspected there was some trick about her.

Imagine, then, Salmon's delight on going aboard — actually walking the planks — of that impossible craft! — seeing the smoke and steam issue from her chimneys, and hearing the mysterious mutter of the chained giant, whose limbs were iron, and whose diet was fire; and witnessing, at last, the start, — the lines cast off, the plank hauled on, the wild singing of the escaping steam suddenly stopped, the hoarse gasping of the monster, the paddles revolving, and the boat, in spite of all that had been said to the contrary, walking the water "like a thing of life."

Truth compels us to admit that the "Walk-in-the-Water's" engines were not strong enough to counteract the strong current bearing down the river, and that she required the assistance of several yokes of oxen to tow her up to Buffalo; but this prosaic circumstance detracted little from the poetry of the thing, in Salmon's estimation.

"Her name is very appropriate: it was given her in honor of Walk-in-the-Water, a famous Indian chief," said Schoolcraft, standing on deck with his fellow-travellers. "She made her first trip in August, 1818; reaching Detroit in three days. The Indians had heard that a big canoe was coming, to be towed by sturgeons; and when they saw her moving up in a dead calm, without a sail, they believed the fable. They gathered in great numbers on the lake-shore to see her pass; but when they heard the groaning and wheezing of the engine, and saw the diabolical smoke and steam, they no longer believed in the sturgeons, but fled away terrified, thinking it was the Great Spirit."

"In a few years," said Alexander, "these Western lakes will be striped with the wakes of steamboats. Nobody yet knows what a magnificent and vast region this is, or what a commerce is destined soon to crowd its waters. I wish Fulton could have lived to see it!"

"Fulton did not make the first steamboat," said Schoolcraft. "He only succeeded in doing what others had tried to do before him. By the exercise of great practical genius and untiring perseverance, buoyed up by an earnest faith in his own ideas, he accomplished his work, and reaped his reward."

Salmon listened; and he said within himself, "A man may have genius; but no man can be great without earnestness and perseverance. Whether I

have genius or not, I will be earnest, and I will persevere!"

This Western journey had roused in him his first strong aspirations towards the future. Home had been left behind. The careless days of childhood were gone, and could never be recalled. Henceforth he was to rely upon his own resources; and, what his life was to be, he must himself decide. No wonder, then, that the novel scenes he passed through, the strange faces around him, the sense of power the steamboat's motion conveyed, the receding shores, the sunlit lake spreading broad and blue in the limitless distance, and the consciousness of a new life opening for him in a region wild and new, — no wonder that all this awakened in his breast emotions he had never felt before.

"I will be earnest, I will persevere!" he repeated within himself; "and I will be always honest and true!"

Deep into his heart sank the resolutions thus formed; and the fresh breeze blowing, and the sun-bright waters dancing, thrilled him with joyous hope.

The next day, the boat arrived at Cleveland, — a pleasant little village, of some four hundred inhabitants, on the lake-shore. There were no wharves then where flourishes now the commerce of the beautiful and thriving city; and passengers had to be landed from the "Walk-in-the-Water" in boats, as she lay off the town.

Among those who landed was Salmon, — alone among strangers now ; for his brother and Schoolcraft were bound for Detroit, while his own path lay through the wilderness that bordered the lake.

He had bid them adieu with bitter regret as he stepped from the steamer's side. His love of adventure awakened, he longed to accompany them on their expedition ; but that he knew was impossible : and, silently accepting what he felt in his heart to be best for him, he manfully choked down his emotions ; and, when he waved back to them his adieus over the water, it was with such a cheerful air, that they never suspected the sorrow it concealed.

So Salmon was set upon the soil of Ohio, with his little bundle in his hand, and a long, long journey still before him. He waited until the boat returned, and the steamer once more got in motion. He saw the young men salute him for the last time from the deck, and he swung his cap in reply ; and there he still stood on the beach watching them until they disappeared, and the steamer trailed her diminishing flag of smoke far off up the lake.

Then, as I suspect, he shed some natural tears. But, be sure, he wiped them soon ; and it was with a stout heart that he turned his face towards the town.

"Do you know where Mr. B—— lives?" he inquired of almost the first man he met.

"Yes: I know where Mr. B—— lives. Do you want to find his house?"

The man spoke so kindly, and looked to be such a plain, good man, that the boy's lonely heart warmed towards him at once.

"My uncle, in Worthington, has sent for me; and he wrote that I was to stop at Mr. B——'s until some way opened for me to get to him."

"Worthington is a long distance from here," said the man. "It is near the middle of the State; and there is only a rough road through the woods, with no bridges over the rivers. How are you ever going to get there?"

"I don't know; but, if I can, I shall!"

The man smiled at the sturdy determination the boy's look expressed, and asked his uncle's name.

"Ah! I know the bishop; and I think you tell a pretty straight story. So come with me, and I will show you Mr. B——'s house."

"Don't take any trouble on my account," said Salmon, seeing him turn back to accompany him.

"Oh! it's no trouble. I'd do any thing for the excellent bishop. The truth is, I was going to the boat to meet you."

"To meet me, sir?"

"Does that astonish you? The bishop had written to me, that you might be expected about as soon as navigation opened; and, hearing the steamer had arrived, I started to look for you."

This only surprised Salmon the more; but the mystery was quickly solved. On reaching a plain-looking wood-colored house on the bank of a river, the man entered familiarly, saying, "Here's Mr. B——'s residence; and I am Mr. B——."

VII.

THE BOY AND THE CANOE.

THE river was the Cuyahoga; on the eastern bank of which, at its mouth, all that there was of Cleveland then stood. It was a delightful situation; and the heart of the boy was glad.

He was kindly welcomed by Mr. B——'s family, and he soon felt quite at home; but he had no money to pay for his board, and he was unwilling to become a burden to any one. Accordingly, he took occasion, the next day, to have a few words of conversation with Mr. B——.

He began by expressing his desire to go to his uncle.

"Be patient, be patient, my son," said Mr. B——, reading his secret motives for wishing to depart. "There is no need of haste. You are quite welcome to remain here, I assure you."

"I—if I could do any thing to pay for my board," stammered Salmon.

"That is of no consequence, my son. So be easy; and, if you can't be easy, be as easy as you can," said—

Mr. B——, playfully. "There is no public conveyance to Worthington; and the wagons you see starting in that direction do not go as far as there."

"I can walk," said Salmon, stoutly.

Mr. B—— smiled. "You can walk; but can you ford the streams? You will find no bridges; and the water will be often over your head. So you see there is no way but for you to keep quiet for the present."

That seemed to decide the question. Still Salmon did not rest content. If he could not be pursuing his journey, it was necessary to his peace of mind that he should find something to do.

The next day, to amuse himself, he went a-fishing. He got into a canoe, and pushed out into the river.

"Hollo!" shouted a horseman riding up to the opposite bank; and he beckoned to Salmon, who paddled over towards him. "Are you the ferryman?"

"No, sir."

"Is there one?"

"Yes, sir; there's a man who takes people across: but he is not here just now."

"Take me over yourself, then," said the man.

So Salmon paddled the canoe to the bank, and, when the man had stepped in, paddled off again. The man held the bridle of his horse, and led him slowly into the water. The animal was reluctant at

first; but once fairly in, and drawn beyond his depth, he swam industriously after the canoe.

"Well done, young fellow!" said the traveller, when Salmon had set him safely on the other side; and he dropped a piece of money in his hand.

It was a quarter of a dollar.

"Thank you, sir!" cried Salmon joyfully, as the man mounted his horse, and rode up into the village.

It was not the money alone that delighted him; but here was what he had so ardently wished for, — a prospect of doing something towards earning his living. He remembered that travellers often arrived at the river, and grew cross waiting for the ferryman; and he resolved to see what he could do to keep them in temper.

From that time he was nearly always to be seen in his canoe, — fishing when nothing better was to be done, or drifting down until the incoming waves of the lake rocked him in the canoe as in a cradle, but always ready to take over a traveller for his money or his thanks; for he got only thanks from some. Thanks are good in their way; but they did not help him pay for his board. However, the liberality of a few travellers made up for the niggardliness of others; and he was enabled, when Saturday night came, to offer Mr. B—— a goodly handful of change, which Mr. B—— declined to accept.

These were pleasant days. It was the month of May: sweetly breathed the balmy wind of the

south; and the banks of the Cuyahoga grew luxuriant with climbing vines and boughs of tenderest green, mirroring their cool, tranquil beauty in the gliding water. Above, the stream was lost between winding shores of overhanging verdure; while, below, it opened into the lake, whose sea-like, blue expanse was to Salmon a joy for ever.

A bridge now spans the Cuyahoga at this place; and the city, with its broad and well-paved streets, its shady squares, its churches, hotels, and public edifices, covers both banks of the river; and the youngster of those days, who set travellers across in his canoe, is now a man, occupied in ferrying the nation over a broader and far more perilous stream!

Standing upon this bridge, with the city on this side and on that, and the vehicles of business and pleasure plying to and fro, we think of the travellers who dropped their pence into the young ferryman's palm, and passed on, and knew not him nor his future. We think of the lad also, stout-hearted, self-reliant, eager to earn an honest penny, ignorant of his own destiny, but even then unconsciously preparing himself, by the fidelity with which he performed the humblest tasks, for the great work of the future.

We wonder if he has ever, of late years, passed over this bridge! Many times he has done so, no doubt, and paused to glance down at the eddying water, and seen reflected in it the green banks and

drooping foliage of the olden time, and the image of a boy in his canoe, paddling from shore to shore. We wonder what the man's thoughts were, looking down, and remembering the past, — pondering the changes which have been wrought since he there commenced life in the untamed new State, of which he was afterwards to be a representative and leader !

A bridge spans the river : so also may a firmly knit prosperity soon overarch that gulf of financial ruin which threatens our country, and over which the strong ferryman is laboring, with courage and right good-will, to convey us in safety.

VIII.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE FOREST.

EARLY in May, Salmon had come to Cleveland; and there, day after day, he waited until June was at hand.

"There's a chance for you, at last!" said Mr. B—— to him one day, as he came up from the river-side. "We are to have two theological students at supper, and they are going to Worthington to attend the convention."

"When do they start?" Salmon eagerly inquired.

"To-morrow morning, early."

"In a wagon?"

"No," said Mr. B——: "on horseback."

"Horseback!" echoed Salmon. "How is that to help me? I have no horse, and I can't keep up with them!"

"They will sometimes get tired of riding, and want to walk; you'll get tired of walking; and they'll take turns, giving you chances to ride. At any rate, they'll help you over the fords. But, if you don't wish to travel that way, you can stay."

"Oh, I'll go, if they'll take me!" cried Salmon: "only I'm afraid they'll think I'm a bother."

"We'll see," said Mr. B——.

The young theologians came to tea; and, making acquaintance with Salmon, said that it would be a pleasure, and no bother at all, to have his company.

According to agreement, therefore, the lad took leave of Mr. B—— and his family early the next morning, thanking them sincerely for all their kindness to him; and, with his little bundle slung on his back, set out alone, before sunrise, to walk on the road along which the mounted students were soon to follow and overtake him.

It was one of the loveliest days that ever were. From the summit of the bluff he paused once to look back over the village and the lake, upon which the sun was just rising; then turned his face towards the wilderness, and looked back no more.

His course lay southward, towards the interior. He was soon in the great forest, where few clearings were, and only now and then a log-tavern or backwoodsman's hut. All around him stretched the silent and beautiful greenwood in the fresh, cool light of the morning. The dewy and glistening boughs drooped over his head. Looking up through occasional openings, he could see the high tops refulgent in the sun, and the air was filled with the sweetest woodland smells.

As he went on, shafts of sunlight began to slope down through the green canopy; bright golden rays spotted the lower branches, or lay in stripes across the still trunks and limbs. And all the while the birds were singing. Light-hearted as they, he, too, gave vent to his joy, and went shouting, in a high, clear voice, through the hollow woods.

As the sun got higher, the birds ceased their singing: so likewise did Salmon. And now he began to look somewhat anxiously behind him for the students: not a human being was to be seen, not a hoof was heard. But for the path he had been pursuing, he might have supposed he was the first that ever penetrated that immense and wondrous solitude.

Feeling tired and hungry, he sat down on a log, and ate his luncheon. While thus refreshing himself, he heard a crackling behind him, and glanced around, expecting to see the long-looked-for horsemen approaching. There was a movement in some bushes by the road; then out stepped a slender and graceful animal, and looked up and down with innocent, bright eyes. It did not, for a moment, perceive the boy, whose heart was ravished with delight. However, he made an instinctive motion to rise, and get nearer the beautiful creature; when, in an instant, clearing the road almost at a bound, the frightened deer—for a deer it was—plunged into the forest, and disappeared.

After this adventure, Salmon walked on again, hoping to see more deer, and wishing he had a gun. Higher and higher climbed the sun: and he was beginning to fear there might be some misunderstanding; that he had taken the wrong road, and the students had passed him, — when he heard the welcome sound of hoofs and laughing voices, and presently saw his fellow-travellers galloping under the trees.

One of them dismounted, and gave his horse to Salmon, who rode on with the other, and related his adventure with the deer. The student on foot was soon left behind, and out of sight; then his companion also dismounted, and, tying his horse to a tree, walked on after Salmon, who soon left him behind, and out of sight also.

Salmon rode until he had got well rested; then fastened the horse by the roadside, and walked on as before. In a little while he was overtaken by the first student, on the second student's horse, then by the second student on the other horse; then, following on, he found a horse tied and waiting for him, which he mounted; and so on throughout the day.

This mode of travel, called "ride and tie," was much practised in those primitive times, although now nearly obsolete. Thus two men, with one horse, could manage to get over thirty miles a day quite comfortably; while three men, with two horses, were still more fortunate.

In this way, Salmon made his first journey to the interior of the great State of Ohio. The weather continued fine. The students were kind to him, and gave him many a long ride. They all put up at the same inn at night, and started off gayly together in the morning. When they came to a ford, Salmon mounted behind one of the students, and rode over dry-shod: only one of the horses, however, would "carry double;" and, when once Salmon got on the other horse with one of the young men, they found instantly that the animal objected to such unusual proceedings. He began to rear and plunge, and run sidewise, and back, in a very unpleasant manner.

"I can hold on, if you can," said Salmon, clasping tightly the young theologian's waist.

"Jump off, jump off!" cried the latter, as the horse began to perform his dangerous antics among the trees.

Just then they were passing under a limb so low, that the student had to stoop to avoid hitting his head; but Salmon, instead of stooping, threw up his arms, and, catching hold of the branch, lifted himself up, while the animal passed from under him. There he hung until the other student, laughing heartily at the adventure, rode to the spot, and backed his horse around so that the boy could let himself down on his back, without having in the mean time touched the ground. Thus the affair terminated very pleasantly. But Salmon did not wish to

repeat the experiment : so, when a stream was to be forded, he always looked carefully to see that he was mounting the right horse.

On the third day, he met with a more serious adventure.

He had been riding through the loveliest region he had yet seen. Prairies of the most beautiful fresh, green tint, spangled all over with spring flowers, alternated with uplands thinly clad with majestic forest-trees. In the midst of these natural parks of maple, walnut, and oak, many a Nature's nobleman had chosen his abode ; and through the vistas of the tall trunks, in the light and cleanly spaces, the smoke of his castle (built of logs, cemented with clay) might be seen ascending.

It was afternoon ; and Salmon, having obtained a lunch at one of those sylvan residences, left his horse hitched near the door for the students, who were a mile or two behind, and proceeded on foot. He crossed a prairie, and entered some woods farther on. Here the road forked, and two paths lay before him. He chose the one, which, as he had understood, he was directed to take by the settler at whose house he had stopped, and confidently pursued his journey.

At first, it was a wagon-track ; but, after bringing him on a mile or more, that disappeared. A very good bridle-path remained, however ; and, as bridle-paths were often the only roads in that new country, he followed it with scarcely diminished confidence.

After he had walked about an hour, it struck him that the students were extraordinarily slow in overtaking him.

"I wonder," he said to himself with some uneasiness, "if it's possible I took the wrong road? That can't be, if they directed me right where I stopped. I'll keep on a little farther, any way: may be I'll see somebody that can tell me."

He soon saw a hut in the woods, and hastened towards it eagerly: to his disappointment, he found it quite deserted. And now an unexpected circumstance perplexed him. The bridle-path, even thus far, had not appeared as if it had been very recently travelled; and beyond the deserted hut he found scarcely any path at all.

"Well, this is pleasant!" he exclaimed, now really alarmed. "If I *am* on the wrong road, the students will never find me: for they, of course, will take the right one; and they'll keep riding on and on, thinking I am somewhere ahead!"

He stopped to reflect a few minutes, and saw to his dismay that the sun was already going down. A strange hush and solemnity pervaded the forest at the approach of evening, — appearing all the more awful to the boy now that he feared he had lost his way.

What should he do? Wait where he was for the students to come up? That would not do. "I might wait here till dark: then what would become of me, if they shouldn't come?" Then he thought

of going back. But there was something in this boy always decidedly opposed to *going back*, after he had once fairly set out on any course, believing it, for good reasons, to be the right one.

"I should do just so again," he said to himself. "The path may not be the right one; but I did right to take it. It will be night now before I can get back to the fork; and, if they have gone the other road, of course it's too late for me to catch them, especially as they'll be hurrying on to catch me!"

Lower and lower sank the sun; gloomier and gloomier grew the woods. It was necessary to decide quickly what to do. Some boys would have given up in despair, and cried; some would have been too much frightened to cry. Salmon's heart was full of trouble too; and he was beginning to be terrified at the prospect before him. But what he did was this: he kept on.

There was little use, he thought, in going back; and, as long as there was a path before him, there was a hope. "It must lead to something," he said stoutly.

And he was perfectly right. The path led to—a river! there it terminated. The stream was deep and rapid, and there was no bridge.

The sun was just setting. The glow of the sky was reflected in the water as it rolled lurid and swift down between its steep banks. Some water-fowl flew up from the shore within a few yards of the boy;

their startled cries and whirring wings impressing him with a strange dread. Here only the wild creatures of the wilderness had their habitation. Even they fled at his approach; and he was alone.

Alone, and night coming on! The other bank of the stream was likewise wooded. All up and down, the foliage of drooping boughs and wild pines hung shadowy and sombre over the water. The gloom and silence were appalling. Salmon's flesh began to creep with sensations of terror. The river appeared too deep to ford, and too rapid to swim; and, moreover, what would be the gain even if he should cross it?

He saw something afloat under the bushes of the bank. He went down to it. It was a raft drawn up to the shore, and fastened by a rope to a limb."

"I might cross," he said; "but, then, what would be the use? I may as well stay in one place as another."

There could no longer be a doubt about his having taken the wrong track. No students on galloping horses would overtake him on that route, surely. He could not shut out from his mind the frightful truth, — he was lost. While there was a path, there was hope; but now the hope had vanished with the path.

And what was to be done? Should he make an effort to return to the settler's hut, now so many dreary miles away, with darkness fast shutting down

upon the forest, which lay so lonely and almost trackless between? The possibility of missing the path, and of getting still more dangerously lost, should he make the attempt, deterred him.

Then why not encamp where he was, and wait for morning? The prospect, you may well believe, was any thing but pleasant for a lad of twelve years, — weary, supperless, forlorn, to make his bed in the depths of the tangled and savage forest, surrounded by he knew not what wild beasts! He had already shouted many times, without getting any response but the dismal echoes. Now, however, while he was hesitating, he thought he heard cries. They came from the opposite side of the river, and sounded far off in the woods. He shouted in reply; and, in a little while, he heard again the same cries. This decided him. He picked up a dead branch from the ground, ran to the raft, unfastened it, and pushed off into the stream.

He was scarce embarked, however, when he found himself in a still more unhappy situation than before. He did not consider that the dry limb he had chosen for a setting-pole was very brittle; but was pushing vigorously with it against the current, when it snapped short off at his hand. He was thus left helpless, floating away into the twilight down that unknown stream.

IX.

THE END OF THE ADVENTURE.

HE would have jumped off at once, and tried swimming; but he hoped the impulse he had given to the raft would carry it to the opposite shore. So he kept his position, and awaited the result.

The glow was still in the sky and on the river, though faint and fainter growing. The dark and motionless woods on either side were indistinctly mirrored in the broad translucent glass; and all around was silence, the rushing waters making scarce a sound. They had rippled lispily over the raft at first; but now it went down swiftly and noiselessly with the current.

It was a fearful ride, — sailless, oarless, on that drifting raft; yet there was a wild enchantment about it, which, even in his great perplexity, Salmon could not but enjoy.

It had soon become evident that the raft would not reach the opposite bank; so he began to paddle with the fragment of the branch that still remained in his hand: but the water-soaked logs of the raft

sank deep in the stream, and the progress he made was so slow as to be scarcely perceptible. Resistlessly, in mid-channel, the strong, swift waters swept him on.

The distant shouts were still heard at intervals; and the discovery, that they came now from down the stream, deterred him from making a plunge for the shore. In fact, the stream made a curve not far below where he embarked; and he soon found himself gliding around under the dark and towering masses of verdure, almost in the direction he wished to go.

The voices, at the same time grew less and less distant; and at length, drifting around a bend, he saw, by the last glimmer of daylight, two human figures on the shore.

It was from them the cries proceeded; and, to his astonishment, he discovered that they were on the same side from which he had set sail,—the river at this place doubling upon itself so completely as to have produced the previous illusion.

In his joy, the young voyager thought for a moment that he had found his lost companions; but, drifting down still nearer, he saw that the figures were those of two boys, one of whom stood knee-deep in the water. They were calling to somebody down the river; and Salmon had not reached the point where they were, before he saw a canoe paddling up close under the opposite shore.

The boys were Indians ; and in the canoe was a squaw. He would much rather have met people of his own race in that lonely spot ; yet he was glad to see even those dusky faces.

He called and beckoned to make known his situation to the boys. They appreciated it at once ; and, clapping their hands, shouted, in clear, musical voices, to the squaw in the canoe. The words were unintelligible to Salmon ; but she evidently understood them, for she immediately commenced paddling towards him.

In a minute, the end of the canoe touched the raft, and the boy was rescued. He held on to the rope, however, as he stepped aboard, and drew the raft ashore as he landed.

The squaw could not speak English ; but the boys, who were lively and intelligent fellows, could speak it very well.

"Some travellers want to cross : they wait to get their supper, while we get the canoe. We speak loud to the old woman to bring the canoe. She bring it : good for you !" and the young red-skins laughed.

"Who are the travellers ?" asked Salmon anxiously.

"You see them now, two, tree minute ;" and they looked into the woods. There was a road ; and, not far off, Salmon saw a house.

Out of the house came a man, and called to the

boys. One of them ran back to hear what he had to say, and presently came running to the river again. He spoke to his companions in Indian, and Salmon noticed that they looked disappointed.

"We get the canoe for them, and now they not cross. Something wrong: they look for some one that was with them. They thought he was gone over, for there was a wagon did cross; and we said we thought he did cross with the wagon. But now they say they will wait."

"Are there two of them, on horseback?" cried Salmon.

"Yes, two young men; two old horses."

"And is the one they are looking for a boy?"

"Yes, boy; big as him," said the elder of the lads, pointing at his brother. "May be, you him?"

Salmon believed so; and you may conceive of the hope that thrilled him as he ran to find the travellers, and of his joy on discovering, seated at the backwoodsman's table, talking over their difficulty, and appearing very much disturbed on his account, the two students.

They started up with exclamations of surprise at sight of him; but their delight, you may rest assured, was nothing compared with his own.

He related his adventure; and they told how greatly perplexed they had been at his mysterious disappearance.

"It was not your fault, but the fault of the man

that directed you," said they. "He told us, at first, to take the right-hand road at the forks; when his wife, who heard him, called out, 'The left, Jason! Don't you know right from left?'"

"'Sartin, sartin! the left-hand road,' said he: 'that's the right one.'

"'But are you sure you gave the boy the right direction?' we asked.

"'Oh, yes, sartin!'" said he; though it now appears he was not so 'sartin.' However, let's be thankful the mistake has resulted in no worse adventure."

"It seems quite providential that we are brought together again in this unexpected way," said the other student.

Salmon thought so, and felt very grateful. He also felt very hungry, and was soon regaling himself on the settler's fried pork and corn bread with great appetite and satisfaction.

The three slept that night at the house where they were, and proceeded the next morning on their journey, ferried over the river by the two Indian lads.

X.

THE ACADEMY BOYS.

WITHOUT meeting with any more adventures worth relating, the travellers arrived at their destination in due time.

The Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ohio was held that year in Worthington. The students stopped in the village; while Salmon, with his bundle under his arm, proceeded on foot and alone down the river.

Reverence, as I have said, was a marked trait in the character of this boy. He was thoughtful and imaginative. It was now the hushed and pensive hour of twilight, and he was going presently to meet a great man, — the Bishop of Ohio, — his uncle. No wonder, then, that he experienced a feeling of diffidence and awe, as, tired, dusty, in his travel-soiled clothes, he trudged along the shadowy and quiet village street in search of the bishop's house.

No doubt, many a reader of these pages has felt similarly impressed on approaching some great or famous person. Do not be ashamed of the fact, my

young friend. It is a good sign, — showing that your spirit is not altogether coarse and dull. You look at life through the lens of the imagination (which magnifies all things); while your rude companion is never so impressed, but grins and stares, at his ease, in the face of those he should venerate, simply because he is without imagination, or delicacy of soul. Be not ashamed: yet be not too slow in learning this lesson, — that the greatest is only a man, such as you may likewise become; and that many of those you deem so august may be less venerable than they seem.

Slowly, with beating heart, Salmon bore his little bundle towards his new and untried home, little dreaming how many of the young, as of those not young, were to approach *him* in after-years with the like awe and dread! No doubt, his uncle then was as unconscious of the tremors he inspired as he himself would be, when it should come his turn to be eminent; but the youth never thinks of that.

"Can you tell me where Bishop Chase lives?" he asked of some boys he saw playing on the banks of a ravine.

They were intelligent and well-dressed fellows, of his own age, and over. As he stopped to make the inquiry, they stopped their play to look at him; and one or two laughed.

Now, Salmon, up to this time, was not aware that there was any thing very peculiar in his personal ap-

pearance. He had learned that he was near-sighted ; he had also found out that he had an impediment in his speech, which caused him to speak somewhat thickly : but, farther than this, he supposed he was near enough like other people to pass unnoticed.

The boys at the ravine, however, thought differently ; and the truth is, he *had* other peculiarities. In figure he was tall, slender, and bent, which gave him an awkward appearance. In consequence of his near-sightedness, he usually went with his head down, and often with his cap over his eyes, which gave him an air of heedlessness and stupidity. His cheeks were thin, his lips were thick, his tongue was too big for his mouth ; and he had a habit, when speaking, of elevating one side of his upper lip more than the other. Such was the outward boy, according to the testimony of those who knew him in those days.

Moreover, on this occasion, he had on, as I have said, his travel-soiled clothes. He was covered with dust. He had torn his trousers in the woods, and he had burst out one of his elbows. So, when he looked up from under his slouched cap, and asked, in his thick way, the above question, the smart young fellows at the ravine may, on the whole, be excused for laughing.

"Yeth : Bithyop Chathe livth in the houth on thith thide, jutht beyond a big thypreth. thtump you'll thee ath thoon ath you come in thight of it,"

answered one, with an exaggerated imitation of Salmon's lisp; at which all the boys laughed together.

Notwithstanding his diffident manners, there was, behind all, in the sensitive soul of the lad, a native dignity and courage which nothing could daunt. This insolent reply served only to throw him upon his manhood; and, without deigning a retort, he was walking on with an air which might have convinced them that they had mistaken his character, when one called after him, —

"Are you going to hire out? The bishop wants a hand."

At that, Salmon turned short about. He stood erect, in an attitude of superiority; and his eyes flashed.

"Do you live at the bishop's?" he said to the last speaker in a stern and serious tone, which commanded instant respect.

"Yes, I do," replied the boy, the grin fading fast from his countenance.

"Well," said Salmon, "I am the bishop's nephew; and I will thank you to show me his house."

"His nephew!" exclaimed the boy, astonished, his whole manner changing. "Is the *bishop* your *uncle*? I'll go and show you. I'm sure, I never suspected who you were, or I'd — I'd have gone at once!" And he came to Salmon's side, all smiles.

His companions staid behind at the ravine. Their opinion of Salmon might also have undergone a

change; but, if so, they had too much pride of character to betray it.

"Who are those boys?" asked Salmon.

"We are all academy boys; and two of them, Ned Rivers (the one that spoke to you first) and Pryor Gwynn, board at the bishop's, where I do. The bishop is principal of the academy, you know; and there are over a dozen of us in his family. My name," added the boy in the friendliest manner, "is Philip Goodwin; and I am delighted to make your acquaintance."

Salmon was not so much delighted; having some suspicions, perhaps, of the friendship of one who jeered at him as a stranger, but became smitten with sudden and extraordinary respect as soon as it was known he was a connection of the bishop's. He met the advances of his new acquaintance civilly, but with reserve.

"What river is this?" he asked, in order to be sociable.

"The Whetstone; but the Indian name for it is the Olentangy, which is a great deal prettier: don't you think so? It flows into the Scioto, at Columbus, nine miles below here. Don't you think Worthington is a beautiful village? Sixteen years ago, there wasn't a house here; it was all a wilderness!" added Philip, anxious to show off his information and entertain the bishop's nephew.

"There is wilderness enough all around here now,

"I should say," replied Salmon, glancing at the great forests, which stood dark and solemn in the twilight gloom, just back of the settlements, resembling a mighty army sullenly retiring before the advance of civilization, repulsed, but not vanquished.

"Oh, yes! and the woods are full of deer and bears and catamounts; and we can hear the wolves howling all night, sometimes, close to the house."

"How do you like the school?"

"Oh! very much. Young Mr. Chase has almost entire charge of it now; and he is a splendid teacher."

This was the bishop's son, and Salmon's cousin, Philander; in praise of whom it seemed that Philip could never say enough; partly, perhaps, because the young professor was really very amiable and talented, but more because he thought the best way to win Salmon's favor was to laud his relations.

"The bishop is the principal; but he is away a great deal of the time, attending to the duties of the diocese. He travels all over the State, preaching, baptizing, and organizing new parishes. He leaves the school to Philander, and the farm to the hired man. He has done more than anybody else for the Church in this State, all say; but he is a little stern with us boys sometimes."

"I presume you deserve it," said Salmon, dryly.

"Of course we do!" Philip hastened to confess.

"Ned Rivers and Pryor Gwynn, and five or six

others, are your regular aristocrats (Virginians, you know, first families). Their fathers obtained grants of Ohio land from Virginia, that used to claim a good part of Ohio, you know; and that's the way they came here. Well, they're terribly big-feeling fellows, the most of them, — full of brag, and impudent as they can live; but it takes the bishop to put 'em down!" chuckled the academy boy, even better pleased, if possible, in speaking ill of his comrades, than in flattering Salmon through his relations.

As Salmon did not discourage him, he went on: —

"He's a shrewd old gentleman, the bishop is! He's a match for anybody, boy or man. They tell a capital story of him: Once there was a rich widow, who thought her darling little boys couldn't sleep on such ordinary beds as were good enough for the rest of the pupils: so, when they came to the bishop's school, she sent with them the most astonishing bedstead that ever was, — wide enough for the seven wise men of Greece, with a canopy over it, sky-blue, and cords and tassels, and all that; and some bright brass ornaments over the screws, that fastened it together. Well, you know, the other boys wouldn't stand that. The bedstead was in the best room: and, every time they passed the door, they could see those everlasting cords and tassels and brass ornaments; and that made them mad."

"I don't see why," said Salmon, quietly.

"Well, you know, boys don't like to see favorites have fine things that all can't have. So it happened, one morning, the nice little boys that slept under the sky-blue canopy came to grief.

"'What's the matter with babies?' says one.

"'Oh! their tooties are cold, and they want to go and wrap 'em up in mamma's warm apron!' says another.

"'No: they are angry because they have to breathe the same air with common folks,' says some one else.

"Well, the row reached the bishop; and up he came. 'What's the trouble, boys?' says he. They pointed to the bedstead, and *boo-hooed*. The brasses had been broken off, and you'd have thought their precious little hearts had been broken too.

"'Who did this thing?' says the bishop.

"But nobody answered. The brasses were gone, and not a boy knew any thing about them.

"The bishop didn't say much; for he knew that questions would only bring out lies. So he just goes straight to his study, and takes a pine stick, and cuts it all up into splints of equal length: then he called the boys together, and he says to them, 'Now, my dear boys, remember what the blessed book says: *The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion.* Don't fear, you that are innocent; but the boy that broke off the brasses, he alone should tremble. Here, form yourselves all in a ring,' says

he, 'and let none fly the ranks. Now, *hold fast all I give you!*' And he commenced solemn as death, and went around, and put into each boy's hands one of the splints. Then, when that was done, and all were waiting, wondering what would come next, he says solemnly, —

"*He that has the longest splint is the guilty boy!*"

"Then he made them all march by him, and give back the sticks. All the sticks were returned, just as he had given them, except one: that belonged to a boy named Bill. He had broken his short off, and thrown away half of it.

"*'You are the boy!'*" says the bishop, catching hold of him as a cat would a mouse. Bill began to cry, and deny; but it was no use: they searched his trunk, and there they found the brasses!"

This story did not serve in the least to diminish Salmon's awe of his uncle. But he said in his heart, "If I am honest and true, what have I to fear?" and, deriving strength from his own conscious integrity, he entered, without shrinking, his new home.

"This is the house," said Philip, somewhat to Salmon's surprise; for it was a large, new farm-house, with only the ordinary accessions of a farm around it, — barn, stables, pig-pen, cow-yard, watering-trough, — and with none of those external evidences of dignity and culture which one might have expected to see surrounding a bishop's residence.

XI.

AT THE BISHOP'S.

AS Salmon was going in, he suddenly stepped back to give place to some gentlemen who were coming out.

There were four or five of them. All were talking earnestly ; and all had hats, and were putting them on, except one. Of him the others were evidently taking leave.

"They are clergymen, come to the convention ; and that's the bishop," whispered Philip.

But already Salmon had recognized his uncle. His person, his bearing, and the profound respect shown him by the rest, would alone have made him known to his nephew, even if the latter had not remembered seeing him years before.

All were men of goodly proportions ; but the bishop stood a head taller than the rest. His countenance was massive, clear, full of manly energy ; his eye was keen, and, on this occasion, sparkled with good humor ; his appearance was plain, rustic, even farmer-like ; his dress was of plain black ; and on his head

he wore a little, round, black skull-cap, which covered a bald crown, and from beneath which fluttered locks of thin, gray hair.

"And who is this?" he said, turning suddenly upon Salmon, after parting from his friends.

"I am your nephew, sir, — Salmon Chase."

"Welcome, nephew! Glad to see you, Salmon!" said the bishop cordially, taking his hand.

"I brought him," said Philip, eager to proclaim his virtuous action. "The rest of the boys made fun; but I came, and showed him the way."

"Thank you: you are a good boy, Philip," said the bishop; while Salmon winced a little at this audacious misrepresentation of facts. "*But* I came, and showed him the way." Upon that little *but* hinged a very broad falsehood. Salmon, however, held his peace.

The bishop took him in; and, after a few brief questions about his journey, turned him over, rather unceremoniously, to the ladies of the house. A minute later, the good man was as much absorbed in his own affairs as if he had not a nephew in existence. The gleam of cordiality was passed, and Salmon was forgotten. So momentous an event was his arrival to the bashful boy himself, that he could not but feel hurt to see his uncle shake it off as it were dust from his coat, and go about his business as if nothing had happened.

A rather grim welcome, after all, it seemed to Sal-

mon ; and his heart rose chokingly in his throat. But no doubt, in after-years, when men thronged to him with matters all-important to themselves, but which were to him as so many buzzing flies, to be got rid of as soon as possible, he understood how a man could be kind-hearted, and yet pre-occupied ; benevolent, yet austere.

Neither did the ladies take any especial interest in the new-comer. Mrs. Chase was engaged in preparing rooms for her guests ; and what was this tall, green, stooping, diffident New-Hampshire boy, that she should think of him in the same hour with the reverend gentlemen who had come to attend the convention ? It would, of course, have been very absurd in Salmon to feel aggrieved at her inattention ; for she too, like her husband, was a person of genuine kindness of heart.

But another member of the household (Mrs. R——, a niece of the bishop's, who had lost her husband a year ago, and come with her little girl, in deep affliction, to find a home and consolation under his roof) had more time to bestow on the lad. He, too, had lost a near and very dear friend, — his father ; he, too, had come seeking an asylum under the good man's roof. She spoke sympathizingly to him, and cheered him with pleasant looks, and sat with him while he ate his supper ; then showed him where he was to sleep, and bade him good-night.

Philip, seeing how the nephew was received, became less gracious in his manner towards him, and went out to tell the other boys what a "greeny" he was. But little did Salmon care for this slight. His upright, self-reliant spirit was accustomed to find comfort within itself. He opened his bundle, and took out the clothes he intended to put on in the morning; then opened a book, and began to read.

He was thus occupied, when the boys came in who were to share their room with him, — Ned Rivers, Philip Goodwin, and another. They seemed quite willing to make his acquaintance: but he kept aloof from them, silent and reserved; and when he was ready he went to bed, regardless of their presence.

"Not such a greeny, after all, Philip!" said he whose name Salmon had not yet learned. "He has got a forehead, and an eye! Did you see it?"

"Darned if I know what to make of him!" whispered Philip. "I thought he'd jump at the chance to get acquainted; but he actually appears proud!"

"Arihtocratic, — eckthcluthive, — won't conde-thend to thpeak to thimple gentlemen like uth," said Ned Rivers mockingly, sitting on his bed, and drumming with his feet on the floor.

To all this Salmon gave no heed, but lay wrapped in his own thoughts, as in the blankets he had drawn over him; not happy, indeed, but yet finding within himself a certain greatness of soul which buoyed him up from misery, and kept him from despair.

The next morning, it appeared that the bishop had not quite forgotten him. After a kind but brief greeting, he said, —

"I suppose you know all about farm-work : if you don't, you will soon learn ; for nobody is idle here. There is my hired man, Tompkins : he'll show you about the chores."

And the bishop proceeded about his business again, leaving his nephew a little stunned by this off-hand treatment.

However, he did not hesitate, but reported himself at once to Tompkins, and asked to be employed.

"Can ye milk?" said Tompkins with an inquiring look, as if he hardly knew what to make of the strange lad.

"Yes," said Salmon.

"That's lucky! plenty o' milking to be done. Pail's in the shed there ; find the cows in the yard. Ought to've been milked and turned off to pasture an hour ago ; but this company makes no end o' extry work. Find a stool stuck in a corner o' the fence there."

Salmon found the pail and the stool, as directed ; and he milked four cows that morning, before breakfast.

He noticed that he alone, of all the boys, did chores : for they were boarders, while he was to be treated as the bishop's own son ; which meant that he was to earn his living. Would not this circumstance afford the chivalrous, labor-disdaining Virgin-

ians additional cause to sneer at him? He did not mind; but, on the contrary, the consciousness of his ability to pay his way, and free himself from all obligations to his uncle, kindled a glow of manly independence in his breast.

"S'pose ye can feed that calf?" said Tompkins: "just been weaned; and you'll have to let him suck your fingers a spell, till ye git his nose into the trough. There's a piece o' luther nailed to the bottom o' the trough: you can kind o' shift yer fingers, and get him to sucking that; then pour in the porridge as fast as he can take it without strangling. Porridge is in the kitchen: ye must see it's warm, but not too warm. Can ye, think?"

"Oh, yes! I can do it," said Salmon.

He went to the kitchen, found the mess, tried it with his fingers to see that it was of the right temperature, and then proceeded to the calf-yard.

The calf was already at the fence, hungry and impatient. It was a matter that required no little skill and strength to prevent his bunting the pail over, and spilling its contents before any could be poured into the trough.

"Calves are just like other folks, ye see," observed the philosophic Tompkins, with a humorous smile wrinkling the corners of his plain, dry, good-natured mouth: "in too much of a hurry for their blessin's. We bunt over the pail too, sometimes, when Providence goes to feed us. Wal, you're doing pooty

well" (approvingly). "Thought I'd just look and see if you took holt handy: guess I can trust ye." And the hired man went about his business.

Salmon had got over into the yard with the calf. There he kept him quiet a minute by letting him suck the fingers of one hand, while with the other he poured some milk into the trough, and moistened the strip of leather. Then he lured the calf to the trough (which was fastened to the fence at a convenient height), got his nose into the milk, slipped his fingers out of his mouth, and slipped the leather in.

The calf sucked and drank with good success for a minute; when, not getting the milk quite fast enough, and thinking to expedite matters in the usual way, he bunted the trough. In so doing, he missed the strip of leather, and, of course, could not find it again. Then he rushed headlong at his benefactor, and smeared him with his milky mouth wherever he could touch him, until the fingers were given him again, and he was led back to his mess.

This operation had to be repeated several times, requiring Salmon's constant attention, until the calf had breakfasted. But he persevered, and won the hired man's approbation.

"Guess that boy'll do, without much showing," Tompkins said to the cook in the kitchen. "Tell him what's to be done, and it's his way, I see, to stick to it till 'tis done; and, if he don't know a way to do it, he'll find out a way."

It was but a little while before Salmon knew all about the farm-chores, and could be trusted to do them in the hired man's absence. I have mentioned these seeming trifles to show what sort of life opened for him there in Worthington; and to teach you, my young friend, — proud and ambitious, as you doubtless are, — to disdain no honest occupation because it appears to be *beneath* you. Dignity is of the mind and character: it cannot be soiled by the labor of the hands. And remember, that the true road to honor lies, not through flowery meads, but by modest paths of industry and duty.

XII.

THE BASKET OF LUNCHEON.

THE academy boys were having a vacation, and those remaining at the bishop's were going on an excursion into the woods.

Salmon was at the wood-pile, chopping, when one of his room-mates came to him. It was neither Rivers nor Goodwin, but the other: they called him Edgar; an intelligent lad of fourteen, who had had the sense to perceive, beneath the externals his companions made sport of, the new-comer's sterling qualities.

"I have asked the bishop if you can go with us; and he says yes, when you have got your work done."

Salmon left his axe in the log, and looked up. Edgar, uncertain how his advances would be received, showed signs of boyish embarrassment; but shyness became him well, and it was far more pleasing to Salmon than the fawning forwardness of Philip. Their eyes met, and from that moment they were friends.

"The bishop told me, that, when I had nothing else to do, I could be cutting up this wood," said Salmon, smiling.

"Well, you *have* something else to do. Come! Rivers is going to take his gun; and Hiram, the half-breed, will take his."

"The half-breed!" said Salmon: "who is he?"

"There! he is coming out of the house now,—that tall boy, with the straight, black hair: do you see him? He is the son of a Wyandot chief, sent here to be educated. We'll get him to tell some of his stories of the wars of the Wyandots with their enemies, the Sioux: they are as good as a romance. He has got a rifle, and can shoot a great deal better than Rivers can. Say, will you come?"

Salmon was, of course, eager for the adventure; and, leaving his axe in the log, he hastened, with Edgar, to join the other boys. Mrs. R—— had put up for them a basket of luncheon, which they were to take turns in carrying. Full of animation, they set out, crossed the Olentangy, and plunged into the primeval forest.

"Which way, now?" said Pryor Gwynn, the largest of the party, although the half-breed was taller than he, and Rivers older; a selfish, arrogant boy, who prided himself on his coarse physical strength and superior blood.

"Let's go over to the Indian mound, on the Scioto," said Edgar.

"How far is it?" asked Salmon.

"Only about three miles," said Edgar: "it's right in the woods, — a mound sixty feet high, like a pyramid, built there ever so many hundred years ago, before even the Indians came here, though we call it an Indian mound. There are others on the Scioto; but this is the easiest to find."

"I have heard of them," said Salmon, at once taking a deep interest in the subject; and he looked at Hiram, the half-breed, hoping he would say something of the mounds.

But the tall, dark son of the Wyandots was silent. His countenance was calm and imperturbable; his piercing black eye glanced around and aloft, roaming restlessly the wide, wild forest, the native haunt of his race; his hand poising the rifle, ever in readiness for game; his light feet treading with alert, noiseless steps among the trees. Salmon eyed him curiously, pleased to fancy him a young warrior, on the trail of his foe; although the prosaic coat and trousers of civilization which the half-breed had adopted, and the hat that replaced the savage scalp-lock and plume, somewhat balked the imagination.

"Is that Yankee coming?" said Pryor Gwynn, with a haughty look at Salmon.

"Yeth, I thuppothe tho," said Ned Rivers, who, finding that his mimicry of Salmon's imperfect speech passed for wit, kept it up with a persistency not very creditable to his Virginian breeding.

"We'll make him carry the basket," said Gwynn: "that's all he's fit for," — with a brutal laugh.

Even in those days, the poison of slavery had instilled itself into the minds of its devotees. Already the feeling of "aristocracy," the pride of "chivalry," infected those who ought rather to have been humbled and ashamed, when they remembered that their wealth was sucked from the blood and sweat of human beings, robbed by them of their manhood. Already that pride had hatched out its evil eggs, — contempt of labor, scorn of free institutions, hatred of the "Yankee," and selfish passion for power, — that baleful brood of prejudices, destined soon to fill the land with contention, and at last with civil war.

Whether the boy's imperious words were intended for Salmon's ear or not, he overheard them. He did not give way to his resentment, neither was he abashed.

"Those Virginians, whatever they may think of themselves, are no gentlemen," he said sternly within himself; "and they shall find that the *Yankee* is not to be imposed upon!"

He had voluntarily brought the basket thus far; and he would not have minded carrying it all the way, if nothing had been said. But then his soul revolted. "I'm not to be made a lackey by those upstarts!"

Besides, if this boy had a passion stronger than another, it was his love of justice. He could not

bear to see anybody's rights trampled upon,—neither his own nor another's. To stand up for what he firmly believed to be right was a deep-rooted principle, native to his breast.

"It's somebody's else turn now to take the basket," he said quietly.

"I will," said Edgar.

"The rest of you keep back a little, and make no noise, while Hiram and I go ahead, and see if we can shoot something," said Rivers.

Taking different routes around the hillocks among the trees, Ned and the half-breed disappeared. The rest of the party followed, talking in subdued voices. Edgar bore the basket half a mile, then gave it to Philip. Philip walked on, talking with Pryor Gwynn, while Edgar and Salmon fell behind.

At the end of another half-mile, Philip was seen offering the basket to Gwynn, who declined accepting it. A brief consultation took place between them: then Philip, holding up the basket, cried out to Salmon, —

"Here, Chase, is your basket!" and he placed it on the ground.

"It is not my basket," answered Salmon.

"It's your turn now," said Philip, walking on with Pryor.

"It is not my turn, and I shall not take it," replied Salmon in a loud, firm voice.

"It is Gwynn's basket," cried Edgar, indignant at what was so manifestly unjust. "He has not carried it at all."

"He won't," said Philip.

And the basket was left on the roots of a tree.

"I shall not touch it," said Salmon to his new friend; "and don't you. It isn't the trouble of carrying a little thing like that, but it's the principle, I think of."

Edgar wished to take up the basket, and bear it the rest of the way himself. That, he said, would be the best way to save further dispute or difficulty. But Salmon opposed him earnestly.

"I don't think so. The more you concede to such fellows, the more you have to. Let them impose upon you once, and they'll think they can always do so. I take my stand on the ground of *right*; and I won't budge an inch from it, whatever it costs. I'll do any thing to accommodate them; but I won't lift a grain of sand, if they order me to. Come, I want to see this thing tested, and find out whether justice or injustice is to rule."

"But the basket will be left in the woods!" Edgar remonstrated.

"I don't care: they will be responsible; we shall not. Besides, the principle I go for is worth more than the basket. Leave it, I say, and let them do as they please."

The conciliatory Edgar could not but admire the

resolute conduct of his new acquaintance, whose stronger will prevailed.

"He has come on and left it," said Philip, looking back uneasily.

"Let him," said Gwynn loftily: "the farther he comes, the farther he'll have to go back after it."

"But he won't, I'm afraid."

"But he will, though! These Yankees haven't any spunk: you can bully them into any thing. Don't look back or pay any attention to him, and he'll go and get it: see if he don't."

XIII.

THE WYANDOT'S GAME.

JUST then, the report of a gun was heard.
"That's Rivers!" said Edgar: "he has shot something."

And the boys hurried forward. In a little while, another shot was heard; and, guided by the sound, they soon discovered Ned loading his piece, and looking up into the branches of a lofty maple.

"What is it, Ned?"

"Nothing but a squirrel," replied Rivers, his eyes still on the branches, while his hands mechanically rammed down the fresh charge. "Come here, and you can see him; just his black tail over the side of that great limb. I wish I had Hiram's rifle."

All could see the squirrel's tail, except Salmon, who, as we know, was near-sighted.

"Try him again," said Pryor; "or let me."

"No use," said Ned: "it's too long a range for shot."

Just then, a peculiar cry resounded in the distant woods.

"The Wyandot's war-hoop!" said Edgar: "he has found something. Who'll go and see what it is?"

"I will," said Philip, anxious to please everybody, and thinking, perhaps, he would find more sport with Hiram's game than with Ned's.

He disappeared, and then all was still until Rivers fired again. The black spot on the limb never stirred.

"Climb the tree, Yankee!" said Gwynn imperiously.

Salmon quietly sat down on the ground.

"Oh, don't athk uth to thpoil our thplendid ~~thait~~ of clotheth!" lisped the sarcastic Rivers: "climbing treeth mak'th thad work with troutherth!"

"Look at this little tree-toad!" Salmon said to Edgar: "isn't it curious? He is just the color of that dead leaf."

"He is cold as a lump of ice: ugh, how clammy!" said Edgar, taking the creature up, and putting it down again as quickly.

"See him change color!" cried Salmon: "he looks now as much like one of those brown blotches on the root where he sticks, as any thing. But see what beautiful bright eyes he has!"

"Nature gives to such things the color of the objects where they are accustomed to hide; and some of them have the power of changing their color. I heard one singing the other evening, and spent an hour trying to find him; but couldn't."

"They puff out the skin of their chaps into a little bag, when they sing: I saw one once. Like frogs, you know; and I believe they *are* frogs, and not toads."

Thus the boys talked aside, while the Virginians kept firing at the squirrel, until a light, crackling sound was heard; and, looking up, they saw the half-breed.

"Here's a chance for you," said Rivers. "Did Phil tell ye?"

"Yes: I left him to watch my game. I will shoot your squirrel's tail off."

Thus gravely spake the Wyandot, elevating his rifle, as his keen eye sighted the black spot, so high up there on the limbs.

"I shall not kill him. . . I shall start him, I think; then you will take him."

His aim was instantaneous: the trigger was touched, the sharp report broke upon the still air of the solitary woods, and died away in echoes. At the same moment, up leaped the black spot into the form of a squirrel, that ran nimbly to the end of the limb, jumped to the rustling boughs of an adjacent tree, sped from that to another, and so continued running, springing, and swinging on the yielding branches, until he was lost in the thick foliage.

"I could see a hole in his tail where you nicked it!" said Edgar.

"Why didn't you shoot?" Hiram asked Rivers with a grave smile.

"Oh! I had no chance; he was so far off, and running so."

"Well, we will go to my game: he is bigger." And the half-breed poured the powder into his rifle from his palm, then pressed down the bullet in a greased patch.

"What is your game? Have you treed it?"

"Yes, good game!"

"Good to eat?"

"Good to shoot!" said the Wyandot. "Better than little squirrel. Bigger,—much bigger."

"It is a coon!" said Edgar.

"A lynx!" cried Rivers.

"A catamount!" suggested Salmon.

"It's neither," said Gwynn pompously: "it's nothing but a woodchuck, I'll bet!"

"Woodchuck climb trees?" said the half-breed, smiling again, as he primed his rifle.

That turned the laugh against the haughty Pryor.

"Come!—you shall see sport!" And the Wyandot led the way; all following eagerly, except Gwynn, who went frowningly, with a discontented air, like one whose honor had been injured.

"When *he* is laughed at, he doesn't like it quite so well," said Salmon.

They found Philip sitting by the roots of a huge,

ancient oak, that appeared partly decayed. Hiram pointed.

"I treed him up this tree. You have seen him, Philip?"

"No: he hasn't showed his head."

"Then he is here yet. You see that limb? There is a hole in the crotch. I saw him go in."

"But that is thirty feet from the ground! Nobody can climb such a tree as this: 'twould take long-armed Johnny Stout to reach half-way around it!" said Edgar.

"And one can't cut it down," added Rivers: "for, in the first place, we've no axe; and, in the next place, 'twould be a whole day's job to cut off a trunk like that."

"Axe? no!" Hiram shook his head. "Climb? no!"—another shake. "But we shall get him. See here." He showed a large hole in the trunk, where two great roots branched out and separated. "All that tree,"—pointing upwards,— "it is *cave*. You know what I mean."

"Hollow," said Salmon.

The half-breed smiled and nodded.

"And you mean to get inside with your gun, and shoot the thing, whatever it is?" said Gwynn contemptuously. "If not, what is it to us that the tree is hollow?"

Hiram began to gather sticks.

"You see, it is like a chimney. We make a fire

in this hole. The smoke goes up. It comes out of that hole up there. It fills all the tree. Animal don't like that."

"Hurrah!" cried the boys, catching eagerly at the idea: "smoke him out, smoke him out!" And they gathered leaves and dead limbs. "But what is it, any how, Hiram?"

"I don't know your name for it; but Indian name is yawl-in-the-woods."

"A cat!"

"A kind of cat; but bigger, — bigger."

"A panther!" And the boys started back from the hole.

"A kind of panther; but smaller, — smaller. It is so long," — the Wyandot showed a stick nearly a yard in length. "It is brown, — red-brown in winter, lighter this time of year. Black spot on the tail, and white tip. Weighs twenty pounds."

"What does he live on?" Salmon asked.

"He comes to your farm-houses, — catches chickens, turkey, little pig. In the woods, kills birds, squirrels, young rabbit. Now, where is the tinder-box?"

The tinder had been taken from the house for the purpose of kindling a fire, and boiling eggs for dinner. But who had it? "I haven't," said one. "Nor I," said another.

"It is in the basket with the eggs," said Philip.

"And where is the basket?" then demanded Rivers, for the first time missing it.

"I left it for Chase; set it down right in his path: but he wouldn't bring it," said Philip.

Salmon said not a word; but Edgar, with no little warmth, explained the facts to his companions. Even Ned Rivers could not but see that Gwynn was to blame. But he felt bound to stand up for him, nevertheless; and he no doubt thought, with him, that "Yankee" could be bullied into any thing.

"You must go back for the basket," he said to Salmon. "We shall have no dinner, if you don't."

"Well," replied Salmon decidedly, "I shall not go back for the basket, if we never have dinner."

"What!" cried Pryor Gwynn; "you won't?" and he advanced towards him threateningly. "Why won't you?" he added less fiercely, seeing that Salmon stood his ground calmly, never flinching, although smaller than he.

"I'll tell you why. If it belonged to me to do it, or if you had treated me decently, and asked it as a favor, I'd go back twenty times, if necessary; but I'd rather have my rights, and go hungry, than eat the best dinner in the world, and feel I had been imposed upon."

"That's the talk!" cried Edgar, enthusiastically; while the Wyandot silently nodded and smiled.

"Well," said Gwynn, haughtily, "right or wrong, I shan't go back! The basket may rot there, for all I care. My mother taught me, when I was a little boy, never to give up to anybody but her;

and I never will!" And he stalked about the tree, scowling, shaking his head, and muttering to himself.

"My mother taught me," said Salmon, quietly, "never to give up when I was in the right, and there was any important principle involved, but always to make haste to give up when I was in the wrong, as you are now."

"Printhiple!" cried Rivers: "what printhiple ith involved here?"

"I'll answer you, though you don't speak to me as a gentleman should," replied Salmon. "It is the principle which is at the bottom of all human society; that of doing to others as you would have others do to you,—the principle of *justice*. Without that, there is nothing but war among nations; and only two classes in society,—tyrants and slaves."

"If you had said masters and slaves, that's just what I believe in!" exclaimed Gwynn in the most overbearing manner. "There are born masters; and I am one! There are born slaves, white or black,—it makes no difference; although the white haven't found their place yet. They'll find it in a few years, though!" And he looked at Salmon in a way which said, "You are one!"

Salmon was so indignant, that he did not dare trust himself to make reply. "There is no use reasoning with any one that has no logic but self-interest, and no argument but anger," thought he. But he was

now all the more determined to stand up for his rights, in face of these arrogant assumptions.

"Don't quarrel about a little thing like this, boys!" said Philip with sycophantic smiles, coming between the disputants.

"Little thing!" said Salmon, who felt that there could be no greater thing at stake than a principle.

"I say, little thing!" said Gwynn with a laugh.

His manner changed. Finding that Salmon was not to be bullied, he was on the point of yielding, and going back himself for the basket. Although pride with him was greater than any principle, his love of his dinner was superior even to that. But a thought struck him: might he not save his pride, and yet have his dinner?

"Come, Phil," he said; "you are a good fellow: run back, and get the basket. We can't make a fire, and smoke out the *carminat*, if you don't."

And Philip consented, to the infinite disgust of Salmon, who knew, that, had all taken the ground he took, Pryor Gwynn would have been compelled, for once in his life, to swallow his brave words, and submit to the simple rule of justice.

"He is a good deal better Christian than either of you," said Rivers, with a sarcastic grin at Philip, running.

"If he goes because he is a Christian, I respect him," said Salmon; "but, if only because he's mean-spirited, I don't." And he looked from Philip to

Pryor, uncertain which he disliked the least, — a bully or a parasite.

The half-breed had spoken not a word during the altercation; but now he managed with exquisite tact to express to Salmon his approbation of his conduct. He had set up a mark at a short distance, — a little patch of white paper pinned to the smooth bark of a beech-tree.

"Will you shoot?" he said with a smile, offering Salmon his rifle.

"Thank you," replied Salmon: "my eyesight is not good. I could never make a marksman."

"That is bad. I will show you." And Hiram, elevating his piece, sent instantly a bullet into the very centre of the mark.

He then reloaded the rifle; but he did not offer it to any one else. Salmon felt the full force of the delicate act of attention shown to him, and was grateful.

"We will not wait for the tinder," said the half-breed; and, rolling up a wad of tow, he sprinkled some grains of powder on it, and laid it on some dry leaves. Then he took the flint from his rifle, and a knife from his pocket, and got down on his knees over the tow. After a few strokes of the corner of the shut blade upon the edge of the flint, he succeeded in dropping a spark into the powder, that flashed, and ignited the tow and leaves; then fine sticks were laid on, and the fire was kindled.

The boys helped ; and soon the hole in the tree was converted into a fireplace, and the trunk into a chimney.

"Look !" cried Edgar : "you can see the smoke begin to come out of the hole up there !"

"A success !" said Salmon.

"A thucceth, a thucceth !—of courthe it'th a thucceth !" Rivers mimicked him, or rather pretended to mimic ; for Salmon's impediment was not exactly a lisp.

Twigs, broken branches, bits of bark torn from ragged birches and shaggy walnuts, were thrust into the rotten cavity of the oak ; and the fire roared. The opening above emitted a thin blue stream, that curled up, and vanished among the branches. The boys alternately cast on fuel below, and watched to witness the effect above. Suddenly the issuing smoke was checked, and out darted, in its place, an ashy-brown cloud ; for it moved so swiftly, you could hardly have perceived that it was any thing else.

"Wild cat, wild cat !" cried Rivers, running to his gun.

"It's a lynx !" said Edgar.

You could have heard the sound of claws on the bark as the creature went scratching up the limb ; then a crashing of the boughs, when, having reached the end of it, he pounced into the branches of the next tree.

"Fire, Ned ! fire !" shouted Gwynn.

And Rivers, in great haste and trepidation, scarcely waiting to take aim, — scarcely knowing whether, at the moment, he saw the animal at all, — let off his piece in the air. The shot rattled among the leaves, but did no harm.

"I hit him, I hit him!" said he, as the animal, instead of attempting another leap, sped to the trunk of the tree, and, climbing high among the branches, took lodgings in a lofty crotch, where he was nearly hidden from view.

"When I bring him down," said the Wyandot, stepping softly around in order to get sight of the creature's head, "then you shall look for shot-holes: if you find any, then you can say you hit him. It is my turn now."

He could just see the cat-like eyes glaring at him over the high limb. He drew up; fired; and the creature, with one short, wild screech, leaping forth into the air, came down, with legs and tail spread, straight at the boys' heads.

XIV.

A STRANGE PLACE FOR A PICNIC.

THE boys sprang aside ; and, striking the ground with a loud and startling thump, the animal writhed and snarled on the dry leaves until he was dead. The half-breed had sent a bullet through the nose, below and between the eyes ; and it had come out of the back of the neck.

The boys were greatly excited ; and there they stood around the still palpitating and bleeding beast, when Philip came running-up with the basket.

" Oh ! what did you kill him for, before I came ? " he exclaimed, disappointed at having missed the sport.

" If you hadn't been a silly fool, you'd have staid ! " said the ungrateful Gwynn, with a coarse laugh of triumph, taking the basket.

Salmon was disgusted with Gwynn ; but he did not pity Philip. And as for Philip, whatever resentment he felt, he soon pretended to have quite forgotten it, and went grimacing and fawning about the proud Virginians the same as before. He thought to please them ; but he was only gaining their contempt.

"I think you are both right," said Salmon to Edgar, who was disputing with Rivers about the name of the animal. "There is a kind of lynx that is the same as the wild-cat."

"Yes: it is the *bay lynx*," said Edgar, convinced, "or the *American wild-cat*."

"Lynx?" said the Wyandot. "There is a lynx in Canada: the French Canadians call him *loup-cervier*. He is large; track in the snow like a bear's, — so long; ears very curious; good meat for Indian; good fur for ladies. Climbs, — swims, — very shy."

"That is the Canada lynx," said Edgar. "Have you been in Canada?"

"I have hunted there with my people," replied the half-breed, stripping off the skin of the animal.

"Shot-holes?" He showed the perfect and unperforated pelt to Rivers, his dark features brightening with a smile.

"We might have our dinner here, only there is no water to boil the eggs," said Edgar.

"The Scioto is there," said Hiram, pointing westward; "half a mile."

"I'm glad you know," said Edgar; "for, since it clouded up, I've no idea where the sun is, or where the river is, or which way home is. What awful woods these would be to get lost in!"

"I got lost the other night," said Salmon; and he related his adventure, whilst Hiram led the way to the river.

It is, perhaps, worthy of remark, that Pryor Gwynn carried the basket.

"The Scioto!" cried Edgar, pointing at the gleaming surface through the trees. "And there is the mound, yonder!"

The boys ran forward, with shouts that filled the solitary forest with strange echoes. At the base of the mound, they paused. Salmon gazed upward with wonder at that mysterious work of human hands, embowered in the dense wilderness, and itself overgrown with sturdy trees, which hinted silently at the ages which had elapsed since the unknown race that reared it there had passed away.

"Here, Phil!" said Gwynn: "take the basin and the cup, and go to the river for water. We'll have our lunch on the top of the mound."

Armfuls of sticks and bark were gathered, and the boys commenced the ascent. The work was perhaps a hundred feet broad at the base, and sixty in height. It was evident that spiral paths had once wound from the base to the summit; but now the forest-trees, and the accumulated soil of centuries, had nearly obliterated them.

"What feet have climbed these stairs?" thought Salmon, as he went up with his armful of fuel, clinging to sapling and shrub, and helping himself along from tree to tree.

He imagined solemn processions of priests ascend-

ing those paths, ages and ages ago; the fire blazing heavenward on the summit; the ignorant worship, and the sacrifices; the concourse of pagans about this, their rude, gigantic altar; the fanatic shouts, and the chanting. And he reflected, that unknown people lived its time upon the earth, and passed away; and another race—the race of red men—had followed, and they likewise were passing away; and now here came his own white-faced kindred, advancing, jubilant and conquering, into the wilderness, filling it with the smokes of civilization, the sounds of the rifle and the axe, and the hum of mill-wheels and of cities.

“How long will it be,” he asked himself, “before we, too, shall follow the rest? Will ever another race come after, and wonder at the works we leave behind?”

Filled with emotion, he sat down upon the summit, and looked abroad into the lonely forest, and up and down the gleaming Scioto; and then lifted his eyes to the same heaven that bent above the ancient priest, as now above him,—the heaven where reside for ever the eternal Powers, smiling down upon the works of vain, ambitious man.

The mound had a slight concavity at the top, in which the ancient sacred fires were probably built. Here the boys kindled their fire also, and set about preparing their repast.

“Hurrah with that water, Phil! Now set the basin

right over the blaze ; and, as soon as it boils, put the eggs in," said Rivers.

"I like mine cooked five minutes," said Gwynn, taking out his watch ostentatiously ; "and I can eat about six."

The basket was placed upon the ground ; and the boys sat around it, waiting for the eggs.

"I wonder what sort of people they were that built these mounds," said Salmon.

"A great nation," said the Wyandot, "occupied all this country long before my people came. There are greater mounds than this, — much greater. I have seen one on the Mississippi seven hundred feet long, near a hundred feet high ; covers many acres. Tribe of red men never do great work like that. Mighty nation ; must have one great king, and priests ; the people slaves. The Pyramids of Egypt built the same way."

"What ever became of that nation?"

"Gone ! here its fields, — great fields ! It had much corn. Great hunting-grounds. Brave warriors, — good men, bad men ; handsome women, ugly women ; much business, bloody wars, — same then as now. All gone ! My own people do not remember them. Red men going too, I suppose. In a few years, white faces fill all this country ; forest gone, towns everywhere ; no room left for Indian !"

"Does that make you feel bad, Hiram?"

The Wyandot pointed upward, with immovable, stern features.

"The Great Spirit wills it. My father is a chief. When he dies, I shall be chief of my tribe. Here you call me Hiram. My people call me Child-of-the-Sunset. We are all children of the Sunset. Our day is evening. With you it is morning: you are children of the Sunrise!"

"Why don't the Indians learn of us, Hiram?—become civilized, acquire the arts, and be Christians?"

"They learn much of you. A little that is good, much that is bad. You bring us Bible in one hand, whiskey in the other. Indian loves whiskey, — likes Bible not quite so well. He did not wait to learn of Christians to worship the Great Spirit: he worshipped him well in his own way. Indian looks ridiculous sitting in a pew singing out of hymn-book, — singing bad, through his nose!" And the half-breed shook his head disapprovingly.

Salmon was shocked to hear him speak in this pagan fashion, and turned the conversation once more to the mounds.

"Some in the great Territories — Wisconsin, Iowa — very curious. Not mounds, but figures, — men, animals, serpent, built up, very large. My father tells of one he saw somewhere, a great snake, many hundred feet long, winding over the earth like a river; two or three rods across in the middle, high

as a man; taper tail; head with jaws open very wide, swallowing an egg, — egg large round as this mound."

Salmon was wondering at this story, which later discoveries were destined to verify; when Pryor Gwynn broke in with a coarse laugh, —

"Well, I am going to swallow an egg; not quite so large as that, perhaps, but a good deal more digestible. Pitch in, boys! — dinner is ready."

"How strange it is," said Edgar, "that we are sitting here at dinner, where we don't know what heathens have stood or sat before us! There is no doubt but that these mounds were made for sacrifices; and this place at the top was made hollow to prevent the fires from tumbling off. We have a book of 'Western Antiquities' at home, Chase, which you will like to see."

"Now tell us a good war-story, Hiram!" said Rivers, — "one like that about the Sioux creeping into the Wyandot village one night, and killing the women and children; and the young Wyandot warriors pursuing, bringing back the Sioux chaps, and roasting them alive. That's the kind of story I like!"

The reminiscence roused the half-breed, who forgot to finish his dinner, but sat and related the legends of his tribe, until the sun, now free from clouds, went down in the afternoon sky, and cast the shadow of the mound, and of the trees and human figures upon

it, far down among the still forest growths. The boughs rustled above them in the breeze. Beautifully flowed the Scioto, winding among its wooded banks; and the closing day, the forest scenery, the melodious note of some solitary bird, the mound and its mystery, together with the wild tales of the excited Wyandot, made upon the mind of the boy Salmon an impression never afterwards to be erased.

"Now for home!" cried Edgar; and, descending the mound, they ran shouting and leaping through the shadowy woods.

XV.

SCHOOL-DAYS AT WORTHINGTON.

THAT evening, Edgar showed Salmon the book of "Antiquities" of which he had spoken; and Salmon seized upon it with an appetite rendered keen by the day's experiences.

From that time, it was a favorite book with him; read and re-read during his leisure moments. In the woods there was a deserted hut, surrounded by shining poplars and beautiful birches, in the midst of profound and shadowy solitude. Thither, when released from his farm-labors, went the boy, bearing under his arm the precious volume.

The place, the occupation, pleased him well. Naturally of a retiring and thoughtful disposition, he loved to withdraw from the frivolous sports of his companions, and enter the delightful realm of ideas which opened to him when alone. On a rude bench by the dismantled window of the hut, with the checkered sunshine falling about him, and flickering upon his page; the fresh forest scents wafted to his nostrils by the summer breeze; chipmonks peeping out of their

holes to stare at him ; crows' cawing, and squirrels playing in the tree-tops, as if to distract his attention ; birds singing on the vines that climbed about the ruin, wreathing it in graceful foliage, — there he sat absorbed for hours at a time, poring over the contents of his wonder-book.

But he had another object in seeking this loneliness than that which his acquaintances surmised. His mind was not altogether taken up with the mysterious past ; but he thought of the future too, — of his own future. He had learned what a serious thing was that impediment in his speech ; and he believed, that, unless overcome, it would prove a serious impediment also to his happiness and usefulness.

"I'm much obliged to Ned Rivers for mocking me," he said to himself ; "though he meant any thing but good by it. He has shown me what I've got to do. Demosthenes had an impediment ; but he became the greatest of Grecian orators, in spite of it. I am no Demosthenes ; but yet I may be somebody, if I live, and can cure this defect."

Instead, therefore, of foolishly fretting with resentment against Rivers, who continued to mimic him, he began thus early to learn useful lessons even of his enemies, and set himself earnestly to remedy his faulty speech. He commenced the practice of reading aloud ; which he found it necessary to continue, not for weeks or months only, but for years, so stubborn was the obstacle to be overcome. It was long before

any improvement was perceptible; but, by the exercise of great patience and perseverance, slowly and painfully enunciating every difficult word until he mastered it, he succeeded by degrees in changing his speech, and perfecting that voice which was afterwards to be a power in the forum and senate-chamber.

The boys did not leave him unmolested; and, one day, Rivers, Gwynn, and Philip surprised him at his exercises in the hut. He attempted to go on; but their laughter and ridicule, and especially Ned's lisping imitations, annoyed him beyond endurance.

"I let you alone, and why can't you let me alone?" he demanded, confronting them. "I won't be bothered so any longer. You shall leave this hut!"

"Yankee's dander is up now!" said Pryor Gwynn. "Yankee, Yankee!" — shaking his fist derisively at Salmon, — "let's see you help yourself!"

Salmon stepped up to him promptly.

"Call me *Yankee* again," said he, "and I'll kick you!"

At that, Rivers and Philip laughed, — it seemed so ludicrous to see the slender Salmon defy the stout and swaggering Gwynn. As for Gwynn himself, he did not laugh so heartily, astonished at the other's firm, defiant manner and belligerent look. However, his friends were observing him; and it would never do to let them see that he was a coward.

"Yankee, there!" said he, scowling fiercely.

Salmon drew back his foot, and administered a kick that made the cowardly bully hop and howl.

"Oh! oh! you've broke my leg! my leg!"

"Pitch into him!" cried Rivers.

"I will! I'll pay him!" blubbered Gwynn, rubbing his shin, and glaring furiously at Salmon. "I'll fix him soon as I can step!"

Salmon was as much astonished as anybody at what he had done, for he was never a quarrelsome boy; but he was still more astonished at the effect of the kick on Pryor. He had certainly expected to get kicked in return, if not utterly annihilated, by that fierce son of the chivalrous South; and he now awaited, not without anxiety, the terrible consequences, when Gwynn should be sufficiently recovered to make a demonstration. But he stood his ground, resolved to accept without murmur or flinching the penalty of kicking a Virginian.

And, now, what do you suppose Gwynn did? Did he suddenly pounce upon Salmon, and tear him to pieces? Did he tie him to a tree, and then bruise his shins at his leisure? Did he eat him up? Fortunately for this history, which would thus have been brought to an untimely close, — fortunately for the country, which would thus have lost a statesman, — he did not eat him up.

What, then, did he do? Why, he went limping home, and told the bishop.

That evening, the bishop sent for his nephew.

Salmon obeyed the summons, not without dread, I suppose, yet resolved to shrink from no responsibility.

"Salmon, Pryor has brought me a complaint against you. He says you kicked him. Is it true?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you kick him for?"

"He called me *Yankee*."

"But you *are* a Yankee. Your father was a Yankee. I am a Yankee. New-Hampshire folks are all Yankees. I hope you are not ashamed of your native State!"

"No, sir; I am not," said Salmon: "but I won't be called a Yankee *so*!"

The austere bishop could preserve his gravity no longer, so much of the boy's honest indignation, so much of Gwynn's dastardly treatment of him, was expressed in that little word *so*.

"Well, Salmon," with a smile, "I will excuse you for this time; but let me hear of no more kicks in future."

Salmon was never tempted to disobey this command: he had no more occasion to kick anybody. Gwynn remembered his sore shin, and never called him "*Yankee*" afterwards; and, what was equally strange, Ned Rivers appeared to have been suddenly cured of his lip.

From that time, Salmon enjoyed the firm friendship of such boys as understood and appreciated

him; and had the respect, if nothing more, of the rest.

"I have but few friends," he once said to Edgar; "and I want but few. I wish to be liked for just what I am, — not for my clothes, or because I am the bishop's nephew."

"There isn't very much danger of any one's falling in love with your clothes," Edgar answered.

"Well, I suppose not," said Salmon, looking at himself, and laughing. "But what do you mean?" for he perceived a serious intention beneath Edgar's half-jesting remark.

"I mean that you don't take as much pains with your personal appearance as you might. You seem to think a man's dress is of no importance."

"Well, it isn't of much. What a man *is*, — that's the thing. We should look at his character, — his mind, his heart, — not at the coat on his back. God made the man, and the tailor made his clothes; but the world seems to think a good deal more of the tailor's work than they do of God's."

"That is very true, — I agree with you," said Edgar. "Yet the dress is of importance, after all. How do you like to see a fine picture in a shabby frame? Nobody of sense really cares for the frame in looking at the picture: but, if it is cracked and rusty and cobwebbed, it offends the eye; it shocks our sense of the fitness of things."

"You are right," Salmon acknowledged.

"Well, — excuse me for saying it, — you are very much like such a picture. You go about on the farm in any sort of a rig, with your head down, caring for nothing and nobody. That old black hat you picked up out of the bishop's attic sometimes drops down over your eyes and ears, and makes you look like a ——" Edgar hesitated.

"Like a what?" said Salmon.

"Shall I tell you what Jones's man said the other morning? He was splitting rails by the lane when you were driving the cows to pasture. He expected you would stop and speak to him, and he stopped work to have a word with you. But you were thinking of something else; and, with that old black hat shut down over your eyes, you probably did not see him. He was very angry, and took up a wedge to throw at you; when I came along. 'What plaguy fool is that?' says he.

"'Fool?' says I. 'That's one of the most intelligent boys at the academy!'"

Salmon laughed. "Well, I think you are right about dress, on the whole, Edgar; and I thank you for your frankness. There is no better evidence of a friend's sincerity than candor in telling us our faults."

"Or listening without resentment when his faults are told!" exclaimed Edgar.

"It would be very foolish in me to be offended at what I knew was meant for my good," replied Sal-

mon. "I am ready to learn even of my enemies: then why not of my friends? I'll try to take a little more pains with my personal appearance; though the truth is, the world is so full of shallow-pates, that see only the outside of things, that I get disgusted, and go to the opposite extreme. At any rate," — laughing, — "next time I pass the honest rail-splitter, I'll push up my hat, and show him I am not quite such an idiot as I appeared!"

The two boys were now bosom-friends. The academy was in the village, about a mile from the bishop's; and, in going to and from school, they usually walked together, conversing upon subjects far removed from the idle talk of their companions. Politics they discussed, and religion. They did not always agree. Especially upon the question of church-forms they differed; Salmon having been bred an Episcopalian, while Edgar was a Methodist. Each maintained stoutly his own peculiar views; yet they never argued for the sake of argument, or simply for the mastery. A sincere desire to know the truth animated them: accordingly, they never resorted to subterfuge, or lost their temper in the debate.

Salmon pursued his studies at the academy with a view to prepare himself for college. In mathematics and the languages he made excellent progress. Yet he labored under many disadvantages. In the first place, besides working hard for his uncle mornings, evenings, and holidays, he lost much time from

school during the busy seasons of haying and harvest. Then he had within himself an enemy to be conquered.

That enemy was a natural indolence, which was for ever tempting him to put off hard study as long as possible. He would always have preferred reading some pleasant book to the drudgery of getting his lessons. But he had the wisdom to perceive that this also was a fault, if indulged in; and that, like the impediment in his speech, it must be overcome. Have you such an enemy as this within yourself, my young friend? Know, then, this truth, — that it will steal away your time, your energies, and your usefulness, unless you master it. Do not excuse your self-indulgence by saying, "Nobody ever hated work as I do!" for there are those who have disliked it just as much, yet who, by force of will, and perseverance, have accomplished mighty things for themselves and society.

It took the academy boys long to comprehend a character like Salmon's. He was so shy and retiring, that few besides his teachers and intimate friends guessed what was in him.

But one day he took the whole school by surprise. It was an afternoon devoted to exercises in declamation, and his turn had come to ascend the platform.

He arose. All at once, the careless and abstracted boy had disappeared. His countenance beamed with

intelligence and earnestness, his attitude was commanding, his manner was dignified and impressive.

"Well do I remember that time," writes one of his schoolmates, to whom I am indebted for many of these reminiscences. "His pieces for declamation were usually selected from some of the old Roman patriots. He entered thoroughly into the spirit of them. . . . On this occasion, he seemed to feel that he was standing in the place, and assuming all the weighty responsibility, of the old Roman father addressing the Romans."

I think that Salmon must have shown himself, even at that early age, a proficient in composition. He once tried his hand at a subject which deeply interested him, — the antiquities of the West; and, to his great surprise and delight, won from his cousin, the young professor, praise which seemed to him extravagant.

He must have been well advanced in Greek, for his years; for, shortly after this, he was required to furnish an original Greek oration. It was a puzzling task, however. To turn his English thoughts into Greek forms — how perplexing and difficult! Fortunately the subject was from the New Testament, — "Paul and John compared;" and he had the advantage of selecting phrases, whole passages even, from the Greek, which helped him along immensely.

Then came the exhibition. It was in the summer of 1821, when the Episcopal Convention was again

held at Worthington. The bishop took the opportunity to "show off" his school. Learned heads, pates packed full of Greek, were in the audience, as if placed there expressly to terrify the young orator.

At last, his turn came. His knees shook as he ascended the platform, and faced the terrible array of theologians, strangers, and citizens. Every thing looked blue to him for a minute. He thought he was going to faint; but, after a few seconds' hesitation, the dimness passed from his eyes, and his memory came. He rolled forth the Greek sentences sonorously. The grim doctors smiled and nodded; the ignorant wondered. It was the great success of the day. The bishop, no doubt, felt quite proud of his young Greek orator; and, sure I am, the latter thought himself quite a lion.

It is interesting to know how Salmon impressed his mates during those school-days at Worthington. The one already quoted, who knew him intimately and remembers him well, writes to the author as follows:—

"Never have I known a purer or more virtuous minded lad than he was. He had an extreme aversion to any thing dishonorable or vicious. He was industrious, and attentive to business. Laboring on the farm of his uncle, he missed many recitations, and had but limited chances for study; yet, having a natural fondness for books, he was surpassed by no one

of his age in the school." (He thus appears to have combated his native indolence to some purpose.)

"He had little regard for his personal appearance, or indeed for any thing merely *external*. His mind appeared to be directed to what was *right*, regardless of the opinions of others. Being very little influenced by those around him, he exhibited his true character undisguised. Although I have known nothing of his private reputation since he arrived at manhood, and although I have not seen him for upwards of twenty years, yet so strongly then was I impressed by his love of truth and justice, that it would require the most positive and unequivocal evidence to convince me that he is not perfectly honest."

If it is true that those traits which appear predominant in the child will also rule the conduct and shape the future of the man, then how important is it that uprightness, and purity of character, should be developed in our earliest years! and how beautiful and just, that noble qualities in a youth should inspire his mates with a faith in him, which neither circumstance, absence, nor lapse of time, can destroy!

XVI.

FIRST VISITS TO COLUMBUS.

SALMON lacked one thing at Worthington, which those who have it can never sufficiently prize. He had no *home-life*: that dear and tender influence was wanting. Although living with his uncle, he felt himself as much an alien in the house as any of the boarders; and, while many of these could visit their families during the vacations, he was too far away from his mother's little cottage in Keene to dream of such a luxury. Bishop Chase was a man of true greatness of character and of genuine benevolence; helpful, hopeful, courageous. To his equals no man could be more affable; but with his pupils he would never unbend. His deportment towards them was always stern and severe. He never chose to break through the cloud of awe through which they saw him, to warm them in the sunshine of his heart. Perhaps he could not; for the habit of command becomes so fixed with many, — persons in power, teachers, parents even, — that an austere reserve encloses them, from which they can no more

emerge than an oyster can burst its shell. Thus they shut themselves out from much delightful intercourse with hearts aching to know and to love them. The rigid parent, the harsh teacher, never refreshes his affections from this fountain; and the child knows only the stern, forbidding brow.

Salmon enjoyed no privileges as his uncle's nephew; on the contrary, every other boy in the house had privileges which he had not. To the bishop, he was, like them, a pupil; but, unfortunately, he was more, — he was the farm-boy. Before and after school, the rest could play; but he must work. The bishop, with all his kindness of heart, seemed never to consider that this toiling, silent, uncomplaining boy of twelve or thirteen years needed at least a smile or a comforting word now and then to cast a gleam of light upon his path.

Let us see what Salmon had to do, so that you, my dear young friend, who complain of hardships if you have to leave your sport to do any light task, may compare your lot with his.

It is morning, but not yet light. The bishop has said to his nephew the night before, "You must go to Columbus to make those purchases, and get back in season to help do the chores." It is nine miles to Columbus, — a ride of eighteen miles thither and back! Before breakfast too! But what the bishop orders must be done. Well might the lad, therefore,

awaken anxiously long before dawn, fearing lest he should not get a sufficient early start.

He gets up, groping, shivering, and puts on his clothes in the dark. His room-mates do not have to leave their warm beds at that unseasonable and aguish hour. How soundly they sleep! Their deep and heavy breathing is undisturbed. They do not even know that their comrade is stirring.

He dresses himself, and goes; feeling his way through the door, down the dark stairs, along by the wall, so black to the sight and cold to the touch, to the kitchen. Silence, — blackness; not even the cat awake! But he finds the hearth, rakes open the ashes, discovers live coals; and now he is all right.

He slips his hand along the mantel-piece until it hits a candle. Then he takes a coal from the ashes with the tongs, touches the stiff black wick to it, and blows, and blows, and blows. At last, he blows up a flame; and the candle is lighted. It is then transferred to the socket of a tin lantern; the lantern is closed; and with it hanging from his hand, shedding through its perforations innumerable diverging rays, that move with him as he moves, he makes his way to the barn.

The cows are lying down in the yard, asleep; some chewing their cuds drowsily. One gets up, stretches, groans, and flirts the dry dirt from her flank and tail, as he passes near. The rooster under the shed sees the light, thinks it is morning, and crows.

Salmon's business is with the horse. He bridles old Sorrel in the stall by the light of the lantern hanging from a peg. He leads him out; the noise of the heavy hoofs on the barn-floor breaking the early morning silence.

The rooster, misled by the light, has flown down; and one or two deluded hens have followed him. But the lantern disappears with the boy and horse: and they see they have been trifled with; the hens, no doubt, regarding the rooster as an impostor, and all wishing themselves comfortably back on the roost again.

At the house, Salmon leaves the lantern, and takes a basket. He can find his way to the road in the dark. He first turns the horse's head down the road, then mounts with the basket on his arm. The basket is to bring home his purchases in. Few can be carried in this way: but the road is bad for wagons; and, the market at Columbus being preferable to that at Worthington, Salmon has frequently to make this dubious horseback journey.

But he has timed well his start, and already a gray glimmer of dawn is visible. He can see to ride, if not to drive. No matter if the horse does run against a stump now and then, or even if he stumbles: there is no wagon to be broken, and Salmon can look out for his own neck.

There are wolves in these woods! All night, sometimes, you can hear them howl and howl! They

are fond of little boys. Wouldn't they be glad to pick the bones of this young traveller, riding so lonely? Salmon thinks of it, and feels a thrill of apprehension when he hears a rustling of bushes by the road, and a pattering of feet behind him. It is also startling, when suddenly a shaggy, dark creature bounces out at him from the side of the woods, and utters a terrific bark. It is a dog, launching himself from the door of a half-hidden hut; and the noise in the bushes was the wind; and the pattering of feet was, I suppose, the boy's imagination. So he believes; yet these things give him curious sensations, nevertheless.

Wolves are timid at this hour, and show a retiring disposition. Aware of this fact, he rides on resolutely. The daylight advances ever: the birds begin to sing delicious melodies among the dewy leaves, and the rosy morning lays her face upon the enraptured earth.

The road follows the course of the southward-flowing Olentangy (or Whetstone); and now Salmon's eye is gladdened by the gleam of its windings among the trees. This morning-ride is not such a sad thing, after all. He is happy, alone there with his own thoughts, which take bright colors from the glancing light. There is a dewy freshness on his spirit also: it glistens and dances with the green leaves, touched by the sunshine and breeze.

That larger river, yonder, is the Scioto. Just

below, the Olentangy flows into it. And that village visible through the trees? — why, that is Columbus, the capital.

Thus Salmon, riding an old farm-horse, his feet hanging down, his trousers-ends rubbed up half-way to his knees, and with a market-basket on his arm, made his first visits to the town into which he was destined to enter under rather different circumstances years after. I wonder if he remembered those early horseback-rides through the woods with his basket, and his humble purchases at the store on the corner, when the voice of the people of the State had called him to be its governor!

Such are life's changes; and the town has changed with the man. Then it had fourteen *hundred* inhabitants: now it has twice as many *thousand*. Its public buildings are among the finest on the continent; and it sits there, in the midst of its radiating railroads, like a spider at the focus of his web.

Salmon (oh, how little he read the future of that place or his own destiny!) makes a rapid trot homeward, and, dismounting, sends the horse to the stable just as the academy boys are coming down to breakfast. What an experience has been his whilst they were fast asleep! He despatches his chores, and breakfasts with them; then to school.

XVII.

A TALE OF A PIG, AND A PAIR OF RAZORS.

"**S**ALMON," says the bishop as he is setting out, "I am going away to-day; and I want you to come home from school in season to kill and dress that pig."

"Yes, sir," says Salmon coolly, asking no questions, although he never dressed a pig in his life.

The bishop says not another word; for he knows well, that, what Salmon is told to do, he will find some means of accomplishing. The story of the pig is worth relating, since it shows that his uncle had good reasons for putting faith in his fidelity and resources.

"May I be dismissed?" says Salmon about the middle of the afternoon.

"For what?" asks young Mr. Chase, the teacher.

"I've got to go home and kill a pig," says honest Salmon.

"Yes, you can go," says Philander, smiling; while the other boys laugh.

Home, therefore, goes the future statesman, profoundly contemplating by the way the difficult nature of the work to be done.

"Let me see: first, I'll catch the pig. No: that won't do. I'll put some water over the fire first; and, while that is heating, I'll sharpen the knives."

This was done accordingly. The knives were sharpened, the water was hot. Then how to manage the pig? "If I only had somebody to hold him for me while I stick him!" But there was no one to perform that little service; Tompkins being off in the fields at work.

"To begin with, I'll coax him."

The young porker comes to the trough at the sight of swill. As soon as he begins to eat, Salmon falls upon his back, and attempts to secure him in his arms; but piggy, after a fierce struggle, — during which his rider is roughly treated, — darts away, and Salmon is left sprawling in inglorious dirt.

"That won't do!" getting up, and brushing himself. "I never can hold him till I can get a knife into his throat; that is certain. Suppose I shoot him! But Hiram's rifle is out of repair, and I wouldn't touch Ned's gun for any thing. I'll try once more."

He procures a rope, and makes a slipping-noose in one end of it. Once more, piggy is enticed to the trough. The snare is laid under his feet: a sudden pull, — the noose is tight about his leg!

"Now, if it won't slip off!" says Salmon, taking a rapid turn with the other end of the rope about the bar-post.

The noose holds : piggy kicks and squeals in vain.

"Then gleamed aloft the dagger bright!"

that is to say, the butcher-knife, which quickly puts a stop to the squealing.

The sorrowful deed done, the hot water became useful.

"You mustn't leave the pig in it too long," the housekeeper warned him: "if you do, you'll set the bristles."

Salmon knew what that meant; for he had before assisted at the slaughter of swine, and could remember how careful the men were to try the bristles, and have the animal out of the water the moment they were sufficiently scalded to come off easily in the hand.

He makes a staging for his operations by placing a plank across two logs: the pig is hauled upon the plank, and the tub of water is set under it; then softly the pig is rolled over, and slid down head foremost into his bath.

Salmon almost scalds his hand, trying the bristles. At length, he thinks the pig has been in long enough, for he can pull them off; and he starts to haul him out.

"I forgot to turn him end for end in the water!" he suddenly bethinks him, as piggy lies still and wet on the plank.

Fatal oversight! the result of which was, that the hind legs, which had been frequently out of the water

during the operation of trying the bristles, had been scalded just enough, while not a bristle on the body could be started !

"What's the matter?" said the cook, as he appeared in the kitchen, looking extremely thoughtful.

"I suppose," replied Salmon, gravely scratching his head, "I have set the bristles !"

"Dear me, now, what a scrape ! How could you, after what I said ?"

"I didn't turn the pig, and I left him in just a thought too long. I want to know what is to be done in such a case ?"

"Done ! Nothing can be done. You never can get them bristles off, if they're set, massy knows !"

"But I *must* get them off," said Salmon.

He goes back to his work, and ponders.

"Suppose I singe them ? That won't do, though : a pretty-looking pig it would be, after it was singed ! There is only one way to do, as I see : I must shave him !"

He tries the butcher-knives ; but they are not sharp enough.

His cousin Philander, however, has a pair of very fine razors, of which he takes especial care, keeping them always in the very best condition.

"I'll borrow 'em," says Salmon. He makes such a skilful butcher, he thinks he may have equally good success now if he turns barber. The razors are brought, and he sits down resolutely to his new

trade; shaving the young porker clean, from tail to snout.

When the bishop came home at night, the pig was found neatly dressed, and hung up in the shed.

"Very well done!" said he, observing how clean and handsome the meat looked.

He did not often think to encourage his nephew by wholesome words of commendation, and it was usually when Salmon was not conscious of having done very well that he got the most praise. The bishop was hard to suit; and, on an occasion not long before, the boy had become weary and discouraged in his endeavors to please him. "I won't try any more!" he said to himself; and for a week he *didn't* try. At the end of that time, what was his surprise to be told by the bishop, smilingly, — "Salmon, you've been a very good boy lately"! So now, when the job he had done was really open to criticism, the bishop saw fit to praise it.

"Very well done indeed! Did you have any difficulty?"

"A little; but I got through," dryly answered the young butcher-barber.

No more was said. But, the next morning, Philander, although a young man of very amiable temper, was heard uttering exclamations of unusual vehemence.

"Who has had my razors?"

None of the boys answered. Two or three of the older ones, having arrived at the dignity of a little brown fuzz on their cheeks, were known to shave occasionally. At them, Philander, with a spoiled razor in each hand, lather on his face, and indignation in his eyes, looked accusingly.

"Who has been using my razors? Was it you, Gwynn?" that young Virginian's physiognomy appearing to have been recently scraped.

"I used them, sir!" said Salmon, stepping forward.

He had done his best to restore the instruments in as good condition as they were before. He had not succeeded. After the first few strokes at the bristles, they had got an edge which only a lifeless pig could endure, without flinching; and Salmon had not learned the most delicate uses of the hone. Philander's outcry filled him with consternation; yet he advanced promptly to prevent any one's being accused in his place.

"You, Salmon? But you don't shave!"

"I shaved yesterday, sir."

"What did you shave for? You had no beard!"

"No, sir; but the pig had!"

"The pig, the pig!" exclaimed Philander. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that he had a very extensive beard, which wouldn't come off any other way; and, as the bishop told me to dress him, I was obliged to borrow your

razors to do it." And he told the story. "I am very sorry if I have injured them."

Philander bit his lip to keep from laughing. "I'll excuse you ; for I suppose it was the best you could do, under the circumstances. But remember, after this, that gentlemen's razors are not made to shave pigs with !"

"I'll remember," said Salmon with a droll smile, as he went about his work.

XVIII.

"IN COVENTRY."

MANY a hard task, equally new to him, he had to perform. He went horseback to mill, with a bag before him on the saddle. He took wool to a factory over 'on the Scioto. In early spring, he assisted at the sugar-making, — gathering the maple-sap in the woods, and assisting at the boiling; and, later, he helped to plant and sow. Among other duties was that of going to the distillery for whiskey, and carrying it to the bishop's men in the hay-field; for workmen in those days thought they were abused if liquor was not furnished them, and nearly every body drank. Salmon himself sometimes tasted the whiskey; but, fortunately, he never contracted a liking for it.

The wood-pile was his abhorrence. He had a good deal of chopping to do; and in the winter-time, besides kindling fires, he had to see that they were kept supplied with fuel. This would have been no hardship; but often, when he was tired out with other work, there remained the great piles of wood to bring in.

Once he had ridden to Columbus and back before breakfast, and done his customary morning and evening chores, besides some errands in the village which kept him from home till dark. Then, weary, hungry, — for he had been absent at supper-time, — he saw with dismay that there was no wood in either sitting-room or kitchen. To the tired boy it was a dark and dreary journey to the wood-pile. What was to be done?

"For this once, I'll get some out of the shed," said he, although that was contrary to the bishop's orders. The wood in the shed was a superior sort, compactly corded, which was saved for emergencies. "This is an emergency," conscientiously thought Salmon.

In a little while the bishop came in, and saw his nephew just sitting down to his solitary supper. He also perceived the prohibited wood in the boxes.

"Salmon," — sternly, — "where did that wood come from?"

"From the shed, sir."

"Did I not tell you not to take that wood?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you?"

"Because I was so tired when I came home. I had so much else to do before, that I had no time to bring in the wood; and it is hard getting it after dark."

The bishop must have admitted to himself at least . .

that this was a very reasonable excuse; but he believed in a rigid discipline, and, no doubt, thought it would be better even for the tired boy there, just seated at his supper, if his rules were enforced.

"Carry that wood back," said he, "all of it, and get what's needed from the wood-pile."

"It is dark, sir," Salmon replied.

"You can take the lantern."

"Well, sir;" and Salmon was proceeding with his supper.

"Go at once," said the bishop. "Eat your supper afterwards."

So Salmon, ill content, arose from the table, lighted the lantern, carried the wood back to the shed, and went to the wood-pile. All this time, he could hear the other boys at their play.

He was bringing in great, heavy armfuls, when Philip Gwynn and one or two others came into the kitchen. The sight of them, merry, laughing, at leisure, did not comfort the toiling and supperless Salmon. No one ever ventured to make fun of him now; but Philip, always anxious to win favor, condoled with him.

"It's too bad! I wouldn't do it, if I was in your place!"

Salmon uttered no complaint; but he could not help exclaiming in the bitterness of his heart, as he went out for another armful, —

"The bishop is a darned old tyrant, anyway!"

Philip chuckled, and presently glided out of sight.

The task done, Salmon was once more seated at his late supper, when the bishop sent for him. He thrust a piece of pie into his mouth, and went, little dreaming what awaited him.

The bishop was seated, austere as Jove. Philip and two or three other boys were present.

"Come here, Salmon! Repeat the remark you made about me in the kitchen."

Salmon glanced at the fawning sycophant, standing ready to testify, and knew at once what had happened. Philip, to show the bishop what a good and dutiful boy he was, and what an ungrateful wretch his nephew was, had "been and told." And now the hasty words, wrung from his heart by what he deemed injustice and undue severity, Salmon was called upon to repeat in the bishop's awful presence. But he did not shrink. Bashful boy as he was, he had that consciousness of integrity which enabled him always to face boldly the consequences of his conduct; and his resolution grew strong, his courage rose, with the exigency.

Instead, therefore, of equivocating or apologizing, he looked the bishop full in the face, and frankly answered, —

"I said you were a darned old tyrant, sir."

This was spoken with the air of one who remained respectfully of the same opinion.

The bishop regarded him with astonishment and stern displeasure.

"What caused you to make use of such words?" he demanded.

"I said so because I thought so, sir," replied Salmon, still respectfully, but still firmly. "I didn't think, though, that any mean tattler was going to run and tell you!"

"Philip did right," said the bishop. "If any pupil speaks disrespectfully of me, I wish to know it. What punishment do you think you deserve?"

"I don't think I deserve any, sir."

The bishop, however, was not at all of his nephew's way of thinking.

"Your punishment shall be light for so grave an offence, considering that this is your first serious one. You are to subsist on bread and water only, until further notice. At the same time, you are not to speak to the other boys, and they must not speak to you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Salmon, more than ever confirmed in his opinion that the bishop was a tyrant.

"You can go."

And he went.

"You can take away all these luxuries, except the bread and water," he said bitterly to the cook. "That is to be my diet in future."

He remained about ten days "in Coventry," as the boys called it; during all that time, working on the

farm as usual, getting his lessons, and exchanging words with no one. He bore up manfully, if not cheerfully, under his sentence, without, however, exhibiting any foolish bravado; and did all his assigned duties so faithfully, that at last the bishop relented, and sent for him.

It is not strange that the experience of those solitary ten days had not served to soften the boy's judgment of his uncle. "If he expects me to take back what I said, he'll be mistaken; for I think just so still, only more so!" But fortunately the bishop did not require exactly that.

"You have behaved very well, I hear; and so I am inclined to mercy," said he, as Salmon stood in an attitude of respectful attention before him. "If you will say sincerely that you are sorry you spoke of me as you did, I will pardon you."

"I am truly sorry, sir," replied Salmon; as was indeed the case: for, whatever may have been his thoughts of his uncle when the offence was committed, he knew very well that such unworthy words ought never to have passed his lips. Yet he was afterwards almost sorry that he had admitted thus much. He was, I suspect, a rather stubborn boy.

"You are forgiven," said the bishop.

"Thank you, sir." And Salmon, bowing, withdrew.

I think the good man must have felt his heart glow with admiration and affection for the sturdy honesty

and firm endurance of his nephew ; but, if such feelings warmed his breast, he never betrayed them. He was the great bishop and stern guardian to the last.

That he recognized Salmon's intellectual and moral qualities, is evident. It was his earnest wish that he should become a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church ; towards which end he directed his studies and his reading.

He was not, however, so absolutely resolved on making a minister of him as never to admit the possibility of his being any thing else. Once Salmon wished to go down to the river with the other boys for a swim ; but such was the restraint under which he was kept, that he must first get permission of his uncle.

The bishop said "No !" adding, "Why, Salmon, the country might lose its future President if you should get drowned !"

This was the first time his name had ever been mentioned in connection with that high office ; and the remark, coming from the grave bishop's lips, must have made a strong impression on him. Was it prophetic ? It was at least an indication that the sagacious uncle was not without glimpses of the nephew's undeveloped capabilities.

XIX.

THE PIGEON-ROOST.

IT was now the fall of the year, and flocks of pigeons were beginning to fly; small squads at first, which collected at length into great clouds darkening the air.

To Salmon, who had never seen pigeons in such numbers before, it was a wonderful sight. They often flew so low, and in such masses, that the farmer standing in his door had but to let off his shotgun at random to bring down his dinner; while the heavens were tremulous with the rush of millions of winnowing wings.

Lest the reader who has never witnessed these Western phenomena, nor read authentic accounts of them, should deem this pigeon story a fiction, let me state distinctly, at the outset, that I am describing actual occurrences.

"Don't they ever light?" said Salmon, throwing stones into the air at the low-flying detachments of this mighty host, to see the birds dart and wheel, dodging the missiles.

"Light? Guess you'd think so, if ever you step within a mild of a pigeon-roost!" said Tompkins; and he excited the boy's imagination with stories of forest-tops devastated by pigeons settling upon them, and breaking down the branches by their weight. "Makes the woods look as though a young harrycane had been tryin' his hand at 'em, tell *you*!" — with a significant nod and a dry laugh.

One afternoon, the pigeons had been passing in an almost unbroken cloud. They seemed to have leaders, and to move in obedience to a general impulse pervading their ranks. The whole sky was filled with them, and on neither side could you see the skirts of this vast army, whose wings stretched from horizon to horizon, and nobody knew how far beyond.

Towards evening, it began to break up. The columns appeared to be falling into disorder. Couriers flew to the rear, like aides-de-camp bearing the most important despatches. Small detachments crossed the line of march, to marshal on distant masses in some new direction. Now a solid phalanx suddenly deployed and wheeled, circling upward, with a noise like distant thunder, looking as if caught in the vortex of a mighty whirlwind. What plumage! — with the reflection of the sunset on all that beautiful, glittering array!

"Looks to me as if they was goin' to light round here somewheres," said Tompkins. "We'll see sport, if they do."

At dusk the flocks had gradually disappeared, with the exception of now and then a few stragglers that appeared to have got lost from the main army. But still a strange, far-off roar was heard, as of falling waters. The winged host had alighted in the great forest south-east from Worthington, between Allen Creek and the Olentangy.

All night that roar was heard. The next morning the pigeons re-appeared, flying westward; to return again at night to their roost in the forest. This they approached in vast bodies, often so dense that they dimmed the light below like passing thunder-clouds. This continued for several days; and night after night the roar of the distant roost was heard, until the boys, having engaged Tompkins to go and be their guide, set out one evening after dark, determined to find the roost.

They took with them a lantern and one gun, — a fowling-piece. They made for themselves torches of birch bark, which they lighted at the lantern, and carried flaming and smoking through the dark, pathless woods. They were full of glee; and their talk and laughter, added to the picturesque effect of the torches, must have startled the wild creatures of those solitudes, that saw the strange procession pass.

"Now, boys," said Tompkins, when they had gone about a mile, "just hold up a minute, and stop your clatter, while I git my bearin's."

There was silence for a few minutes, the torches casting their glare into the gloomy background of the forest. The roar seemed nearer than at first. It was still distant, however. And now it seemed to come from two different directions.

"Hanged if I ain't beat!" said the guide. "Can there be two roosts, think? We'll kind o' edge off in this direction, I guess. See what we can find, anyhow."

They resumed their march, stopping occasionally to listen. Tompkins shook his head dubiously, looking wise, but puzzled.

"Ho!" shouted Salmon, having run forward in the woods, and now returning, waving his torch among the trees: "I've found out what this noise is! It's the dam on the river!"

"So 'tis!—guess I'm bright!" muttered Tompkins, laughing at himself. "Now I'm all right. T'other noise to the east is the one to foller."

They were now on the right track, and the roar of the dam was soon lost in the increasing roar of the pigeon-roost. They seemed approaching a vast and populous city full of teeming life. Louder and louder it grew; and at last, out of the general, widespread, tumultuous murmur, started near and distinguishable sounds of crashing branches and fluttering wings.

"Here we come to 'em!" said Tompkins with a low, chuckling laugh. "Just look up there!" And

he showed, perched upon boughs just over their heads, the outposts of the encampment.

"Never mind them fellers: you'll find 'em 'nuff sight thicker a piece further on."

So the boys withheld their fire, and proceeded into the midst of the great tumult beyond.

Salmon was struck with a kind of awe. There was something terrible in this night-scene. The woods were literally filled with pigeons. You could see them freighting the high, strong limbs, that drooped beneath their weight. They were continually lifting their wings, crowding each other, and fighting for places among the boughs. Now and then a branch broke.

They seemed scarcely frightened at the sight of human visitors in their camp, or at the strange glare of the torches. Some were roosting on boughs or saplings so low, that the boys, stealing up, could often catch one or two before the rest took flight. The stupor of night was upon them; or they were so dazzled and amazed, that they scarce had the power to escape.

"Give me the gun!" said Tompkins.

Salmon gave it. It was pointed up into a tree whose branches were crowded and bent with pigeons, and fired. There was instantly a terrible commotion in the tree,—the poor creatures terrified, attempting flight, but baffled by the darkness, and settling down again upon the first boughs within their reach;





while those that had been shot fluttered to the ground.

Again and again the gun was fired, — seldom twice into the same tree. At last, Tompkins's ammunition was exhausted.

"Look at Hiram!" cried the boys.

The Wyandot had climbed a tree; and gliding swiftly and silently, like a panther, among the branches, he was reaping a harvest of birds. Himself scarcely seen in the dim light, his quick hand would snatch off a pigeon, wring its neck, and drop it, almost before the flock could take alarm.

Suddenly, amid the tumult, a tremendous crash was heard. A great limb had fallen, bearing with and entangled among its boughs great numbers of pigeons. There they were on the ground, still helplessly fluttering, and only now and then one escaping; when the hunters rushed to the spot.

Extravagant as the story may sound, it is nevertheless true, that nearly a hundred birds were here secured. Indeed, the treacherous breaking of the branches beneath their weight proved more destructive to the flocks than the gun which had been so frequently fired into them.

"Guess we've got about as many as we can carry," said Tompkins; "and there's no use doing any thing more: only kind o' git 'em together, and then have something to eat."

Many had been killed; others were still alive, though wounded and on the ground, awaiting death. They were put out of their misery, and placed in heaps. Then a fire was kindled, and supper prepared. The birds were dressed in primitive fashion, roasted on the points of sticks, and eaten without salt. They tasted sweet to the hungry. Then the boys sat around the fire, with the incessant turmoil of the Babylon of birds over their heads. The Wyandot told stories, and Tompkins made philosophical remarks; and Salmon lay upon the roots of a tree, silent, — looking, listening, wondering.

They spent the night in the woods. They had killed hundreds of pigeons, — as many as they could carry home strung upon poles. To Salmon the pleasure of slaughtering these innocents was not great: only the idea of supplying the family — the village even — with food reconciled him to what was done. But it was a night of wonder to him; and in wonder there is joy.

The pigeons began to move before the hunters did. As the ranks rose and formed, gusts of sound went rushing through the woods. Sometimes a flock, low flying, with loud whirring of steady wings, would encounter a tree-top in its course, and, parting to avoid it, wheel upward or aside with a sudden noise as of a thunder-clap.

And then, at sunrise, oh! what splendor, as the pigeons wheeled among the branches, and the golden

light glinted upon the tinsel of their breasts and necks ! Salmon, gazing fascinated at the display of glossy colors, was filled with rapture at the sight, and with misgivings at the thought, how many of these beautiful creatures had that night been ruthlessly killed.

When all was ready, the hunters shouldered the poles, one at the end of each ; and, bearing thus their heavy strings of game, returned through the woods to astonish the villagers with the results of their night's work.

This attack on their encampment did not prevent the pigeons from returning to it the next night, and again for several nights afterwards. Other attacks were made upon it, and barrels of pigeons were salted in Worthington for the winter ; but Salmon had no desire to engage a second time in this wholesale slaughter of birds.

XX.

THE BENIGHTED COACH.

BISHOP CHASE did not require hard work of others without being willing to do a good deal of the same himself. There was not, probably, a harder-working man than he at that time in Ohio. A thoroughly practical as well as a thoroughly religious man, he was always thinking of something to be done, and then doing it with all his might. Travelling on horseback from parish to parish, preaching, baptizing, exhorting in public and private, kindling the zeal of others from the lamp in his own breast, he set the example of an untiring, self-sacrificing servant of the Church. He was not rich, and no adequate provision had been made to support him in his episcopate. The Church in Ohio was weak. Most of its members were farmers, whose lands were new, and whose incomes were small. Prices of all kinds of produce were low, — corn, ten cents a bushel; wheat, twenty-five cents; and other things in proportion. There were no good roads, and no accessible markets. At that time, it took

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a bushel of wheat to pay the postage on a letter; and the bishop used to say that the entire revenue of his bishopric was insufficient to pay his postage bill. The result was, that, when his diocesan duties were performed, he returned home, not to rest, but to labor for the maintenance of his family with his hands.

A dismal prospect opened before him in the winter of 1820-21. There was not a dollar left, after satisfying the hired man for the past, wherewith to satisfy him for the future. He was accordingly discharged; and the bishop set himself manfully to do the hired man's work. With only Salmon's assistance, he threshed the grain, hauled the wood, and served, not exactly tables, but *stables*.*

The school proved a failure, and was broken up during the ensuing year. Philander Chase, jun., having been ordained deacon, took charge of the church at Steubenville; leaving no preceptor to fill his place. The pupils were scattered; and Salmon remained almost alone with his uncle.

* See "Reminiscences of Bishop Chase," vol. i. chap. xxvi. From this entertaining autobiography, we learn, that, as regards these domestic duties performed by the excellent bishop, the *flesh* was willing, but the *spirit* had scruples. He found himself compelled to transgress what he terms the "salutary rule of the Church," — that "no ordained clergyman shall condescend to menial and servile employments;" which might well be supposed, he says, to create an agonizing pang in his breast. But, for our own part, we regard his conduct in this matter as highly honorable, indicating that true greatness of character which does not condescend, but rather dignifies and ennobles the drudgery to which it cheerfully gives its energies.

The bishop had his faults, no doubt. He loved power. In the church, in the school, in his family, he delighted to govern; but it was for the good of others, not for his own. In the respect which the academy boys felt for him, there was more of fear than affection. Yet he was not disliked by them, even then; and in after-years, looking back upon the days passed under his charge, and seeing him as he really was, something akin to love must have mingled with their admiration of his character.

Salmon had never liked Worthington very well. There were many pleasant scenes, incidents, and associates to attach him to the place; but, on the whole, life there was not attractive to a boy of his temperament and associations. He used to count the days, wishing he could get home, or go somewhere and earn his living, and be independent. He read in some newspaper that carpenters were wanted, and commanded good wages, in Pensacola; and he longed to go to Pensacola, and be a carpenter.

In the fall of 1822, the good bishop, owing to his straitened circumstances, "thought himself obliged to accept an offer, made him by the College at Cincinnati, to move to that city, and take charge of the institution."

The prospect of change was welcome to Salmon. Ho for Cincinnati!

It was late in November when the removal took place. Recent rains had converted the wagon-roads into ruts and mire. Six persons — Mrs. R—— and her little girl, Mrs. Chase and her young child, the bishop and Salmon — were crowded in one strong, heavy carriage. The bishop, just recovering from a dangerous illness, was too feeble for the journey. But he was a *Chase*: that is to say, what he had once firmly resolved to undertake, he would with God's help accomplish, in spite of pain on his own part, dissuasion from others, and obstacles in the way. His motto was, *JEHOVAH JIREH*, — "God will provide."

The ride to Columbus was pleasant, notwithstanding the badness of the roads. There they rested and dined. In the afternoon they resumed their journey, expecting to pass the night at a log-tavern some ten miles distant.

They reached the tavern just at dark, and found it filled with a party of drovers.

"I ha'n't got the first inch of room to offer ye," said the tavern-keeper; "but there's a tavern two or three miles further on, where I reckon you can git in."

Before them lay woods, and the prospect was disheartening. But there was no choice, and they drove on.

Night shut in rapidly. Worse and worse grew the roads. The horses could not move out of a slow

walk. The wheels cut into mud that seemed bottomless. The coach groaned and reeled like a ship in a sea of glue.

So they entered the woods. Almost before they were aware of it, pitch-darkness was upon them. Not an object was visible on either side. How the horses kept the road was a mystery. Wolves howled all around them, — some distant, some quite near. The terrified children began to cry. The women were worn out, and the bishop himself was almost too ill to keep his seat.

"Do not be alarmed," said the good man. "God has carried me safely through worse trials than this. He has not brought me here with my family to perish in the woods."

Just then, as if in dismal mockery of his prediction, the wagon struck some strong obstacle, and came to a dead stop. No backing of the horses, no cramping of the wheels, could disengage them.

"Salmon," said the bishop in a voice faint with sickness and suffering, "you must see what's the matter."

"See!" thought Salmon. He got down, and felt all around the wagon, without discovering the obstacle in the way of its progress.

"We must have a light. What an oversight, not to bring a lantern! But little did I expect to be out after dark, in my present condition!" said the bishop.

"Here is the tinder-box," said Mrs. R——. "Can't you manage to make a light of some kind, Salmon?"

"If I can't, then I don't see but we must stay here all night," said Salmon.

Every thing seemed now to depend on his exertions. He took some straw from the wagon, and picked some bark from a stump. These combustibles he placed in a hollow of the roots, where, after many fruitless efforts, he at last succeeded in kindling them. The little flame blazed up, and, shooting its feeble gleam into the surrounding blackness, showed them their situation.

The coach had struck a stump midway between the fore-wheels. It was too high for the axles to go over; and the horses could not be made to back.

Here was a catastrophe. But fortunately there was an axe in the wagon; and with this Salmon had soon cut a couple of stout saplings, to be used as levers. The women and children then got out; the bishop was already on the ground; and, all assisting who could, first one axle, then the other, was lifted over the stump. This done, all got in again, except Salmon.

"Here is the road!" he cried; and the bishop drove into it.

"O Salmon!" said Mrs. Chase, "what should we do without you? Now, if we only had the lantern!" for the prospect ahead was of the dimmest.

The wagon stopped again.

"Here is indeed the road," said the bishop; "but it is useless to think of keeping it, without a light of some kind. I don't know, after all, my friends, but we may be compelled to encamp here for the night."

There had been a fall in the children's cries for a few minutes; but now they broke forth afresh. If there is a knowsome, desolate sound known to human ears, it is the wail of hungry and frightened children in the woods on an autumn night.

"I'll have you a light soon!" said Salmon, among the trees.

Fortunately he found birches and walnuts, from which he stripped a supply of bark. The art of constructing torches was known to him. He had a couple soon in readiness; and, lighting one at the stump where the fire had been kindled, he walked on through the woods, holding it above his head, and showing the way to the bishop, who drove carefully behind him. It was a dreary way. It seemed as if they were never to get through those terrible three miles.

When one torch burned low, Salmon lighted another. At last, while those in the wagon were anxiously watching him, and he was moving on with the smoky flame into the gloom which seemed interminable, suddenly a welcome sound met their ears.

It was the bark of a dog. It came from a log cabin a few rods farther on in the woods.

Salmon ran forward, guided by a red ray from the window. He did not much mind the cur, though it barked at him furiously. The door opened just before he reached it, and a man in red flannel shirt-sleeves stood against the faint glow of firelight within.

"Who's there?" he demanded gruffly.

"Travellers," answered Salmon. "Can you keep us over night?"

"Glad to 'commodate, but 'taint possible. How many is there of ye?"

"Six, — two women, and two children, and" —

"Sorry for ye," said the man; "but ye see how it is. There's only one room in the cabin, and only two beds. Me and the ol' woman has one, and the children t'other."

"But you can take us in for a little while, and give us some supper. The children are half-frozen; we are all cold and hungry, and the bishop is very sick."

"Bishop? Bishop who?"

"Bishop Chase," said Salmon.

"Ye don't say?" exclaimed the man. "We've hearn tell of him. Wife," — to his consort, who had already gone to bed, — "it's Bishop Chase and his family, got belated, young ones half-starved, women wore out, bishop himself sick. What can we do for 'em?"

"I'll get up," Salmon heard the wife say. "We must let 'em come in, any way."

Salmon ran back eagerly to the wagon with this good news. He led the horses up to the door. He took the children out, and put them into the cabin. Then he helped the women down. Then the red-sleeved backwoodsman came; and together they assisted the bishop to alight, and got him into the house. They placed him at once upon the bed the wife had just vacated. He was extremely ill; and, for a little while, it was feared he would not survive.

"If your hands are warm, sir, do have the kindness to rub his feet!" said Mrs. Chase to the backwoodsman.

The feet were deadly cold. One after the other, the man took them in his great, strong, kindly hands, and infused something of his own warm, magnetic life into them.

Meanwhile there was confusion in the crowded little room. The fire was nearly out; and, with the forest all around, there was not a stick in the house. Salmon must go and gather chips. No lantern, not a lamp or candle, was to be had. The door was left open to give him a little light, and he sallied forth.

Trifles sometimes leave lasting impressions upon the mind. This little experience of getting chips at night in the black forest was one of those things an imaginative boy would not be likely ever to forget. Such awful gloom! How hideous the howl of the

wolves! The wind was rising, and the vast and heaving sea of tops gave forth a solemn roar; the terror and mystery of all which was heightened by the thought, that the bishop might be at that moment dying in the hut.

The chips were brought, and placed upon the fire.

"My worthy friend," Salmon heard his uncle say, "I think that you, by the mercy of God, have saved me from a fatal relapse. I believe nothing could have warmed my feet but your hands."

The women and Salmon were overjoyed. The children, cheered by the fire, ceased their crying.

"Now," said the man, "I'll tell ye what we'll do. You can't stir an' inch on your journey this night; that's sartin. We've got a sort of cow-shed addition to our hut, that me and wife can move into with our young ones. That'll give you this room, the two beds, and the floor, for your folks. Don't say a word; for that's the way we'll have to fix it. Meanwhile, wife'll be getting you some supper, such as we have; and the boy and I'll see what can be done with the team."

"We have some hay and a bag of oats under the seats," said Salmon; "and there's a box of luncheon I'll bring in."

"By George! that'll come in play!" exclaimed the man, who knew not till that moment how his guests were to be fed.

Thus the travellers were provided for. They passed the remainder of the night in the cabin. They kept excellent fires. The bishop received constant attention. His wife was an excellent and affectionate nurse; and the next morning, to the surprise of all, he declared himself able to pursue the journey.

XXI.

IN CINCINNATI.

IT was on an Indian-summer afternoon that the travellers arrived upon the high hill-tops overlooking the beautiful plateau which forms the site of the now great and populous city.

So lovely was the view, that the good bishop stopped his horses to allow the little party to enjoy it. A soft, blue haze was upon all the landscape. The hills, azure in the distance, and wood-crowned, enclosed the broad plain in a magnificent amphitheatre. Through grand, high banks, with white and misty glimmer flowed the Ohio. The plateau appeared divided into two sections, one some fifty feet higher than the other. Upon the lower plain, along by the river's edge, sat the young Queen of the West, then a rather wild, uncultured maiden, giving but the promise of her present luxurious prime.

"That is Cincinnati!" said the bishop. "It has but a little more than ten thousand inhabitants now; but nobody can tell how many it will have in thirty or forty years." (Forty years from that time, it had

upwards of two hundred thousand.) "Its growth has been rapid ever since Wayne's victory gave peace to the valley: that was in 1794. Before that, the Indians used to fire upon the flatboats going up and down the river. The first steamboat was built here only six years ago; but a good many have been on the stocks since, and they are working wonders for all this Western country. — Get up!" And the bishop drove on into the town.

A somewhat easier life, in many respects, awaited Salmon in Cincinnati. He was received, with his uncle's family, under the hospitable roof of Mr. S——, one of the most influential residents; whose handsome mansion, with its portico supported by tall wooden pillars, might well excite the wonder of a boy who had never seen any thing of equal magnificence.

He was a farm-boy no longer. Yet it was not long before the bishop had a house of his own, and a cow, besides the horses, to be taken care of. This was Salmon's task.

The house was situated on the north-west corner of Fifth Street and Lodge's Alley. All north of Fifth Street was then open. The cow was pastured in a field bordering on Mill Creek, — or, more classically, the Mah-ke-tew-ah, — west of the city; and mornings and evenings, in the ensuing summer, Salmon might have been seen driving her thither and back along what is now Fifth Street, often

with a book in his hand, of which he now and then caught glimpses by the level, ruddy sun-rays, but more often profoundly meditating upon the problems of life, death, and eternity.

The college was on Walnut Street : Bishop Chase was its president. Salmon had entered the freshman-class, and was now studying hard, and reciting in private to a fellow-student, in order to get advanced into the sophomore ; which object he pursued resolutely, and in due time achieved.

So studious was his life here, that no adventures worth relating appear to have occurred to him. His fellow-students, generally speaking, loved mischief better than they did their books. Dr. S——, coming into the chapel once for morning prayers, found himself anticipated in the pulpit by a stuffed owl, with a pair of spectacles like his own ingeniously fastened in front of his glazed eyes. On another occasion, a cow was brought up into the second story, entered and graduated. But Salmon had little to do with these sports.

One or two little anecdotes, however, have come to our knowledge, which, as they illustrate the truthfulness and moral courage by which he was characterized, will bear repeating.

There were many rude and some quite vicious young fellows in the college ; one particularly, — the son of a minister of one of the most rigid sects, — whose natural disposition had been repressed at

home, only to gather fire, and burst forth all the more violently, when the restraint was removed.

This boy — whom we shall call Reuben — was of a cruel temper; and so strong, that all the smaller boys were afraid of him. He was also utterly unscrupulous in his statements, defying contradiction.

Now, if there was any thing Salmon could not tolerate, it was a wilful disregard of truth. Accordingly, one morning, when Reuben stood on the college-steps regaling his audience with some audacious falsehood, Salmon interrupted him: —

"Reuben H——, that is not true!"

"Who says I lie?" cried Reuben in a towering passion, clinching his fists, and looking around for his victim. He was noted for his fighting qualities; and Salmon saw at once that he was in a dangerous position. He must either retreat, or stand to what he had said, and risk a battle. He did not hesitate, but stepped forward promptly.

"What you said is not true!" he replied; "and I can prove it!"

"I'll knock your head off!" said Reuben, casting aside his coat, and striding towards him; while the other boys all stood back, awe-struck, expecting terrible work.

"No, you won't!" said Salmon, eying him calmly; "and, if you do, that won't prove any thing. It will be much better to argue the case. I've no wish to fight you; and, if I can show that I am right,

there's no reason why you should want to fight me." This strange proposition, backed by Salmon's firm, uncompromising attitude, completely cowed the bully. He could not make up his mind to strike one who insisted so coolly upon reasoning with him; and he knew, that, in an argument, he would be sure to get the worst of it.

"I haven't time to stop and talk," he said, turning on his heel, and picking up his coat; "but don't you tell me I lie, again!"

"Then don't lie," replied Salmon. And so the matter ended.

Not long after, Reuben's anger was kindled against the college for some cause; and, to be revenged, he set fire to the benches in the recitation-room. Salmon, going in with some other boys, and catching him at the work, ordered him to desist. He did desist; but he threatened the boys with vengeance, if they attempted to extinguish the fire.

"Nonsense!" said Salmon, making haste to put it out.

The tutor presently coming in, and seeing the burnt benches, directed the boys to take their seats. Salmon's place was above Reuben's, and near the upper end of the class.

The students were questioned in order, beginning with the one at the bottom.

"Sophomore —, do you know who set fire to those benches?"

"No, sir," answered the first; likewise the second and third; and so on, until Reuben's turn came.

"Sophomore H——, do you know any thing about the matter?"

"No, sir," said Reuben with brazen countenance, shutting his lips firmly on the lie.

At last, it was Salmon's turn to be questioned.

"Sophomore Chase, did you set fire to those benches?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know who did?"

"Yes, sir."

The truth, thus openly confessed, greatly astonished the class. It was considered dishonorable for one of their number to inculcate another; and, without meaning to do any thing very wrong, they had preferred to lie rather than expose Reuben.

Now, Salmon hated a mean informer as much as any one could. Philip's despicable conduct towards him that evening at Worthington, when he was bringing in the wood, was something he could never be brought to imitate under any circumstances; but, whatever else happened, he could not lie.

"You say you know who did it?" said the tutor, thinking he might have misunderstood him before.

"YES, SIR!" repeated Salmon.

Great sensation. Then the tutor, in a loud, distinct voice, added, —

"Who was it?"

"I shall not tell you, sir!" replied Salmon.

Still greater sensation.

"You know, and you will not tell?"

"Yes, sir," said Salmon, respectfully, but decidedly.

Finding it impossible to conquer this resolution, the tutor referred the matter to the president.

"How is this?" said the bishop sternly. "You have insulted Mr. ——!"

"Not at all," said Salmon. "I simply told him the truth."

"Explain yourself."

"I will try to, sir. It is considered a very mean thing for one student to tell of another, as you know. Besides, I wish to do as I would be done by. I wouldn't like to have any one feel towards me as I felt towards Philip when he tattled about me. When I was asked if I knew who set the fire, I might have answered as the others did, and got off so; but I couldn't lie, and I can't tell. That's just the case, sir."

All which Salmon submitted with the utmost respect. At the allusion to Philip, the president looked peculiarly thoughtful; and, when he had finished, he replied, —

"I think we will postpone the matter for the present, Mr. ——. Whether Salmon is right or not on the stand he takes, he very evidently thinks he

is right ; and it is certainly a more honorable course than lying."

So the affair rested. It was never brought up again ; and Salmon and Mr. — always after remained on the most friendly terms.

The sojourn in Cincinnati was brief, — not quite a year. Among the friends Salmon made during that time, there was one that impressed him more than all the rest. It was the river. Whence came that mighty volume of water ? and whether did it flow ? It was always a wonder to him, especially during the spring freshets. The steamboats formed a part of the great marvel. There was one called the "Têche : " it came from New Orleans. That seemed far, far off, to the boy's imagination ; and the mysterious, foreign name impressed him strangely.

XXII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

THE institution of which the bishop had been chosen president was a college "of all denominations." But already his great scheme of founding a seminary in the West, devoted to the education of young men for the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was taking form in his mind. That scheme he was destined, after herculean labors in overcoming obstacles, successfully to accomplish; and Kenyon College was the result.

Nothing could be done, however, without funds; to obtain which, it was necessary to visit England. Accordingly, in the summer of 1823, the bishop resigned the presidency of Cincinnati College, and prepared to cross the ocean. His means were scanty. His family must be separated from him, his present source of income abandoned. Success was far from certain, and friends endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose. But zeal and faith sustained him; and on the 4th of August, 1823, he departed from Cincinnati.

Salmon, then fifteen years old, accompanied the bishop's family. There were, as before, six in the coach. "What will the reader think," says the good man in his "Reminiscences," "when told that the writer himself was coachman in this journey?" But he adds with ingenuous pride, "Let those, who blush for shame at seeing this in a bishop, cool their passion by standing for a while on the pinnacles of Kenyon College. Had such shame prevailed in his breast, that noble institution never would have been."

This was the beginning of a long and tedious journey. At Chillicothe the bishop was taken ill, and the family delayed until Salmon had had time to devour some of Cooper's novels, then freshly published; which, being the first fictions he ever read, opened a new world to his imagination.

From Chillicothe they proceeded to Steubenville, on the eastern border of the State; where they paid a visit to Philander Chase, jun., and his wife's relations. The young clergyman was happily married, and as clean-shaved as ever; his razors being kept sacred, I presume, from such base uses as pig-shaving.

Steubenville is on the Ohio, opposite that part of Virginia which shoots up like a church-steeple between Ohio and Pennsylvania.

"You can wade the river here when it's low water, as it is now," said one of the boys there to Salmon.

"Then I'll wade it, if only to have it said I have been in Virginia!"

And Salmon, pulling off his clothes, crossed over, and stood proudly upon the "sacred soil." Thus it happened that our hero first entered Virginia in very much such a state as that in which he came into the world.

From Steubenville the bishop's party went north to Ashtabula, over the only turnpike road then existing in the state. They stopped on the way at a place from which Salmon made a flying visit to his brother Alexander, who had returned from the Exploring Expedition, and was then reading law at Harpersfield.

From Ashtabula to Buffalo they travelled a great part of the way on the lake-shore. Sometimes "the water dashed at every wave up to the knees of the horses" as they traversed the sandy beach. There was just danger enough to make the journey pleasantly exciting. All day, Salmon watched with unwearied delight the shining waves breaking into foam; and at night, from the place where they stopped, he went out alone, and listened with awe in the darkness to the grand music of their roar.

"A whole week was passed in going from Buffalo to Cherry Valley," says the bishop in his account of this journey; and it was not until the 16th of September that the travellers arrived at the home of his wife's relations, at Kingston, on the Hudson.

The brief stay he made there was full of interest to Salmon. The —— family had been connected with the East-India trade, and in the house were shells brought from over the sea. He had never seen the ocean; but these beautiful shells, with their varied shapes and colors, and the hollow murmur which breathed from their sphinx-like lips as he held them to his ear, told him something of its vastness and mystery.

There was also in the house a boy who had lived in India; to whose tales of the sea and of foreign shores, Salmon listened with infinite wonder. Among other stories, he told one of the Hindoo children he had seen making unto themselves images of mud on the banks of the Ganges, and afterwards bowing down and worshipping them. With the pity Salmon felt for these little pagans, there was mingled a mighty contempt; but in later years, looking about him, he saw mud-gods nearer home, — even in this Christian land. Whenever he saw an avaricious man prostrating himself before his filthy idols, — a politician corrupting his hands with some dirty work, set up for popular adoration, — the nation's deification of slavery, or the ignorant worship of some man invested by his followers with qualities wholly imaginary, — he said, "Here is the superstitious play over again; here, too, are plenty of mud-gods!" In short, meanness, prejudice, and vice of every kind, to which he saw men prostrate their nobler natures,

reminded him continually of the Hindoo boys on the banks of the Ganges.

After a brief stay at Kingston, Salmon was taken on board a boat going up to Albany. There he parted from his uncle. The bishop was bound for Europe: Salmon was returning to his New-Hampshire home. The good man paid his fare; then gave him a little money and his benediction. "After leaving the steamer, you must make your way to Keene as best you can. Trust in Providence, and don't spare your legs."

With which somewhat austere counsel, the bishop turned, and went ashore; leaving Salmon to meditate upon his rough experiences since he went to live with him in Ohio, and upon his present prospects.

The steamer was soon off; and Salmon forgot his reflections in the novelty of a voyage up the Hudson.

One little incident made that voyage memorable. There was among the passengers an atheist, who loudly proclaimed his disbelief in sacred things, reviled God and religion, and boasted of his courage to meet death and annihilation. Salmon was greatly shocked. Suddenly there was an alarm of fire on board. Then the vaunting spirit forsook the wretched man, and he gave way to abject terror, making himself an object of pity even to the boy who calmly observed him.

In due time, Salmon reached Troy; and from thence he proceeded to walk over the hills alone, with his bundle on his back, and with a heart in his breast that swelled with emotion at thoughts of his home and his mother. He was journeying towards that home! He was soon to meet his mother! Already he scented the sweet September breezes that blew from his native hills.

Day after day, lonely, on foot, bearing his bundle, in cloud or sunshine, now under the hot noon and now pierced by chill north winds, over the mountains and through the vales, he plodded on. When night came, and no tavern was near, he stopped at the first farm-house. When hungry, he could always obtain a wholesome dinner of bread and milk. Fortunately, he had money enough to pay for these hospitalities; though not enough to procure a passage in the stage that went rumbling past him, leaving a cloud of dust for him to breathe.

At last, he climbed a hill, from the summit of which a familiar object met his view. It was old Monadnoc, serene, soaring in the blue distance, his forehead wreathed with cloud!

Then the spirit of the young wayfarer leaped within him, and clapped its glad hands.

"O Monadnoc!" he cried, as if he had seen an elder brother. From his home in Keene, morning and evening, and through all the magic changes of

the day, the mountain, with its varying colors and unchanging form, had been familiar to his eyes, —

“A thing of beauty and a joy for ever.”

And now what memories it recalls! — his father, so revered and loved; and how strangely one look which that dear father once gave him comes back to him now! He was at play; and he murmured when asked to go and help do some work in the field. Then that look, with these words only, “*Won’t you come and help your father?*” the tender sadness of which melted him instantly, and lived ever after in his heart, a sweet memento of the governing power of parental love! But now tears fill his eyes as he remembers: for he thinks of that father’s sudden illness; of himself, in terrified haste, running for the doctor; the dying scene, — the hushed and weeping forms about the bed, the heavy breathing, and the ominous rattle; and of a grassy grave in the old burying-ground.

He sits down upon a stone, and gazes at old Monadnoc; and the memories crowd upon him. The yellow story-and-a-half house on the corner of the main street and the Swansey Road; the chambers; his little bedroom there; the aspect from the windows; the guide-post out there, with patient, outstretched arms, almost human, for ever dumbly saying, —

“To SWANSEY, 5 M. ;” “To BOSTON, 84 M. ;” —

and his own childish imagination for ever travelling those roads, — how vividly all come back to him !

And his eldest sister's marriage ; and his brother's departure for that strange, distant Boston, to seek his fortune in the great world, — his brother Dudley, the musician, who used to play while little Salmon shouldered a stick, and marched (but Salmon could never keep step), and who tried to teach him the violin (but Salmon could never learn the notes), and who went off at last, as I said, to seek his fortune, but found his death in a foreign land, — all these things, and many more, — the district school, the spring freshets, bathing and fishing in the Ashuelot, his mother's farewell and blessing, — rush upon his heart ; and he sits there long, gazing with misty eyes at the grand old mountain far away.

At length, he gets up from the stone, and walks on. He must reach Keene this night. A wagon comes along. He has a little money left : he will hire a ride.

"Are you going to Keene?"

"Yes," says the driver, pulling up his horses.

"Will you carry me there for forty cents?"

"Wal, yes. Hop in!"

And Salmon "hops in." What a blessed chance ! He is full of hope and gratitude. It will not be long before he meets his mother. Every time the man whips up his horses, Salmon feels a thrill of joy.

"Ain't your name Chase?" says the man, after looking at him closely several times.

"Yes," replies Salmon, interested. "Do you know my folks?"

The man spat tobacco-juice over the wagon-box, and dryly answered, —

"I used to know your father pooty well. I knowed you boys, too, when you lived in Cornish. Your father was a fine man, — curis about some things, but true as steel; good heart, and one of the soundest heads I ever see."

The man spat again, and laughed.

"He was justice of the peace, and used to marry folks; and I remember one couple coming to the house about eleven o'clock at night, and knocking, after everybody had gone to bed. Your father put his head out of the winder, and asked what was wanted.

"'Want to be married,' says the bridegroom. 'Sorry to disturb ye; but it's an urgent case.'

"'Can't ye come in the morning?' says your father.

"'Not so well,' says the man; 'for, you see, we got belated coming, and there's only one spare room at the tavern, and' —

"'Well, come here,' says your father, throwing the winder wide open. It was moonlight: they stood on the turf outside, and he was inside. 'What's your names?' says he. They told him. 'Join

hands,' says he; and, by George! he married 'em right there on the spot! 'It's all right,' says he. 'Come over in the morning, and I'll give you the papers.' They thanked him; and he shut the window, and went to bed again."

"Did you know my grandparents?" Salmon asked.

"I guess I did! Your grandfather, Dudley Chase, and his wife, were the first settlers in the wilderness north of Charleston, on the Connecticut; in them days, called Fort No. 4. He had got a grant of land on the river from Gov. Bowdoin of New Hampshire. He went right into the woods, and made a township: he called it Cornish, after his ancestors, who came from Cornwall in England."

"You seem to be pretty well acquainted with our family history!" said Salmon.

"Yes: I've heard your grandmother tell stories of settling in the woods there, right in the midst of bears and wolves and Indians. She was a noble woman!" said the man emphatically.

Salmon kept looking at him furtively, trying to recall where he had seen that honest, homely face before. Gradually, recollection dawned upon him; and at length he said, —

"Have you got one toe less on one foot than on the other?"

The man's face reddened; and with an embarrassed smile he replied, putting up one foot, —

"It's a fact: there's only four toes in that boot; one toe less to trouble me with corns than I used to have. You remember, hey?"

"Yes: I remember your striking off one of your toes with a chisel, when you worked for my father."

"The more fool I!" said the man, spitting again, and suddenly whipping up his horses.

XXIII.

THE BOY SCHOOLMASTER.

AT dusk, they arrived at Keene. I will not attempt to depict the boy's emotions as he got down on the old corner, and walked quickly, with palpitating heart, to his mother's door. She heard his step; she knew his voice; and reached out her arms.

"Oh, my boy!" and she folded him to her heart.

But she could not see him. For several years her eyesight had been failing, and she was now quite blind. Salmon could not restrain his tears at finding himself once more in her arms, and looking upon her dear and venerable blind face.

It was, of course, an occasion of great rejoicing to the family. "It was the earliest event of which I preserve any vivid recollection," writes a younger sister of Salmon's,—at that time, six years old. "Our old house was thrown into the wildest commotion of joy. How well I remember the proud, warm welcome with which our mother received him! Yet how little could I reconcile her tears with the

general rejoicing ! He had brought with him a few peaches, — a rare fruit in our bleak New Hampshire at that time. I looked upon him as a travelled wonder with awe and admiration, which was soon changed to delight when he gave me one of those mellow, luscious, and fragrant peaches, — the first I ever saw."

Home again ! What luxury was there in the thought ! But well the boy knew his stay there must be brief. His purpose was soon to enter Dartmouth College, where his uncles had been educated. But his mother was poor. What little she had she devoted to her children's comfort, not her own ; always happy when she could, by stinting herself, promote their welfare. Remain a burden to her he could not : therefore he must look about him, and see what he could do to help pay his way.

"I've been thinking," he one day said to her, "that I can keep school."

"You, Salmon, — a boy of fifteen?"

"That's true, mother ; but I am old enough to try."

She did not oppose him. A school, a few miles from Keene, was soon found for him ; and he engaged to commence teaching on the first Monday in November, for seven dollars a month.

"You are rather little !" said the committee-man who hired him.

"It's little pay," replied Salmon.

"You'll have some big boys for scholars, — a good deal bigger than you!" the man added, significantly.

"That won't make any difference, unless they know more than I do."

The man smiled with satisfaction at this reply; but added, doubtfully, —

"You'll find 'em rather hard to manage. They turned out the master last winter, and tried to the winter before."

That was discouraging, certainly, for a lad of fifteen. However, it was too late to recede. Salmon was determined to try.

Duly, on the first Monday morning in the month, the boy school-teacher entered upon his duties. He was not, I fear, a master of very manly or imposing appearance: he looked like a rather green country lad who had outgrown his clothes. He still wore his Ohio trousers; which had become altogether too short for his legs, and appeared ridiculously aspiring in consequence. But, conscious of what was in his head, he thought little of his feet; and he was probably aware, that, in the matter of dress, his pupils would not have greatly the advantage of him. He arrived early at the schoolhouse, and waited (somewhat anxiously, I suspect) for the hour of commencing. The big boys began to come in. Some of them were twenty years old; two or three were nearly six feet tall, — red-faced, raw-boned, muscu-

lar. At sight of the slender lad sent there to be their master, they exchanged significant glances.

Large girls began to come in also. They were from sixteen to twenty, — buxom farmers' girls, with spit-curls on their cheeks, spirited, and sociable with the big boys; in short, quite young ladies of the ruder sort.

Salmon began to feel uneasy; thinking, perhaps, that, for governing children of this growth, the pay should have been a little larger, and the master likewise. But his courage did not forsake him. At the proper hour, he rapped with his ruler on the desk, and called the school to order.

There were smaller boys and girls, of course, — plenty of them; but the young men and young women had, up to this time, quite filled the teacher's eyes. Now commenced hard work. He formed his classes, and got through the forenoon very well. He dined at his boarding-place, and returned at one o'clock. But now he noticed, that, when he called the school to order, the young ladies and gentlemen had not quite finished an animated conversation that was going on in the schoolhouse, and that loud talking continued. He rapped sharply on the desk.

"Order!" he cried in a tone of authority. "Scholars will please take their seats."

"Take your seat, Sal!" said one of the big boys, hitting one of the big girls with his cap.

"Take your seat yourself!" said Sal, snatching his cap, and flinging it.

The cap fell near the door; and two other boys made a rush at it, scrambling and laughing. At last the owner got it, and brushed off the dust by striking his companions over the head with it.

Salmon waited patiently; more than ever convinced that the pay was too little, to say nothing of the teacher. What a winter's work had he undertaken! Several of the large pupils remained standing; and the conversation, with an accompaniment of giggling on the part of the smaller pupils, still continued.

"School has begun!" said Salmon, raising his voice, and rapping again smartly.

"Say, Ben, school has begun: why don't ye get quiet," said one of the noisiest.

"I'm going to, as soon as I've et this apple," replied Ben, taking a bite.

"Don't impose on the master 'cause he happens to be smaller'n we be!" observed a third.

Salmon was tempted to hurl the ruler at him; for, instead of being abashed by these insolent proceedings, he felt his spirit roused. He remained quiet, however; and, at last, something like order prevailed.

"My friends," then said Salmon, with a seriousness and dignity that could not but command respect, "I suppose we understand the object of a

school. I come here as your teacher. You come to be taught; at least, if any one comes for any other purpose, he is out of his place. But there can be no school without order. The teacher must keep order. Please understand, to begin with, that I have no wish but to do you good,—no other object than to advance you in your studies in the easiest and best manner possible. I trust that you, too, have honest and honorable motives in coming to me as your teacher, and that the improper conduct just witnessed is the result of thoughtlessness only. Let's have no more of it. I ask you, for your own sakes, to help me. You can help me by obeying the rules of the school. If any one is not prepared to do that, he can now have an opportunity to withdraw; for it is very unjust that such should remain to throw hinderances in the way of the others' improvement."

Having made this little speech, Salmon waited in dignified silence for those to go who wanted to. None went, however: on the contrary, the big boys, and especially the big girls, appeared ashamed of their rudeness, and regarded the stripling teacher with increasing respect.

"Since you all choose to remain, we will go on with our lessons," said Salmon.

Undoubtedly, boy as he was, he had made a strong impression on the young men and women.

For a day or two, their behavior was quite as

good as could be expected from young persons who had never submitted to a salutary discipline, or learned good manners. Occasionally, however, the spirit of insubordination would break forth. After the hour's nooning, particularly, when the rap of the ruler came to check the full tide of boisterous merriment, playful demonstrations were very apt to continue. This repressed excitement often found vent in a playful throwing of caps.

"Throwing caps in the schoolroom, at any hour, is, from this time, forbidden," said Salmon.

The very next day after this rule was laid down, however, a cap was thrown at the moment when he was calling the school to order. It fell at his feet. It belonged to Ben, one of the biggest and unruliest of the young fellows: he himself had thrown it, intending to hit Sal. Now he made a lunge to recover it. Salmon promptly put his foot upon it. Ben looked astonished.

"Take your seat!" said Salmon.

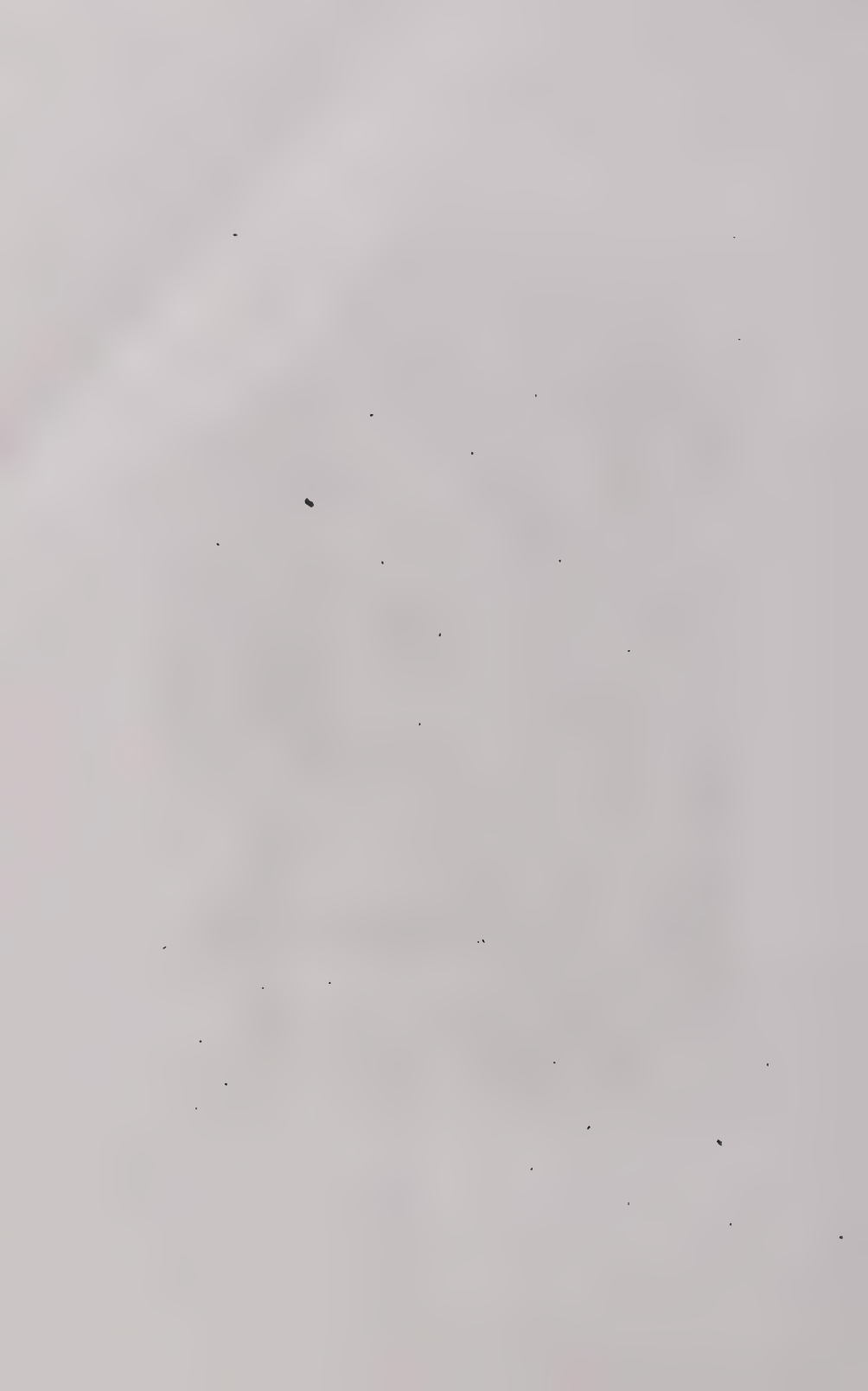
"I want my cap!" said Ben, insolently.

"Take your seat, I say!"

"I'm going to have my cap first!" muttered Ben, stooping to pull it from under Salmon's foot.

The movement exposed a prominent part of his person. Salmon took advantage of it to draw back his ruler, and administer several strokes, in rapid succession, upon the sensitive spot; bringing the fellow to an erect attitude in a very brief space of time.





"Take your seat! take your seat!" said Salmon, continuing to use the ruler, and repeating the command at each stroke.

"I ain't going to take my seat for a little black-guard like you!" said Ben in a great rage, trying to wrench the ruler from his hand.

Thereupon Salmon, seeing that the time had come to conquer or be conquered, and determined to conquer, or die in the attempt, laid the smooth, round, oaken instrument of correction over the rebel's head: Ben could not stand that: he fled to his seat.

His deportment was sullen, but quiet, after this little affair; and Salmon had a remarkably orderly school during the rest of the day.

He had won a victory, the moral effect of which was evident. The school had discovered that it had a master; and he was congratulating himself that the worst was over, when, the next day, he received from the trustees, of whom Ben's father was one, the following note: —

"DEAR SIR, — We shall not insist on your keeping the full term for which you engaged. If you will call upon Mr. —, he will compensate you for the time you have taught. Regretting the necessity, we remain respectfully," &c.

It was Saturday; and the time he had taught was two weeks! Mr. — magnanimously paid him four dollars, without requiring him to give back the change. His dismissal just at that time was like the

removal of a general on the eve of some great success for which he has been long preparing.

Such was the future governor's first attempt at governing. He certainly could not have been much discouraged by the failure, as, that afternoon, with his pay in his pocket, his books under his arm, he walked cheerfully home to his mother's.

"Why, my son! what has happened?" He told her the story. "Well, I am glad you take it, so philosophically. Now I hope you will be content to wait a year or two before you think of taking another school. In the mean time, you can study."

"I guess you are about right, mother," said Salmon,—"as you always are. But then, if they had let me, I'd have staid in that school, and finished my term, or have been finished myself!"

Then commenced study at home. "The whole of that peaceful winter," writes the sister before quoted, "I recall vividly to mind: the long, low parlor in the old yellow house, with its old-fashioned furniture; my brother seated at an old mahogany inlaid table, with his Latin and Greek books piled up around him, poring over his lessons, which he recited to that good man, the Rev. Mr. Barstow, who had won the unlimited devotion of the family because of his friendly interest in him.

"Then what a time there was in our little hive at home, fitting him out for college! Such a stitching of shirts, coats, pants, vests, by mother and sisters,

to 'gar auld cles look amaist as weel's the new ;' putting forth their energies to make the most of what the straitened circumstances of a widowed mother could supply ! With what tearful joy I hailed the advent of a new pair of pantaloons, which replaced those Ohio trousers, so long since outgrown ! ”

This sister was soon sent to Hopkinton to school. Salmon accompanied her as far as Windsor. “ How well I remember the kind and brotherly love with which he gave me advice and directions about my conduct and studies ! His standard for each was so high and pure, that it influenced my whole life. Would that all fatherless girls were so blessed in an elder brother's watchfulness and care ! ”

Without leave asked or obtained, I have made these citations from this sister's reminiscences ; believing that no words of mine could so fittingly express the tender relations Salmon sustained as a brother and son.

XXIV.

A COLLEGE SCRAPE.

THE following summer (in 1824), Salmon, after a few months of close study and rapid reading at the academy in Royalton, Vt., entered the junior class of Dartmouth College.

Expecting to undergo a rigid examination, he prepared himself, and appeared, not without diffidence, before the august faculty. It was as if, bending his strength to lift an enormous weight of metal, it had come up at a touch, a mere sack of feathers. Only a few trifling questions were put to him; one of which was, "Where do the Hottentots live?" The young student was tempted to respond, "In Hanover." But thinking it wise to assume a deference, if he felt it not, he answered the question correctly, and was admitted. Whether his good reputation as a student at Cincinnati and Royalton had reached Dartmouth, or whether the college stood in such need of filling up its classes that it could not afford to be very exacting, he did not know, and, his object attained, did not care.

Salmon was now sixteen. In figure he was slender and stooping; near-sighted as ever; still careless of his personal appearance; and though inwardly conscious of intellectual power, and kindling with the fire of young ambition, never making the least attempt to appear smart, or to conciliate the good-will of those around him. True to himself, generous to his friends, and just to everybody, he was content to mind strictly his own business, to work honestly for every prize he sought, and to gain nothing whatever by pretence; leaving the world to form such opinions of him as it chose. Not that he was indifferent to praise or blame: on the contrary, he was sensitive on that point; and, if he appeared otherwise, it was because he scorned to abate one jot of his manly independence, or swerve from the course he considered right, to win approbation or escape censure.

A young person of such positive character, absorbed in his occupations, exclusive in his choice of friends, and preferring always good books to frivolous amusements, could not expect to be a very general favorite in college. Salmon made himself respected by everybody, but beloved only by an intimate few.

Even his friends used to be annoyed or amused by what they termed his odd ways. He frequently appeared moody and abstracted. Often, on entering a room where they were enjoying themselves, instead

of spontaneously joining in their sport, he would catch up the first book or pamphlet within reach, and bury his face in it, oblivious of all that was passing around him. His near-sightedness gave him an eager, prying aspect; and with neck bent forward, brows contracted, and eyes close to the page, he was a picture which H——, the artist of the class, delighted to sketch.

During his junior year, he roomed in the college building, and boarded in a student's club. One evening, he entered his room in a fit of abstraction; gave no heed to his chum, R——, who sat watching him; and, after doing two or three strange things of which he appeared wholly unconscious, pulled off his trousers, and began to beat the dust out of them over a chair. Something in the pockets thumped loudly at each stroke; and poor Salmon came very suddenly to himself on making the discovery that he had been industriously beating his watch to pieces. R—— related the circumstance to his class-mates, who, knowing Salmon's habits, thought it a great joke; but it was no joke at all to him.

On another occasion, when Salmon was alone one evening in his room, and in no very social frame of mind, H—— came in. He was absorbed in some book; and, after treating his friend with due civility for what he thought a reasonable length of time, he returned to his reading. Now, H——, though a very good fellow, and quite talented, was a little

obtuse in some things. He could not see that his presence and conversation just then were superfluous. He persisted in talking to Salmon, who, plunged in his book, answered, "Hum," "H'm," "Of course," moodily enough. Still the fellow kept talking; and at last, to rid himself of the annoyance, Salmon commenced reading aloud, as an exercise for overcoming the impediment in his speech.

"That's first-rate!" said H—— approvingly, as if an entertainment had been designed solely for him. "I like to hear reading aloud!" Salmon read till bedtime: still the visitor remained, — talking, talking, talking! To turn him out would have been a very unpleasant thing to do. So Salmon left him sitting and talking, quietly covered up his fire for the night, put out the candle, and went to bed.

"Well," said H—— cheerfully, "I guess I may as well go home, and go to bed too!"

And he left, without appearing to have taken the least offence: on the contrary, relating the circumstance to their classmates the next day, he told what a "grand good time" he had with Chase the night before: "Only," he said, "Chase was a little bit odd, as he often is."

Sometimes to be odd is simply to be true to one's self.

Yet Salmon, though subject to such fits of abstraction and reserve, had strong social feelings, which on

fitting occasions he indulged, always greatly to the delight of his companions.

He never stood very high in his class ; although no one, probably, possessed greater facility for acquiring knowledge. Neither was he idle : but he had entered Dartmouth under great disadvantages ; his studies having been rather miscellaneous and unmethodical hitherto. He still continued to be interested in other things than the routine of college exercises. He was somewhat noted as a loungeur : but his time was never squandered ; for with him relaxation and indulgence consisted in the easy absorption of the contents of some book.

To pay his way in college, he kept school during the winter vacations. Of these later experiences at teaching I have been able to learn little more than that he was successful.

Notwithstanding his "odd ways" and his bookishness, Salmon was as fond of a good bit of fun as anybody. One evening, it was whispered about that some mischief was afoot ; and he was invited to join in it.

"What is going to be done?" he asked.

"We're going to teach old Grimes a lesson. Come to Weston's room. That's the rendezvous."

"Old Grimes" was the nickname of one of the officers of the college, who, though no doubt a very respectable and worthy person, had been so unfortunate as to get the ill-will of the juniors.

Salmon went to the rendezvous; perhaps thinking, that, if the sport had no malice in it, he would like to have his share.

"What now, boys?" he inquired, as they gathered around him.

"We're going to favor old Grimes with a serenade. Look here!" and Weston showed the tin pans and dinner-horns prepared for the occasion. "It's to be the charivari of the season! Which will you have? A tin-pan?"

"I never could drum," said Salmon; "nor blow a horn, either."

"Give him the cowbell; that'll just suit him," said Akers.

"I'm not a calf: let Akers wear his own bell," replied Salmon.

At which hit, Akers laughed as heartily as any. Salmon still declined joining in the demonstration until he could learn precisely the occasion of it, and the extent of the mischief intended.

"The truth is," said Western, "old Grimes has given us *offence*."

This was a joke which Salmon well understood. Grimes's house fronted on the common, which was dear to the students, and which they wished to have kept looking beautiful. He had previously aggrieved them by pasturing his cows there; and now, on purpose, it was believed, to spite them, he had put before his house a rail fence,—an unsightly object,

which they considered a disgrace to the institution. That was what Weston meant when he said he had given them *offence*; in other words, *a fence*.

"That fence will get torn down and burnt up before we are through with him," said Akers.

"I don't think it will be right to touch his fence," said Salmon. "That is private property. A man has a right to put any sort of an enclosure about his own grounds, I believe." And, on the whole, he resolved to take no active part in the demonstration.

However, he had no objection to witnessing it. It was a moonlight night, and the plain was beautiful, whitened by the still, misty shine, and fringed by the shadowy elms. The band of serenaders waited under the trees for a cloud to obscure the moon; then, silently advancing, took their stand near the hated fence. All was dark in old Grimes's house, and probably that virtuous citizen was enjoying the sleep of the innocent; when suddenly a hideous din burst upon the still night air. Akers shook the cowbell; Weston drummed with a fire-poker on an old tin-pan. The horrible *toot, toot, to-o-o-o—t* of two or three dinner-horns completed the discord.

After a few minutes of incessant thumping and clattering and braying, the front-door of the house flew open, and the half-dressed form of old Grimes himself appeared.

"Boys! boys!" he shouted.

Rattle — clatter — toot, to-o-o-o—t!

He tried to make himself heard; but his voice was drowned in the unearthly clangor. Half dressed as he was, he suddenly made a dart at the nearest of the serenaders. They eluded him, dodging by the corners of the fence, and drew him out upon the plain. He had on only his shirt and trousers, and the night was chill. The sight of him—hatless, coatless, in his stockings, darting this way and that, trying to catch them, or at least to get near enough to recognize them in their disguises—filled them with excessive merriment; and you may be sure the uproar did not cease.

Baffled on all sides, deafened, furious, again he attempted to get a hearing.

"Boys! scamps! will"—

Toot, toot—clatter—clang!

Suddenly he rushed back into the house.

"Louder now! louder!" said Akers.

"I laughed so, I came near falling down and letting him catch me!" said Hobson.

"He means mischief now," said Weston; "but don't be afraid."

At that moment, old Grimes re-appeared with a gun in his hand.

"Boys! once more I warn"—

Wrangle—batter—bray!

"Keep on this side of the fence!" said Akers.

"We're not on his premises. He won't dare!"

"Bang!" went the gun.

The clamor grew faint at once. Nobody had believed Grimes would do such a desperate act; and all looked around to see if any one of the party was wounded. None had been hit; and it immediately occurred to them that the gun was loaded only with powder.

This was indeed the fact. Grimes, perhaps expecting such an assault, had prepared for it; and as a last resort, to drive away his persecutors, had fired a blank discharge. The gun, however, had been pointed at them; and, now, what was his dismay to see one of their number reel to the ground, and to hear a ghastly groan!

"Somebody must have loaded the gun after me!" was his first horrified thought. "Or perhaps one of the children dropped something into the muzzle!"

He stood a moment, not knowing what to do. Then he called out, —

"Is any one hurt?"

"Lift him up!" whispered one.

"Stop the blood!" said another.

"Carry him home!" "Don't lose a minute!" "He'll die by the way!" hurriedly ejaculated others.

Grimes ran out just in time to see one of the party borne away in the arms of his comrades. He was too much horrified to pursue. Besides, he was in his stockings. The serenaders scudded across the common, and disappeared; and he was left alone, silence and darkness surrounding him.

What should he do? On the whole, he concluded to go back into the house. Anxiously he inquired of the alarmed household if anybody had touched the gun. The assurance that nobody had, failed to tranquillize his excited nerves. However, he resolved to return to bed, and await the issue in the morning.

But his head had scarcely touched the pillow, when again broke forth the din, more terribly harsh and discordant, if possible, than before. The house seemed surrounded by the serenaders, — for a minute only. After one final outburst, just to finish up with, and let Grimes know he had been fooled, they escaped, and were heard no more that night.

It was Weston, who, perceiving that an unexpected turn could be given to the affair after the gun was fired, had whispered to Akers, "I'll pretend I'm shot, while you have me carried from the field!" and then, falling down, had acted the wounded person, so much to Grimes's dismay.

Salmon, although he had not taken any part in the charivari, resolved to celebrate it, — to be the Homer of that great event. In a few days he had composed a poem, written in the style of Butler's "Hudibras." It was passed around among his fellow-students, and produced a great deal of merriment; but it was destined to create a more decided sensation when the class was next called upon for composition.

Several had been read, with more or less success; and at last Salmon's turn came. He arose, cleared his voice, and began:—

“‘ Ah me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!’
Thus says old Butler, and says well:
So, if you'll list, a tale I'll tell,
How this old saw was verified,
And how poor Grimes was terrified.
One moonlight night”—

“ Junior Chase,” said the professor of rhetoric, when he had got thus far, “ you can sit down ! ”

“ Junior Chase ” complied, putting his poem in his pocket. At the close of the exercises, the compositions were to be placed in the hands of the professor for correction; and his was called for with the rest.

“ If it isn't fit to be read, it isn't worth criticising,” said he, withholding it.

It had to be submitted, however. There was a private consultation of the faculty over it, and for some time he was in doubt as to the result. But as there was really no malice in it, and nothing worse appeared than an indiscreet attempt at harmless fun, the learned professors probably concluded to have their laugh over it, and throw it into the fire; for he never heard of the matter or saw the poem afterwards.

XXV.

WHO DID IT?

IT was not long, however, before this boyish affair had a sequel of a more serious nature.

One morning, the detested fence was found to have been demolished, to the wrath and chagrin of old Grimes, when he opened his door in the early dawn; and very much to the astonishment of all the students, of course.

Who had committed the outrage? It was necessary to discover the perpetrator, and make an example of him. The result was, that an intimate friend of Salmon's, whom we shall call Henry, was "up" before the faculty a few days later, accused of the offence. He declared his innocence. But his guilt was insisted upon; and he was given twenty-four hours to consider whether he would confess, make such reparation as he could to old Grimes, and throw himself upon the mercy of the faculty; or persist in his denial, and take the consequences.

It was then that the generous and impulsive nature of Salmon's friendship, and his passionate love of justice, were made manifest.

"Henry," said he earnestly, "do you pledge me your word of honor that you had nothing whatever to do with the destruction of Grimes's fence?"

"I pledge my honor that I had nothing to do with it, and know nothing more about it than the president himself does!" replied Henry.

Salmon wrung his hand.

"Then I stand by you! Don't shrink from any thing. Whatever happens to you, happens to me!"

To one who knew the depth and earnestness of Salmon's nature as Henry did, this declaration was not very surprising. How gratifying it was to him, the reader may imagine; for what touches the heart more, in times of trouble, than the sympathy and support of a disinterested friend?

Henry, however, relying upon his own conscious innocence, hardly expected that Salmon's friendship would be put to the test. The next day he was again before the faculty, while his classmates awaited anxiously the result.

At length, after a long absence, he returned to them, looking slightly flushed and excited, but smiling pleasantly.

"Well, Henry?" And they gathered eagerly about him.

"Well," said he, as they grasped his hands, "it's all over! The deed is done!"

"What is it? what is it?"

"I wouldn't confess a deed of which I was not guilty, of course. I stuck to the simple truth,—that I knew nothing of it; and demanded to see my accuser. No: they couldn't grant that.

"Then," said I, 'tell me who he is, or at least let me know your reasons for suspecting me.'

"There are plenty of reasons for that," said they. 'You have been concerned in more than one piece of mischief.'

"I don't deny that," said I.

"And you have long deserved punishment."

"That may be too," said I; 'and all I ask is, that you punish me justly, if at all. Punish me for offences I have committed, not for one I am as innocent of as you are.'"

"Good!" exclaimed Salmon. "That was the ground to take! What did they say to it?"

"They persisted that I must be guilty of this thing too; probably thinking, that, if there is any mischief going on, I must of necessity have a hand in it! So much," said Henry, laughing, "for having a bad reputation. Take warning from my example, O beloved juniors!"

"But they let you off!" cried Salmon.

"But they didn't!" said Henry. "On the contrary, I'm *sent* off; I'm rusticated."

The boys knew well what that meant.

"Is it so?" said Salmon.

"It is so!" replied Henry, beginning at once to

pack his books together. "I'm off this afternoon."

Salmon said not another word. He looked a picture of incarnate indignation. Silent, impetuous, stern, he stalked from the room. Had there been no door, he might have been expected to go through the side of the house, he was in such a towering mood. In an hour he returned.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes, nearly," said Henry.

"I am quite," said Salmon.

"What! you are not going?"

"Didn't I say, 'Whatever is done to you is done to me'?"

"But I can't let you! There is no need of your being involved in my misfortune. Remember, Salmon, our talk the other night, — what you said of your determination to graduate with honors, and lose no time in finding an honorable calling. You will not graduate, and you will lose much time, if you leave college."

"I have thought of all that, Henry."

"But another thing, — you said you must graduate in order to earn something, and be able to repay your mother the money she has advanced for you. You said you were going to pay for your younger sister's education; you remember."

"Yes: I told you something of my plans; and I shall not abandon the main objects I have had in

view. But this thing, Henry, is positive: if you go, I go. You are sent away: therefore I am sent away. I won't remain in an institution where my friend is suspended on a false and unjust accusation!"

"But what will be gained by your going?"

"I'll tell you. The satisfaction of having stood up for the right,—of having thrown what little influence I have against injustice and oppression: that will be gained!"

Again Henry grasped the hand of this impulsive friend; yet the term "impulse," which often implies rashness and inconsiderateness, and is so frequently the offspring of a wavering will, is perhaps not rightly applied to an act founded in firm and unalterable convictions of right.

"Are you fully determined?"

"Nothing can dissuade me. I have already talked with the president. I told him how firmly I was convinced of your innocence; but he replied that the faculty were the best judges of that question, and had decided it. I said, 'Then I desire to leave the college too; for I don't wish to remain where my friends are liable to such injustice.' Had I consulted my mother? 'No,' said I; 'but I want leave of absence for a few days, that I may do so.'—'You cannot have it,' said he. 'Then,' said I, 'I must go without it.' Seeing that I was determined, he finally consented; and here I am."

"Then we will go together, and be jolly!" cried Henry, who, having tried every means to shake his friend's resolution, now joyfully accepted his company.

That same afternoon, a couple of gay young students might have been seen riding off the plain in a chaise drawn by an old gray horse. They had the air of having just graduated with the highest honors, rather than that of juniors in disgrace. And indeed it was the college that was sorry, not they. Their classmates regretted their departure, and denounced the injustice that had been done.

"If they would all do as I do," said Salmon, "the faculty would come to terms quick enough! So, if everybody who sees injustice done would side against it, or if men of influence only would hasten to range themselves on the side of the wronged and oppressed, how soon injustice would cease in this world!"

"But the act of a single person who does so has its effect," said Henry. "The cause of justice is so much the stronger for it; and who knows what the grand result of one such act may be?"

He had hardly spoken when galloping hoofs were heard and a voice shouting. Salmon put his head out of the chaise, and saw Weston riding after them.

"What's wanting, Weston?"

"Come back! You are recalled! Your sentence is revoked, Henry!"

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, the president has relented, or reconsidered, or something. He authorized me to inform you."

"He never would have reconsidered, if I had started off alone!" said Henry.

"*We* haven't reconsidered!" said Salmon. "We'll take a few days to think about it. Thank you, Weston. Good-by! Remember us to our friends."

'Here's a sigh to those who love us,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above us,
Here's a heart for every fate!'

Get up, old gray!"

Elated by their triumph, the young men rode away like juniors who had expelled the college, and were inexorable.

That night they stopped on the road at the house of a friend, and proceeded the next day to Keene, where they made Salmon's mother a long and pleasant visit. She did not altogether approve of her son's course; but, knowing his motives, she did not censure him severely.

At the end of a week's time, considering that the faculty had been sufficiently punished, they relented, and returned to Hanover, where they were received with acclamations by the students, and with gracious smiles by the professors.

In the mean time, the person who had actually committed the offence with which Henry was charged

had promptly come forward, and confessed it. The reason why Henry was suspected had also come to light. One of the students had been heard to say, "I'll give a gallon of rum to any man who will tear down Grimes's fence;" and the *Philip Goodwin* of the college (for there is such a character in nearly every school) had reported the words to the faculty, wrongly attributing them to Henry.

So ended the "Grimes" affair. And here it is but just to say, that it is introduced in these pages without the sanction of certain parties concerned, who are still living, and who might have objected to its publication, not on their own account, but in the fear lest injury should be done to the memory of others.

To meet such objections, I have here, as elsewhere in the course of this narrative, used fictitious names, and invented now and then a fictitious circumstance, in order to disguise, when necessary, persons and events, and yet keep the story good. Nobody believes now that the faculty intended any injustice, or that the individual we have called "Grimes" was aught but a well-meaning and respectable college official.

Salmon's part in the affair I have alone wished to commemorate; for the world has a right to the early history of its eminent men, especially when that is useful in illustrating their subsequent career. A strong governing trait in youth may serve as the key

to an after-life that might otherwise be misrepresented and misunderstood. The same self-forgetfulness, the same passionate hatred of wrong, and devotion to the right, which prompted the young student to sacrifice his advantages in college, and follow the fortunes of his disgraced friend, prompted afterwards the young lawyer of the West to breast the storm of unpopularity and censure, and espouse, without fee and without hope of reward, the cause of the poor hounded fugitives, whom even the public opinion of the North condemned at that time to return to bondage; and the same prompted still later the rising young statesman, the governor, the senator, the financier of the nation (for all these are one), to throw his powerful influence on the side of freedom, and against slavery.

"There goes a student who has flung away his privileges!" said Salmon's graver friends, as they saw him ride off the plain with his companion.

"There's a promising young man who has just ruined himself!" was the remark, twelve years later, of a thoughtful observer, as S. P. Chase was retiring from the court-room in Cincinnati, after his eloquent defence of the slave girl Matilda.

In the one case as in the other, the consequences that might result to himself had no weight in the mind of the actor. Yet what were the consequences? In the first place, the building-up of one's own manhood, which can rest only on integrity and convic-

tions of right, is of far greater importance to a young man than wealth, position, education itself. And it pays too; for the prizes thus gained are the only ones really worth having. This, my friend, is the lesson: Be true to your own heart; be wise, and act generously; and you, too, may perhaps see the censuring world come round at last to your position, and recognize and reward you.

XXVI.

OUT IN THE WORLD.

COMMENCEMENT came, and the juniors were advanced to the dignity of seniors. They were now considered worthy to be invited to parties, and competent to make calls.

Salmon found some agreeable acquaintances on both sides of the river. Captain Partridge's military school was then established in Norwich; and he used occasionally to go over, and visit the cadets, among whom Valentine H —, now one of the foremost citizens of Ohio, stood highest in his esteem. He did not neglect the young ladies of Hanover, of course; for refined female society was always to him a source of high and pure enjoyment.

The foremost third of the class were admitted, according to usage, into the Phi Beta Kappa Society. Salmon was one of the fortunate number who got in; although nearly, if not quite, the hindmost. "I did not properly appreciate or improve the opportunities I enjoyed," he said of his college-days, later in life. But one of his classmates, who

knew him well, bears this testimony: "We had been in Dartmouth two years when he entered our class. Had we then remained together four years longer, it is my opinion he would have gone ahead of us all."

It was during the senior year, after the winter's vacation, that an event happened, of far greater importance to Salmon than any other during his stay at Hanover: I mean the quickening of his religious nature.

He had never been what is called a "bad boy." We have seen what was said of him by his school-fellow at Worthington. His classmates at Dartmouth bear similar testimony. "I never knew him," says one, "to stoop to any meanness, or give the least countenance to vice of any kind." From his childhood he had been subject to deep religious impressions, recognizing in his spirit the Divine Author of his being.

Of late, however, he had been reading atheistical writers, and had become somewhat imbued with their scepticism. This could not probably have influenced permanently for ill so serious and reverential a nature. It was, perhaps, but a needful preparation for a more thorough spiritual awakening. There is an honest scepticism, which has its use in leading us to think for ourselves. Thus far, the piety of the boy had been, as it were, a part of his breeding; and he must needs doubt, in order to

come afterwards into more intimate relations with the truth, — just as a temporary estrangement is often useful in teaching friends how dear and indispensable they are to each other, and binding them more closely together.

One of those waves of religious influence which sometimes come so mysteriously, and sweep over a community, was felt at Hanover. Hearts that had hitherto known only worldliness and frivolity were filled by the irresistible waters. Students, who had basked only on the surface of life, now first became aware of its sweet and awful depths. Some were impressed only for a season; while others then received what ever afterwards they regarded as the best part of their Dartmouth education.

Salmon had begun to doubt the dogmas of theology. Now he saw deeper than all dogmas into the realities of the Christian faith, which underlie all forms of the Christian belief. Divine Love, Divine Providence, — these eternal truths struck then their roots into his soul, to be never henceforth wrenched away or disturbed through all the trials of life, — or through prosperity, more dangerous to the soul than trials.

Then approached the eventful day when the graduating class were to receive their degrees, and, taking leave of Alma Mater, go forth, and try the world. In the assignment of the commencement exercises, Salmon ranked eighth; a creditable position, con-

sidering that he had been but two years in the college. The faculty offered him a poem for his part; probably remembering pleasantly the Hudibrastic effort to which allusion has been made. But the successful handling of a more serious subject in the mittens of measure and rhyme he found a different affair; and, quite dissatisfied with his attempts, he gave up the poem, preparing in its place an oration on "Literary Curiosity," which was, no doubt, a literary curiosity in itself.

"PROXIMUS ASCENDAT: ORATIO PAR SALMON P. CHASE!" said the president, seated in state in his black academic cap and black-silk robe.

And, at the awful words, Salmon, with quaking heart, yet with firm and confident mind, went forward, and pronounced his part.

It was on this occasion that Salmon for the first time in his life heard eloquence, — not from his own lips, but from those of Ichabod Bartlett, famous in those days, who delivered the oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and charmed the future statesman by the music of his periods and the graces of his style.

One of his sisters had come up to Hanover to be present at the commencement exercises: and now together they went to Hopkinton, where a married sister resided; their home in Keene having been broken up.

Of the young student's emotions — bidding adieu

to college life, to his friends, to his favorite walks — what need is there to speak? The past was gone; the future was before him, — the unknown sea upon which his bark was launched. The days of study and preparation were over: now for a life of action.

It was in the fall of 1826, after a few weeks passed in visiting his friends, that Salmon prepared to put forth into the world, and see what prizes a stout heart and willing hand could win. He was then at Reading, Vt., visiting his mother and another sister there.

"Where will you go, what will you do, my son?" his mother asked, anxiously contemplating his departure.

"I don't know, mother. I think I shall go South, and teach. May be, there is something for me in Washington. I feel drawn in that direction; though perhaps I shall never reach there."

"Be humble and prayerful and true, my son; and Providence, I am sure, will lead you. Perhaps the drawing you feel is Providence showing you the way."

It was on a chill October morning that Salmon was to set out. He was up long before day, making preparations for the journey. His mother was up also, busily assisting him, though blind; her intelligent hands placing together the linen that was to remind him affectingly of her when unpacked in a distant city.

A strange hush was upon the household, though all were so active. The sister moved about noiselessly by candlelight, her pale cheeks and constrained lips betraying the repressed emotion. The early breakfast was eaten in silence; anxious eyes looking up now and then at the clock. When it was almost time for him to start, then all seemed to remember that there were a thousand things to be said; and so the last moments were crowded with last words.

"Your blessing, mother!" said Salmon, bending before her, his heart almost too full for speech.

She rose up from her chair. Her right hand clasped his; the other was laid lovingly over his neck. Her blind eyes were turned upward prayerfully, and tears fell from them as she spoke. "O Father in heaven! watch over this, my dear, dear son! Be to him father, mother, and friend! Keep his heart pure, his faith strong, his soul upright! Guide him in all his ways, and bless him!"

Then she pressed him to her heart, and kissed him; and, murmuring his hasty farewells, he hurried from the house, his cheeks still wet, — not with his own tears.

Then the clank of wheels was heard, — a heavy sound to the mother's ears. In the dim, still light of the frosty morning, he turned, and waved back his last adieus to her who could not see, and took his last look at the faces in the door.

With them the past was left behind : the future rose before him, — chill, uncertain ; yet not without gleams of rosy brightness, like the dawn then breaking upon the world.

A ride of ten miles by private conveyance brought him to Windsor. There the stage took him up ; and soon again he was climbing the Green Mountains, bound — he knew not yet whither.

Conscious of power, courageous, shrinking from no hardships, palpitating with young dreams, he felt that he had his place somewhere off yonder, under that brightening sky, beyond those purple hills ; but where ?

"My mother's blessing follow me ! God be my guide ! I will seek till I find !" he said within himself.

He reached Albany ; but his place was not there. He proceeded thence to New York ; but something in his heart assured him that neither was that the field of his fortunes. So he went on to Philadelphia. There he made a longer stop. He had a letter of introduction to Rev. Mr. —, who received him with hospitality, and used his influence in his favor. But the door of Providence did not open yet. Philadelphia was not that door : his path led further.

So he kept on, still drawn by that magnet which we call destiny. He went to Frederick : still the invisible finger pointed on. At last there was but

one more step. He secured a seat on the stage going down the Frederick Road to Washington.

Years after, he was to approach the capital of the nation with far different prospects. But this was his first visit. It was at the close of a bleak day, late in November, that he came in sight of the city. The last tint of daylight was fading from a sullen sky. The dreary twilight was setting in. Cold blew the wind from over the Maryland hills. The trees were leafless : they shook and whistled in the blast. Gloom was shutting down upon the capital. The city wore a dismal and forbidding aspect, and the whole landscape was desolate and discouraging in the extreme. Here was mud, in which the stage-coach lurched and rolled as it descended the hills. Yonder was the watery spread of the Potomac, gray, cold, dimly seen under the shadow of oncoming night. Between this mud and that water what was there for him? Yet here was his destination.

Years after, there dwelt in Washington a man high in position, wielding a power felt not only throughout this nation, but in Europe also ; his hand dispensing benefits, his door thronged by troops of friends. But now it was a city of strangers he was entering, a yorth. Of all the dwellers there, he knew not a living soul. There was no one to dispense favors to *him*,—to receive *him* with cheerful look, and cordial gras, of the hand. A heavy foreboding settled upon his spirit as the darkness settled upon the hills.

Here he was alone and unknown, — a bashful boy as yet, utterly wanting in that ready audacity, by means of which persons of extreme shallowness often push themselves into notice. Well might he foresee days of gloom, long days of waiting and struggle, stretching like the landscape before him !

But he was not disheartened. From the depths of his spirit arose a hope, like a bubble from a deep spring. That spring was FAITH. There, in that dull, bleak, November twilight, he seemed to feel the hand of Providence take hold of his ; and a prayer rose to his lips, — a prayer of earnest supplication for guidance and support. Was that prayer answered ?

The stage rumbled through the naked suburbs and along the unlighted streets.

"Where do you stop?" asked the driver.

"Set me down at a boarding-house, if you know of a good one;" for Salmon could not afford to go to a hotel.

"What sort of a boarding-house. I know of a good many: some is right smart, — 'ristocratic, and 'ristocratic prices. Then there's some good enough in every way, only not quite so smart; and with this advantage, — ye don't have the smartness to pay for."

"I prefer to go to a good house, where there are nice people, without too much smartness to be put into the bill."

"I know just the kind of place, I reckon!" And the driver whipped up his jaded horses.

He drew up before a respectable-looking wooden tenement on Pennsylvania Avenue, the windows of which, just lighted up, looked warm and inviting to the chilled and weary traveller.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Markham!" said the driver to a kindly-looking lady, who came to the door at his knock. "Got room for a boarder?"

"I don't know, I'm sure! I'm afraid not," said the lady, loud enough for Salmon to hear and be discouraged. "There's only half a room unoccupied: if he would be content with that, and if he's the right sort of person" — Here she said something in a whisper to the driver, who apparently pointed out Salmon to her inspection.

But it was too dark for her to decide whether he would do to put into the room with Williams: so Salmon had to get down and show himself. She examined him, and he inquired her terms. They appeared mutually satisfied. Accordingly, the driver received directions to deposit Salmon's luggage in the entry; and the hungry and benumbed young traveller had the comfort of feeling that he had reached a home.

Grateful at finding a kind woman's face to welcome him; glad of the opportunity to economize his slender means by sharing a room with another person strongly recommended as "very quiet" by Mrs.

Markham, — Salmon washed his face, combed his hair, and ate his first supper in Washington. He has eaten better suppers there since, no doubt; but not many, I fancy, that have been sweetened by a more devout sense of reliance upon Providence.

Williams was a companionable person, who had a place in the Treasury Department, and talked freely about the kind of work he had to do, and the salary.

"Eight hundred a year!" thought Salmon, deeming that man enviable who had constant employment, an assured position, and eight hundred a year! *His* ambition was to get a living simply, — to place his foot upon some certainty, however humble, with freedom from the present gnawing anxiety, and with a prospect of rising — he cared not how slowly — to the place which he felt belonged to him in the future. Little did he dream what that place was, when he questioned Williams so curiously as to what sort of a thing the Treasury Department might be.

"If I could be sure of half that salary, or even of three or two hundred, just enough to pay my expenses the first year, I should be perfectly happy!"

"Haven't you any idea what you are going to do?"

"None whatever!"

"What *can* you do?"

"For one thing, I can teach. I think I shall try that."

"You'll find it a mighty hard place to get pupils!" said Williams with a dubious smile.

Which rather gloomy prediction, Salmon had to think of before going to bed.

But soon another subject, which he deemed of far greater importance, occupied his mind. He had of late been seriously considering whether it was his duty to continue his private devotions openly or in secret; and had concluded, that, when occasion seemed to require it, he ought to make an open manifestation of his faith.

Here, now, was a test for his conscience. His room-mate showed no signs of going out again that night: he had pulled off his boots, put on his slippers, and lighted his pipe. Salmon had already inferred, from the tone of his conversation, that he was not a very religious person. Yet he must kneel there in his presence, if he knelt at all: It was not the fear of ridicule, but a certain sensitiveness of spirit, which caused him to shrink from the act. He did not hesitate long, however: he turned, and knelt by his chair. Williams took the pipe out of his mouth, and stared. Not a word was spoken. Salmon, feeling that he had no right to intrude his devotions upon the ear of another, prayed silently; and Williams, compelled to respect the courageous yet quiet manner in which he performed what he regarded as a solemn duty, kept his astonishment to himself.

Then Salmon arose, and went to bed for that first time in Washington, under Mrs. Markham's roof.

XXVII.

THE FIRST PUPIL.

ON the 23d of December, 1826, the following advertisement appeared in the columns of the "National Intelligencer:"—

SELECT CLASSICAL SCHOOL.—The subscriber intends opening a Select Classical School in the western part of the city, to commence on the second Monday in January. His number of pupils will be limited to twenty; which will enable him to devote a much larger portion of his time and attention than ordinary to each individual student. Instruction will be given in all the studies preparatory to entering college; or, if desired, in any of the higher branches of a classical education. The subscriber pledges himself that no effort shall be wanting on his part to promote both the moral and intellectual improvement of those who may be confided to his care. He may be found at his room, three doors west of Brown's Hotel. Reference may be made to the Hon. Henry Clay, Hon. D. Chase, and Hon. H. Seymour, of the Senate; Hon. I. Bartlett and Hon. William C. Bradley, of the House of Representatives; Rev. William Hawley and Rev. E. Allen.

SALMON P. CHASE.

The "Hon. Henry Clay" was then Secretary of State: the "Hon. D. Chase" referred to was Sal-

mon's Uncle Dudley. Congress was now in session, and he had arrived in town. He was a man of great practical sagacity, and kept a true heart beating under an exterior which appeared sometimes austere and eccentric. He had, the year before, been a second time elected to the United-States Senate; and, when he was on his way to Washington, Salmon had gone over to Woodstock to meet him. They occupied the same room at the tavern, and the uncle had given the nephew some very good advice. What he said of the human passions was characteristic of the man, and it made a strong impression upon the mind of the youth:—

"A man's passions are given him for good, and not evil. They are not to be destroyed, but controlled. If they get the mastery, they destroy the man; but, kept in their place, they are sources of power and happiness."

And he used this illustration, which, though the same thing has been said by others, remains, nevertheless, fresh as truth itself:—

"The passions are the winds that fill our sails; but the helmsman must be faithful, if we would avoid shipwreck, and reach the happy port at last."

Salmon had remembered well these words of his uncle, and that night spent with him at the Woodstock inn. Hearing of his arrival in Washington, he had called on him at his boarding-house. The senator received him kindly, listened to his plans,

approved them, and helped him to procure the references named in the advertisement.

Day after day, the advertisement appeared; and, day after day, Salmon waited for pupils. But his room, "three doors west of Brown's Hotel," remained unvisited. Sometimes, at first, when there came a knock at Mrs. Markham's door, his heart gave a bound of expectation; but it was never a knock for him.

So went out the old year, drearily enough for Salmon. He had made the acquaintance of several people; but friends he had none. There was nobody to whom he could open his heart; for he was not one of those persons "of so loose soul" that they hasten to pour out their troubles and appeal for sympathy to the first chance-comer. In the mean time, the advertisement was to be paid for, barren of benefit though it had been to him. There was also his board-bill to be settled at the end of each week; and Salmon saw his slender purse grow lank and lankier than ever, with no means within his reach of replenishing it.

The new year came; but it brought no brightening skies to him. Lonely enough those days were! When tired of waiting in his room, he would go out and walk,—always alone. He strolled up and down the Potomac, and sometimes crossed over to the Virginia shore, and climbed the brown wooded banks there, and listened to the clamor of the crows in the

leafless oak-trees. There was something in their wild caving, in the desolateness of the fields, in the rush of the cold river, that suited his mood. It was winter in his spirit, too, just then.

Sometimes he visited the halls of Congress, and saw the great legislators of those days. There was something here that fed his heart. Wintry as his prospects were, the sun still shone overhead. His courage never failed him; he never gave way to weak repining: and when he entered those halls; when he saw the deep fire in the eyes of Webster, and heard the superb thunder of his voice; when he listened to the witty and terrible invectives of Randolph, — that "meteor of Congress," as Benton calls him, — and watched the electric effect of the "long and skinny forefinger" pointed and shaken; when charmed by this speaker, or convinced by that, or roused to indignation by another, — then was kindled a sense of power within his own breast, — a fire prophetic of his future.

On returning home, he would look on his table for communications; or he would ask, "Has anybody called for me to-day?" But there was never any letter; and Mrs. Markham's gentle response always was, "No one, sir."

The 13th of January passed, — his birthday: he was now nineteen. When the world is bright before us, birthdays are not so unpleasant; but to feel that your time is slipping away from you, with

nothing accomplishing; to walk the streets of a lonely city, and think of home; to see no rainbow of promise in the clouds,—that is what makes a birthday sad and solitary.

What was he to do? At last, his money was all gone. His prospect was more than dismal: it was appalling.

Should he borrow of his uncle?

"Not unless it be to keep me from starvation!" was his proud resolve.

Should he apply to his mother? The remembrance of what that mother had already done for him was as much as his heart could bear. Her image, venerable, patient, blind, rose before him. He recalled the sacrifices she had made for his sake, postponing her own comforts, and accepting pain and privation, that her boy might have an education; and he was filled with remorse at the thought, that he had never before fully appreciated all that love and devotion. For so it is: seldom, until too late, comes any true recognition of such sacrifices. But when she who made them is no longer with us,—too often, alas! when she has passed for ever beyond the reach of filial gratitude and affection,—we awaken at once to a realization of her worth and of our loss.

What Salmon did was to make a confidante of Mrs. Markham; for he felt that she, at least, ought to know his resources.

"This is all I have for the present," he said to her one day, paying his week's bill. "I thought you

ought to know. I do not wish to appear a swindler," with a gloomy smile.

"You a swindler!" exclaimed the good woman, with glistening eyes. "I would trust you as far as I would trust myself. If you haven't any money, never mind. You shall stay, and pay me when you can. Don't worry yourself at all: it will turn out right, I am sure. You'll have pupils yet."

"I trust so," said Salmon, touched by her kindness. "At all events, if my life is spared, you shall be paid some day. Now you know how I am situated; and, if you choose to keep me longer on an uncertainty, I shall be greatly obliged to you."

His voice shook a little as he spoke.

"As long as you please!" she replied.

Just then, there was a knock. "May be, that is for you!"

And she hastened away, rather to conceal her emotion, I suspect, than in the hope of admitting a patron for her boarder.

She returned in a minute with shining countenance.

"A gentleman and his little boy to see Mr. Chase! I have shown them into the parlor!"

Salmon was amazed. Could it be true? A pupil at last! He gave a hurried glance at himself in the mirror, straightened his shirt-collar, gave his hair a touch, and descended with beating heart to meet his visitor.

He was dignified enough, however, on entering

the parlor ; and so cool, you would never have suspected that he almost felt his fate depending upon this gentleman's business.

He was a Frenchman, — polite, affable, and of a manner so gracious, that you would have said he had come to beg a favor rather than to grant one.

"This is Mr. Chase? My name is Bonfils. This is my little boy. We have come to entreat of you the kindness to take him into your school."

"I will do so most gladly!" said Salmon, shaking the boy's hand.

"You are very good: we shall be greatly indebted to you. When does your school commence?"

"As soon, sir, as I shall have engaged a sufficient number of pupils."

"Ah! you have not a great number, then?"

"I have none," Salmon was obliged to confess.

"None? You surprise me! I have seen your advertisement. I hear good things said of you: why, then, no pupils?"

"I am hardly known yet. Allow me to count your son here my first; and I have no doubt that others will soon come in."

"Assuredly! Make your compliments to Mr. Chase, my son. I shall interest myself. I think I shall send you some pupils. In the mean time, my son will wait."

And, with many expressions of good-will, the cheerful Monsieur Bonfils withdrew.

XXVIII.

THE CLERK AND THE FUTURE SECRETARY.

THIS was a gleam of hope. The door of Providence had opened just a crack.

It opened no further, however. No more pupils came. Salmon waited: the days glided by like sand under his feet. He could not afford even to advertise now. He was getting fearfully in debt; and debt is always a nightmare to a generous and upright mind.

"Any pupils yet?" asked Monsieur Bonfils, meeting him one day in the street.

"Not one!" said Salmon with gloomy emphasis.

"Ah! that is unfortunate!" He expected nothing else than that the Frenchman would add, "Then I must place my son elsewhere." But no: he was polite as ever; he was charming. "You should have many before now. I have spoken for you to my friends. But patience, my dear sir: you will succeed. In the mean time, we will wait."

And with a cordial hand-shake, and a Parisian flourish, he smilingly passed on, leaving a gleam of sunshine on the young man's path.

Now, Salmon, I have said, would never, if he could help it, abandon an undertaking in which he had once embarked; but when convinced that persistence was hopeless, then, however reluctantly, he would give it up. On the present occasion, he was not only spending his time and exhausting his energies in a pursuit which grew each day more and more dubious, but his conscience was stung with the thought that he was wronging others. Kind as Mrs. Markham was to him, he did not like to look her in the face, and feel that he owed her a debt which was always increasing, and which he knew not how he should ever pay.

"Why don't you get a place in the Department?" said Williams, — that enviable fellow, who had light duties, several hours each day to himself, and eight hundred a year!

"That's more easily said than done!" and Salmon shook his head.

"No it isn't!" The fortunate Williams sat with his legs upon the table, one foot over the other, a pipe in his mouth, and a book in his hand, enjoying himself. "You have an uncle in the Senate. Ask him to use his influence for you: he can get you a place." And, puffing a fragrant cloud complacently into the air, he returned to his pleasant reading.

Salmon walked the room. He went out, and walked the street. A sore struggle was taking place in his breast. Should he give up the school? Should

he go and ask this thing of his uncle. Oh for somebody to whom he could go for counsel and sympathy!

"Williams is perhaps right. I may wait a year, and not get another pupil. Meanwhile, I am growing shabby. I need a new pair of boots; my washer-woman must be paid. Why not get a clerkship as a temporary thing, if nothing more? My uncle can get it for me, without any trouble to himself. It is not like asking him for money."

"Yet he dreaded to trouble the senator even thus much. Proud and sensitive natures do not like to beg favors, any way.

"I'll wait one day longer. Then, if not a pupil applies, I'll go to my uncle."

He waited twenty-four hours. Not a pupil. Then, desperate and discouraged at last, Salmon buttoned his coat, and walked fast through the streets to his uncle's boarding-house.

It was evening. The senator was at home.

"Well, Salmon?" — inquiringly. "How do you get on?"

"Poorly," said Salmon, sitting down with his hat on his knee.

"You must have patience, boy!" cried Dudley Chase, turning down a pamphlet open at the page where he was reading when his nephew came in. "Pluck and patience, — these are the two oars that pull the boat."

"I have patience enough, and I don't think I'm lacking in pluck," replied Salmon coldly. "But one thing I lack, and am likely to lack, — pupils. I've only one, and I expect every day to lose him."

"Well, what can I do for you?" said the senator, perceiving that his nephew had come for something.

"I should like to have you get me a place in the Treasury Department."

It was a minute before Dudley Chase replied. He took up the pamphlet, rolled it together, then threw it abruptly upon the table.

"Salmon," said he, "listen. I once got an appointment for a nephew of mine, and it ruined him. If you want half a dollar with which to buy a spade, and go out and dig for your living, I'll give it to you cheerfully; but I will not get you a place under Government."

Salmon felt a choking sensation in his throat. He knew his uncle did not mean it for unkindness; but the sentence seemed hard. He arose, speechless for a moment, mechanically brushing his hat.

"Thank you! I will not trouble you for the half-dollar. I shall try to get along without the appointment. Good-night, uncle!"

"Good-night, Salmon!" Dudley accompanied him to the door. He must have seen what a blow he had given him. "You think me harsh," he added; "but the time will come when you will say that this is the best advice I could give you."

"Perhaps," said Salmon stiffly; and he walked away, filled with disappointment and bitterness.

"Well, did he promise it?" asked Williams, who sat up awaiting his return.

He had been thinking he would like to have Chase in his own room at the Department; but now, seeing how serious he looked, his own countenance fell.

"What! didn't he give you any encouragement?"

"On the other hand," said Salmon, "he advised me to buy a spade, and go to digging for my living! and I shall do it, before I ask again for an appointment."

Williams was astounded. He thought the senator from Vermont must be insane.

But, after the lapse of a few years, perhaps he, too, saw that the uncle had given his nephew good advice indeed. Williams remained a clerk in the Department, and was never any thing else. Perhaps, if Salmon had got the appointment he sought, he would have become a clerk like him, and would never have been any thing else.

But, in a little more than twenty years, Salmon was himself a senator, and had the making of such clerks. And what happened a dozen years later? This: He, who had once sought in vain a petty appointment, was called to administer the finances of the nation. Instead of a clerk grown gray in the Department,

to whom the irreverent youngsters might be saying to-day, "Chase, do this," or "Chase, do that," and he doeth it, he is himself the supreme ruler there. He could never have got *that* place by promotion in the Department itself. I mention this, not to speak slightly of clerkships, — for he who does his duty faithfully in any calling, however humble, is worthy of honor, — but to show that the ways of Providence are not our ways, and that often we are disappointed for our own good. Had a clerkship been what was in store for Salmon, he would have obtained it; yet since, had he got it, he would probably have never been ready to give it up, how fortunate that he received instead the offer of fifty cents wherewith to purchase a spade!

It may be, when the new secretary entered upon his duties, Williams was there still; for there were men in the treasury who had been there a much longer time than from 1826 to 1861. I should like to know. I can fancy him, gray now, slightly bald, and rather round-shouldered, but cheerful as a cricket, introducing himself to the chief.

"My name 'is Williams. Don't you remember Williams? Boarded at Mrs. Markham's in twenty-six and seven, when you did."

"What! David Williams! are you here yet?"

"Yes, your honor." (These old clerks all say "your honor" in addressing the secretary. The younger ones are not so respectful.) "I was never so

lucky as to be turned out, and I was never quite prepared to leave. You have got in at last, I see! But it was necessary for you to make a wide circuit first, in order to come in at the top!"

Did such an interview ever take place, I wonder?

XXIX.

THE DOOR OPENS.

BUT we were talking of that evening so long ago, when Williams seemed the lucky one, and things looked so black to Salmon after he had asked of his uncle bread, and received (as he then thought) a stone.

"Well, then I don't know what the deuse you *will* do!" said Williams, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

You would have said that his hopes of Salmon were likewise ashes: he had entertained himself with them a little while,—now they were burnt out; and he seemed to knock them out of his pipe, too, into the fire. He got up, yawned, said he pitied Chase, and went to bed. In a little while, his breathing denoted that he was fast asleep.

Salmon went to bed too; but did he sleep?

Do not think, after all this, that he gave way to weak despondency. Something within him seemed to say, "What you have you must obtain through earnest struggle and endeavor. It is only common-

place people and weaklings who find the hinges of life all smoothly oiled. Great doors do not open so easily. Be brave, be strong, be great." It was the voice of faith speaking within him.

The next morning he arose, more a man than he had ever felt before. This long and severe trial had been necessary to develop what was in him. His self-reliance, his strength of character, his faith in God's providence, — these were tried, and not found wanting.

Still the veil of the future remained impenetrable. Not a glimmer of light shone through its sable folds. He could only watch for its uplifting, and sit still.

"A bad beginning makes a good ending," said Williams, one evening, to comfort him.

"Yes, and a good beginning sometimes makes a bad ending. I had a lesson on that subject once. When I was about eleven years old, I started from Keene with one of my sisters to go and visit another sister who was married, and living at Hookset Falls, over on the Merrimack. It was in winter; and we set out in a sleigh with one horse. I was the driver. My idea of sleigh-riding was bells and fast driving, and I put the poor beast up to all he knew. We intended to reach a friend's house at Peterborough before night; but I found I had used up our horse-power before we had made much more than half the journey. Then came on a violent snow-storm, which obliterated the track. It grew dark. We

were blinded by the storm : we got into drifts, and finally quite lost our way. Not a house was in sight, and the horse was tired out. The prospect of a night in the storm, and a winding-sheet of snow to cover us, made me bitterly regret the foolish ambition with which I had set out. At last, my sister, whose eyes were better than mine, saw a light. We went wallowing through the drifts towards it, and discovered a house. There we got a boy to guide us ; and so, at last, reached our friend's in as sad a plight as ever two mortals were in. Since which time," added Salmon, "I have rather inclined to the opinion, that slow beginnings, with steady progress, are best."

"That's first-rate philosophy," said Williams, — secretly congratulating himself, however, on having made what he considered a brisk start in life.

One day, about this time, Salmon passed a store where some spades were exposed for sale. He stopped to look at them. There was a strange smile on his face.

"Perhaps, after all, digging is my vocation ! Well, it is an honorable one. I only wish to know what God would have me to do. If to dig, then I will undertake it cheerfully."

However, there was one great objection to his lifting a spade. It would first have been necessary to apply to his uncle for the once-rejected half-dollar. He was determined never to do that.

He walked home, very thoughtful. He could not see how it was possible that any good fortune should ever happen to him in Washington. The sights of the city had become exceedingly distasteful to him, associated as they were with his hopes deferred and his heart-sickness. He reached his door. Mrs. Markham met him with beaming countenance.

"There is a gentleman waiting for you! I reckon it's another pupil!"

His face brightened for an instant. But it was clouded again quickly, as he reflected,—

"One more pupil! Very likely! That makes two! At this rate, I shall have four in the course of a year!"

He was inclined to be sarcastic with himself; but he checked the ungrateful thoughts at once.

"What Providence sends me, that let me cheerfully and thankfully accept."

He entered the parlor. A gentlemanly person, with an air of culture, advanced to meet him.

"This is Mr. Chase?"

"That is my name, sir."

"Mrs. Markham said you would be in in a minute: so I have waited."

"You were very kind to do so, sir. Sit down."

"I have seen your advertisement in the 'Intelligencer.' You still think of establishing a school?"

"That is my intention."

"May I ask if you have been successful in obtaining pupils?"

"Not very. I have one engaged. I should like a dozen more, to begin with."

The gentleman took his hat. "Of course, he will go, now he knows what my prospects are!" But Salmon was mistaken. The visitor seemed to have taken his hat merely that he might have something in his hands to occupy them.

"Then perhaps you will be pleased to listen to my proposition."

"Certainly, sir."

"My name is Plumley. I have established a successful classical school, as you may be aware. It is in G Street."

"I have heard of you, sir;" and Salmon might have added, "I have envied you!"

"Well, Mrs. Plumley has recently opened a young ladies' school, which has succeeded beyond all our expectations."

"I congratulate you sincerely!"

"But it is found that the two schools are more than we can attend to. I propose to give up one. Now, if you choose to take the boys' school off my hands, I will make over my entire interest in it to you. Perhaps you may know the character the school sustains. We have, as pupils, sons of the Honorable Henry Clay, William Wirt, Southard, and other eminent men. The income amounts to something like

eight hundred a year. You can go in next Monday, if you like."

Thus suddenly the door, so long mysteriously closed, flew open wide, "on golden hinges turning." What Salmon saw within was heaven. He was dazzled. He was almost stunned with happiness. His lips quivered; his voice failed him as he spoke.

"Mr. Plumley, this is — you are — too kind!"

"You accept?"

"Most gratefully!" The young man was regaining possession of himself. He grasped the other's hand. "You do not know what this is to me, sir! You cannot know from what you have saved me! Providence has surely sent you to me. I cannot thank you now; but some day — perhaps — it may be in my power to do you a service."

He was not the only one happy. Mr. Plumley felt the sweetness of doing a kind action for one who was truly worthy and grateful. From that moment they were friends. Salmon engaged to see him again, and make arrangements for entering the school the next Monday; and they parted.

His benefactor gone, Salmon hastened to tell the good news to Mrs. Markham. But he could not remain in the house. His joy was too great to be thus confined. Again he went out; but how different now the world looked to his eyes! He had not observed before that it was such a lovely summer-like day. The sky overhead was of heaven's deepest

blue. The pure, sweet air was like the elixir of life. The hills were wondrously beautiful all about the city; and it seemed, that, whichever way he turned, there were birds singing in sympathy with his joy. The Potomac, stretching away with soft and misty glimmer between its hazy banks, was like the river of some exquisite dream.

It was no selfish happiness he felt. He thought of his mother and sisters; of all those to whom he was indebted; and in the lightness of his spirit, after its heavy burden had been taken away, he lifted up his heart in thanksgiving to the Giver of all blessings.

The school transferred to his charge continued successful, and it opened the way to successes of greater magnitude. Through all his subsequent career, he looked back to this as the beginning; and he ever retained for Mr. Plumley the feeling we cherish for one whom we regard as a Heaven-appointed agent of some great benefaction. And here we may complete the romance of this episode by relating how the young man's vaguely uttered presentiment, that he might some day render him a service, was long afterwards realized.

Thirty-four years had elapsed. The boys' school, and the prosperous girls' school, had passed away; the pupils were scattered, and those still living had become men and women; and of the two teachers, whose acquaintance thus began, the younger was the

newly appointed Secretary of the Treasury; while, to the elder, Fortune had not been so kind, — he himself now needing a friend. Salmon's time had come. Hearing of the other's reduced circumstances, he hastened, unsolicited, to give him a position under Government, which he still honorably fills.

XXX.

ADMITTED TO THE BAR.

FRAMED on the side of a brick building, which still stands on G Street, was the little one-story wooden schoolhouse where Salmon may be said to have begun life in Washington.

He was to have more distinguished employment there in later years; but none, I think, upon which he ever entered with a more hopeful, thankful heart than beat in his breast that first bright Monday morning.

He wrote to his mother of his good fortune. He also opened his heart to her, and expressed his sanguine hopes of future greatness. Well might she be pleased to hear of his first successful step; for there is no such deep and tender interest as that of a mother in her son's welfare. But of his ambition she wrote to him in simple, motherly words:—

"Be good, my son, and that will be great for me."

The wisdom of this gentle reply sank deep into the young man's heart. To be good—actively and truly good—is indeed to be great; and there is no greatness worth striving after which is not founded

on goodness. That little schoolhouse has long been demolished. The pupils are scattered. The illustrious of those days have passed away. The boys of those days are the great men of this. The master of the little school on G Street is now master of a higher school. But all worldly conditions are transitory; and no doubt, to the progressive soul, the time comes at last when to have been a ruler in this world is no more than it seems now to the statesman to have been once a schoolmaster. Only goodness, and what adheres to the soul through time and eternity, is of much importance to us. To have done one's duty in every situation, is, after all, perhaps the only lasting satisfaction.

Up to this time, Salmon had wavered in his choice of a profession. His uncle, the bishop, had wished him to become a clergyman. His heart also inclined in that direction. But, looking about him, and seeing so many unworthy and incompetent persons filling the sacred office, — with shallow hearts and worldly minds assuming to teach those truths which only a deep religious nature can comprehend and enforce, — he shrank from what seemed to him an awful responsibility. "I am not worthy to be a minister of the gospel!" was his profoundly humble conviction.

But might he not be of use in the world as a lawyer? The lawyer is not necessarily a man of greed and craft, as he is too often, and not without cause,

represented. His mission may be also one of moral advancement and beneficence. To devote one's energies to the cause of justice — what nobler work can the young man choose? The more Salmon pondered the question, the more he was convinced that he ought to undertake the law. He had already, in his omnivorous way, read enough of it, in Cincinnati and Hanover, to know that he would like it; and he now commenced its study in good earnest.

He entered the office of one of the most eminent jurists of his time, — William Wirt, then Attorney-General of the United States. His sons were in Salmon's school; and he himself became one of the young teacher's warmest friends. He not only took him into his office, but also received him, a favored guest, within the charmed precincts of his family circle.

Mr. Wirt was then in the full prime of active manhood, and in the enjoyment of a literary reputation more extensive and enduring than even his legal fame. As a lawyer, he is now remembered only by a few; but, as the biographer of Patrick Henry, he is known to every schoolboy. In person he was one of the handsomest men, and in manners one of the completest gentlemen, of his time. His private life was pure and beautiful; and his family was well worthy of so noble a head.

Mrs. Wirt was one of the gentlest and gracefulest of her sex. With what sweet manners she presided

over that happy household ! At once, the diffident New-England boy was made to feel delightfully at his ease in her presence. On the evening of his first visit, she entertained him as a gentle elder sister might have done ; and, when he took leave, she stood with him a long time under the clusters of the " multi-flora " which clambered all over the garden portico, and pointed out to him the stars. Her image, as she stood there by his side ; the sweet voice ; the sweet but noble countenance, a little pale ; the dark hair, and clear, thoughtful, earnest eyes, not without a sparkle of playfulness, — remained ever afterwards among his most pleasant memories.

The daughters were equally charming. They played skilfully on the harp, and sang. What delightful evenings Salmon passed at the house ! The parents often joined the children in their sports. One evening, in the midst of a general frolic, a formal call interrupted the merriment. Judge — was announced.

" Hush, children ! " said Mr. Wirt with mock seriousness. " I must put on my dignity-cap : a fool is coming."

The doors of the best Washington society were now open to Salmon. He had rare opportunities of making the acquaintance and studying the characters of the distinguished men of the day. But of those opportunities he made but a meagre use ; having in his composition not a particle of the intrusive for-

wardness of those who "rush in where angels fear to tread." He was too proud to thrust himself in any man's way. He was indifferent also, — too much so, perhaps; being content to attend strictly to his own business, and wait for those whose friendship and esteem were his by right to come to him, or at least to meet him half-way.

He made some very pleasant acquaintances, however. In this select circle his social nature expanded. He contributed verses to Mrs. Wirt's "floral album." At her suggestion, he wrote essays on temperance — long before the great temperance movement began — for the newspapers. He corrected and transcribed the imperfect English of a Russian count, who was making translations of popular foreign books for the American press. He united himself with St. John's Church, under the care of Dr. Hadley; and became a teacher in the Sunday school. The superintendency of the Sunday school was offered him soon after; but he shrank from assuming so great a responsibility, and remained a simple teacher. Such was his life outside of his private schoolroom and the law-office.

I have described him physically as inclining to stoop. He became aware that this was a defect which ought to be remedied. One morning, coming down to breakfast, he stood straightening himself by the fire; when suddenly a strange faintness came over him, and at the same time something in his side seemed

to give way, and sink down within him. He consulted a physician; who informed him, that, in consequence of his habitual stooping, an inward adhesion had taken place, and that it had fortunately been broken. After that, he set resolutely to work to cure himself of his stoop. He had his table and writing-desk so arranged as to compel him to sit or stand erect; and every day he went through with the exercise of throwing his chest forward, and his shoulders back.

His health had hitherto been poor; but now it began to improve. His slender person began to fill out in grander proportions. In short, this seems to have been the starting-point of a new physical development, from which, in the course of a few years, his appearance so changed, that those who knew the shy Yankee schoolmaster, with slight, bent figure, during his first visit to Washington, would scarcely have recognized him in the nobly developed person, erect as a column, upwards of six feet in height, with a certain massive dignity, tempered by simple, manly grace, who afterwards returned thither a statesman.

Meanwhile Salmon lived frugally, paid all his debts, and restored to his mother, with words of tenderest thanks, all the money she had recently advanced to him with such self-sacrificing love. He did more. He had his young sister sent to a young ladies' school at Ipswich, and educated at his

expense. That, he was able to do thus much in return for all that had been done for him, he regarded as a privilege for which he could never be sufficiently grateful.

"Come, Chase," said a young Virginian to him one day, "you are going to have a vacation now; so am I: and I want you to go home with me to my family estates, and see how we live in the Old Dominion."

Salmon gladly accepted the invitation; and, one fine morning, they set out to make the journey. The young man's home was in a delightful situation, up the Potomac; and there Salmon had a very pleasant experience of the life the aristocratic Virginians lived in those days. The weather was fine; and every morning the horses were saddled, and the two friends went riding about the country, attended by "servants," calling upon the young ladies, and viewing all the fine scenery in the vicinity. But what made the strongest impression upon Salmon's mind at this time was an incident which came under his observation at Leesburg during the journey. Some jurymen, who had not been able to agree in a murder case, were carousing by night at a tavern. To a young man about commencing the practice of the law, with the highest aspirations, and with the deepest reverence for human justice, the intoxication and indecency of these men, upon whose judgment the very life of a fellow-being had been lately and might be again depending, was revolting in the extreme.

Returning to Washington, Salmon had the pleasure of entertaining a Dartmouth acquaintance, who had just graduated, and was on his way to the South, where he expected to find employment as a teacher. His verdancy was astonishing. Walking through the town with him, Salmon pointed out the White House.

"That's where the President lives."

"Well," said the visitor, "he's got a big house. I wonder if he keeps boarders?"

"I rather think not," said Salmon.

"Well," added the graduate, "does he preach now?"—his idea of a president being formed from the worthy President of Dartmouth College.

Salmon replied, as seriously as he could, in the negative; and, passing on, they came to the Russian legation.

"That is the house of the Russian minister."

"What denomination?" asked the graduate.

I give this anecdote, which is literally true, because it illustrates the fact, that a person may acquire all the "college-learning" in the world, and yet remain ludicrously ignorant of the affairs of practical life.

Late in the fall of 1829, Salmon gave up his school, in order to devote the remainder of his time in Washington more exclusively to his law-studies. He parted from his pupils with reluctance. There were among them boys of great promise, — one especially, of whose brilliant talents he entertained the highest

hopes. The fate of that boy seems almost to belong to this story : so I mention it here. He was unfortunately able to obtain what Salmon had himself vainly sought for, — a place in the Treasury Department. The result was, that when Salmon, thirty years later, became secretary, he found his former pupil there still. He had been nothing but a clerk all his days.

In February, 1830, Salmon was examined before a full court for admission to the bar. The judges, three in number, were very indulgent towards him ; and as he had some acquaintance with two of them, and had played chess with the third, and beaten him, he probably felt quite at his ease during the ordeal.

He was nevertheless conscious of passing a poor examination. It was the rule, that a candidate for admission to the bar, in the District of Columbia, should have read law for three years. At the close of the examination, Judge —— (the chess-player) said to him, —

"How long have you read law, Mr. Chase?"

"Two years regularly," replied Salmon, "and another year fragmentarily," — alluding to his previous occasional studies.

The court, after a brief consultation, advised him to read another year.

"That will hardly answer my purpose," said Salmon. "I have made all my arrangements to go to Cincinnati, and practise."

"To Cincinnati?" The judge lifted his brows with an expression which said plainly enough, "A very little law will do for the Western courts!" Then, with a smile, turning to the clerk: "Swear in Mr. Chase."

And Salmon was sworn in.

XXXI.

THE YOUNG PRACTITIONER.

HIS object accomplished, Salmon now made hasty preparations for a second journey to Ohio. The Wirts, whom he reckoned among his dearest friends, had removed to Baltimore. Thither he went to pay them a visit. Then of his other friends remaining in Washington he took leave; and on the fourth day of March, 1830, he set out for the West.

He had for his travelling-companion a son of the Postmaster-General. They took the stage for Hagerstown on a cold, bleak forenoon. Washington was soon left behind; and Salmon was once more launched upon the world. What fortunes awaited him in the West? Would he ever return to the city upon which he now seemed looking his last? How drearily sounded the wind, as if bidding him a bitter farewell!

But his heart was full of hope. "How well I remember," he said to his companion, "my first journey to Ohio, — or rather *the Ohio*, as it was always

called! I think I had scarcely ever heard of it until my uncle sent for me: then I went to work, boy-fashion, turning over maps, and books of travel, to find out what sort of a country it was. Well, I found out something about it before I got through! And he was now destined to find out still more.

They spent the night at Hagerstown; then proceeded to Wheeling, and took a boat down the river. And so it happened, that, one morning, Salmon woke up, and found himself again in Cincinnati.

He sought out a good boarding-place. He found some of his old acquaintances; and letters he had brought with him from prominent men in Washington introduced him to new ones. He became a student in the office of an able lawyer; designing to get admitted to the Cincinnati bar, when the Court should sit, in the following September.

But now arose another difficulty. A year's previous residence in the State was required of the applicant for admission to the bar. This he managed to arrange, however. "I have resided here a much longer time than that," said he to the court; "although there has been an interval when I have been absent." The explanation was admitted, and so was he.

He now hired an office; bought a few books, a couple of chairs, and a table; had a sign painted, and displayed at the door; and commenced practice.

Lonely, for many days, the young lawyer sat there in his office, reading his books, or staring at the bare

walls and floor, and waiting anxiously for clients. But nobody came up those stairs and entered that room on business, except himself. He alone came in and went out by day, and slept in the close, dark, damp bedroom behind his office, by night. At last, however, a stranger came stumbling in upon him, apparently by mistake.

"I'm looking for somebody to draw up an agreement for me," he said, regarding Salmon. "Are you a lawyer?"

Salmon replied that he could do the business for him, invited him to sit down, wrote from his dictation, passed the paper over to him, and received his first fee. It was a half-dollar, which the man drew from the depths of a capacious pocket.

"I'll keep that half-dollar as a nest-egg," thought Salmon.

No more half-dollars were laid to it, however. He kept it several days. At length, feet were once more heard coming up the stairs. They belonged to the identical person who had brought him his first and only employment, and that first and only fee.

"Another agreement to be drawn up!" thought Salmon, glad to see him; "or perhaps a case!" And he offered his patron his other chair.

"I want to get assistance in a little matter of business," said the man; "and I thought, may be you would have the kindness"—

"Certainly; any thing in my way," replied Salmon, as the visitor hesitated. "What can I do for you?"

"I want you, — if it's as convenient as not, — to — hem! — lend me — half a dollar."

Salmon regarded him for a moment with silent astonishment; then, appreciating the grim humor of the incident, put his hand into his pocket, and took out the nest-egg.

"Thank you," said the stranger, no doubt thinking him the most accommodating lawyer in the world.

After he was gone, Salmon took a pen, and began jocosely to figure up his losses. The half-dollar his uncle Dudley had offered him to buy a spade with, and which he had refused, and that just loaned to the stranger, — total, \$1.00, — completed the list.

After that he continued to sit in his office by day, and sleep in the damp back-room by night, going out only for his meals, until a timely fever came to warn him against continuing that mode of life. He went one day to his boarding-house, and did not return again for many days to his office. His landlady nursed him tenderly through his illness, and gave him a sleeping-room in her house, which he afterwards continued to occupy.

Then, again, Salmon was poor; that is to say, out of money, and in debt. Business came in slowly, or not at all. But, in the hour of his greatest need, Providence sent him a friend, a young merchant of Cincinnati, John Young by name, who came for-

ward generously, and offered to loan him, without security, all the money he wanted.

Thus gloomily in Cincinnati, also, life opened to him. But he was never disheartened. Steadily, cheerfully, he pressed forward in the path he had chosen, never repining, and never swerving aside or turning back. Gradually he became known; and, where he was known, he was trusted. His first important case was one in which the judge charged strongly and directly against him; but the jury returned a verdict in his favor, nevertheless. This gave him a little reputation. His next case was one in which he found it necessary to break down the evidence of an important witness against his client. He believed the man's testimony to be false, and that it must be demolished, even though his character should be demolished with it. He set to work accordingly. The rage of the witness was kindled, and he threatened bloody revenge.

"He will certainly assault you!" said Salmon's friends, who knew the man's violent disposition, and feared the worst from it.

"I can't help it, if he does: I shall do my duty," replied Salmon.

"Go armed, then, when you leave the court."

"I shall go armed with the consciousness of being in the right: I want no other defence."

He succeeded in destroying the man's evidence. The fury of the latter had reached its height, when,

as the court adjourned, he placed himself in Salmon's way; meaning, no doubt, to wreak the vengeance he had threatened. Salmon certainly expected it. But his countenance was so calm and stern, and there was that in his aspect which bespoke such candor, integrity, and moral courage, that the would-be assailant, impressed with involuntary respect, stepped quietly aside, and let him pass.

After this, Salmon formed a partnership with Edward King, Esq., son of the celebrated Rufus King. A third party was also admitted into the firm; but this union was of short duration: there was not business enough for three, and Salmon retired.

In 1833, he formed a connection of a more important and lasting character. Mr. Caswell, a lawyer of established reputation, offered him a share in his business for fifteen hundred dollars. Salmon readily found friends to become his security for the payment of this sum; and a partnership was formed, which continued many years.

In 1834, Salmon made another visit to Columbus. To the town (incorporated that same year as a city) whither he used to ride, a farm-boy, on horseback, with his short-legged trousers, and with his market basket on his arm, to make purchases for the bishop's family at Worthington, he now went to argue a motion before the United-States Circuit Court.

This was the most formidable task which he had yet undertaken in his profession. When he rose to

speaking, he experienced all the agitation of a diffident schoolboy appearing for the first time on a new platform, before an unaccustomed audience. His memory failed him; his heart choked his utterance; his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. After stammering forth an incoherent sentence or two, he was obliged to sit down again, overcome by his emotion.

But his strong will saved him even in this terrible situation. Enraged at himself, and more than ever determined to accomplish what he had undertaken, he sat a few moments, gathering breath, and recovering his self-possession; then once more rose to his feet, and went through with his argument.

Afterwards, when he had sat down, still suffering keen mortification in consequence of his previous embarrassment and stammering, Judge B—— came and took him cordially by the hand.

"I congratulate you most sincerely!" said he with a smile.

"On what, sir?" said the young lawyer, in some surprise.

"On your failure. A person of ordinary temperament and abilities would have gone through with his part without any such symptoms of nervousness. Such a person always does his work respectably, but never rises above mediocrity. But, when I see a young man break down once or twice in that way, I conceive the highest hopes of him."

And again Judge B—— shook his hand with cordial sympathy. Such comforting words, spoken at such a time, might well be received and treasured with gratitude.

In 1834, the Lafayette Bank was organized ; and Mr. Chase was made its solicitor, and afterwards elected a member of the Board of Directors.

That same year he formed another connection, of more vital importance to his happiness than any other. Miss Kate G——, a young lady of "exceeding beauty and brilliant attractions" (according to the testimony of those who knew her), became his wife, and the mistress of his home.

And now, successful in his profession, occupying a high social position, and enjoying the comforts of a delightful fireside, what would not Salmon have given to have fulfilled the hopes of his youth regarding his mother ! His ambition had been to make a home for her ; to surround her with peaceful enjoyments, by his own hearth, in her declining years ; and all his successes had been associated in his mind with thoughts of her maternal love and pride. But now, when all was prepared for her, she had passed away : she had gone to her heavenly home.

Already Salmon had begun a work which was destined to be of very great value to his adopted State, while at the same time it served to establish his legal reputation. Hitherto there had existed no complete edition of the statutes of Ohio. The laws enacted at

different cases were watched here and there. Many had been changed, or had become chronic; and it was sometimes extremely difficult to ascertain what was lost, and what was not. To meet the want which every one felt, he set himself to make a minute examination of all the patients, giving the results of his examination, as a *fortnightly compilation*, in three large volume numbers, carefully edited, with copious notes. The labor was immense; and it was three years before it was completed. The author's personal supervision was usual; but he had the satisfaction of seeing his work become a standard authority in the world.

In 1857, the partnership of Sewall and Chase was dissolved; and, shortly after, the latter formed a connection with Mr. Fells.

XXXII.

FUGITIVE-SLAVE CASES.

IN the mean time, events were transpiring which were destined to shape Salmon's political career. Hitherto he had kept aloof from politics, taking little interest in mere party issues. But for several years he had watched carefully the aggressions of the slave-power. As early as during his first years in Washington, he had assisted in the preparation of an address to the people of the District of Columbia, urging them to take measures for the abolition of slavery. He had ever since retained a profound sense of the wrong and evil of the system, and become convinced, that, if the country was to be preserved from the cruellest of despotisms, its aggressions must be resisted.

Once, having occasion to cross the river on business, he was detained over Sunday in Kentucky. He attended church, and heard an earnest appeal to recent converts to come forward and be baptized.

"Now is the accepted time!" said the preacher. "Another day, it may be too late! Come up, and be baptized, and save your souls, to-day!"

Many went forward. At last, the preacher looked up, and saw only one individual waiting to receive salvation at his hands. That individual was a negro.

"Who are you?" said the preacher, regarding him sternly.

"Thomas Williams: that's my name, sah," replied the humble seeker after salvation.

"Who is your owner?"

"Mrs. Widder James, sah."

"Have you her permission to be baptized?"

"No, sah: Ise in a hurry to save my soul, sah! Couldn't wait to ax her, sah!"

"Well," said the preacher, coolly turning him off, "get her consent; and, when I come this way again, — which will be in about two weeks, — I'll baptize you."

"Yes, sah." And the poor, ignorant, anxious chattel humbly withdrew, perhaps vaguely wondering who would be responsible for his soul if any accident should happen to it within those two weeks of waiting.

This pitiful and striking scene laid bare to Salmon's eye all the selfishness, injustice, and inhumanity which lie at the foundations of the slave-system. We can judge what the effect must have been upon one whose strong and impulsive sympathies always drew him irresistibly to the side of the oppressed.

At that time, antislavery sentiments were extremely unpopular throughout the country. Only a voice

here and there was to be heard crying out against the great national sin. Not in the slave-owning States only were the advocates of human brotherhood persecuted and accursed; but hatred, opprobrium, and mob violence, attended them in the free States also.

In the border States, the popular animosity against them was peculiarly venomous. In Cincinnati, meetings were held by "the most respectable citizens," the design of which was to suppress free speech on the subject of slavery in that city. These manifestations, accompanied by others of a more vulgar sort, were aimed at the humanitarians generally, and at the "Philanthropist" newspaper particularly. The "Philanthropist," established by James G. Birney, who had earned the right to preach the doctrine of emancipation by first giving freedom to his own Kentucky slaves, was an object of especial hatred, both to the "respectable" and the vulgar advocates of mob law; and on the night of July 15, 1836, the office where it was printed was attacked.

A band of some twenty depredators scaled the premises at midnight by means of a ladder and plank, and descended through the roof-window into the printing-office. A boy sleeping there was aroused by the noise: but, before he could give the alarm, the bed-clothes were thrown over his head; and he was compelled by threats, and a bludgeon brandished above him, to show where the type were kept. Then the work of destruction began. The press was torn

in pieces, and parts of it taken away, and thrown with the type into the river. Half of that week's edition, together with all the blank paper on hand, was carried out to a vacant lot, and besmeared with the contents of the ink-keg.

This was the beginning of a great tumult. Shortly after, the mob proceeded to the hotel where Mr. Birney was stopping. Salmon, whom the noise of the rioters had drawn into the street, heard their threats, and made haste to reach the hotel before them. There he stood at the entrance when they arrived.

"Birney! Birney!" "Hawl him out!" "Hang the d—— abolitionist!" "To the river with him!"

Shouting these murderous cries, the mob rushed up, and met the young lawyer calmly confronting them.

"Stand back!" said he. "You can't come in just yet. What has Mr. Birney done to you? or what has the proprietor of this house done, to call for such a visit?" And partly by attempting to reason with them, and partly by main force, planting himself firmly in their way, he kept the rioters back until Mr. Birney was got safely out of the house by a private door. Then a well-known citizen appeared, and assured the mob that the man they sought was not in the hotel; very opportunely for Salmon, who could not probably have withstood the onset much longer.

All the indignation of the young man's nature was

roused by these outrages against the freedom of speech and of the press; and, from that time, he ever stood foremost among those who breasted the tide of proslavery aggressions.

Occasionally a fugitive from bondage, escaping across the river, found refuge in Ohio. There these unhappy people, leaving all behind them, and accepting the terrible risks of starvation, exposure, recapture, and even death, for freedom's sake, found many a noble Christian heart to receive and comfort them, and help them on their way. But the human bloodhounds pursued, and frequently the flying "chattel" was retaken. By a summary process, which was a mere mockery of law, he was delivered over to the man claiming to be his owner, and hurried back to stripes and slavery.

The same almost headstrong impulsiveness which had always driven Salmon to range himself on the side of right and justice prompted him early to espouse the cause of the recaptured chattels. To him a man was a man, whether white or black; and a wrong done to the humblest was a wrong against humanity and against God. He knew what a storm of unpopularity he would have to brave. He was aware, too, that his defence of the fugitive, before magistrates whose consciences were stultified with slavery, would be of little avail. He accepted no fee, and expected none. He simply obeyed the promptings of a generous and courageous heart.

I have space here to allude to but one or two of the most celebrated of these cases.* The first was that of the slave-girl Matilda. Her owner, removing from Maryland to Missouri with his family and chattels, *lost her* from the steamboat at the wharf in Cincinnati. She found friends in the city, and was for some time a servant in the family of Mr. Birney : but her retreat was discovered ; and on the 10th of March, 1837, she was arrested, and claimed as a slave.

Mr. Chase undertook her defence, and she was brought before the Court of Common Pleas on a writ of *habeas corpus*. He maintained that the warrant of arrest and commitment was void, not being authorized by any act of Congress or of the State of Ohio. He also argued that the justice who issued the warrant had no jurisdiction in the case ; that Congress had no authority to confer any powers, in fugitive-slave cases, on State magistrates ; and that the law of 1793, relative to fugitives from service, was contrary to the Constitution of the United States.†

"What security," he asked, "has the most honored citizen, any more than this petitioner, against a hasty or an unjust decision by a magistrate? Shall I be

* For other interesting cases, see Appendix.

† Mr. Birney was prosecuted for harboring Matilda ; and Mr. Chase undertook his defence, arguing that slavery was local, and dependent upon State laws ; and that, consequently, a slave brought by a master into Ohio, where no slave-code existed, immediately became free.

told that such a man is in no danger of such a seizure? He may be in no danger; but what right has he to greater security than the very humblest man in the community? Shall it be said here, that a man is to be indebted for his personal liberty, not to the Constitution, but to his wealth, his intelligence, and his many friends? Is there then, indeed, one rule for the intelligent and influential, and another for the unlettered and the humble? one measure of liberty for the rich, and another for the poor?"

Long afterwards, a political opponent paid the following generous tribute to his action on this and similar cases:—

"It was in the vigor of early manhood that he became the defender of Freedom; and it was in a city where, above all others, such defence was most unpopular. There he was, and there he stood, a man in every sense of the word, defying mobs, and battling for freedom of speech and the press; deaf to personal appeals, heedless of personal popularity, a friend of the outcast and down-trodden; whose valor, and nobility of action, nought could taint."

In passing from the court-room, after making his ineffectual defence (for the claim of the owner was allowed, and the girl was carried back), Salmon overheard the remark, spoken by a prudent citizen, —

"*There is a promising young man, who has just ruined himself.*" Had he? He had lost the case, and what

had he gained? The judge decided against him, and the prejudices and sympathies of nearly the entire community were on the side of slavery. Yet he had achieved a moral triumph. His argument, which was printed, exerted a powerful influence in the formation of juster opinions; and there was one who listened to it, in whose heart the principles then announced were seed, destined, in later years, to spring up and bear fruit for freedom,—a young student of medicine, then, and long afterwards, a stranger to Mr. Chase,—Norton S. Townsend by name. He went to Europe to complete his studies; returned to the United States, and established himself as a physician in one of the towns of Northern Ohio, and was elected to the legislature in 1848. The statute-books of the State were then disgraced by those oppressive enactments against colored people known as the "Black Laws." Dr. Townsend was one of the small number, who, independent of both parties, and willing to act with either for the advancement of humane principles, effected, through the co-operation of the old-line Democrats, the repeal of these odious laws, and secured Mr. Chase's election to the Senate of the United States. It was the argument in the "Matilda case" which had so long before won the generous young student's heart, and now made him the earnest advocate of Mr. Chase's election.

In 1842, the famous "Van Zandt case" had its

origin. John Van Zandt (the "Van Tromp" of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"), a Kentuckian by birth, then a farmer in Sharon, Hamilton County, Ohio, had been to Cincinnati to market. Returning home, he stopped two or three miles from town, at Walnut Hills, at the house of Mr. Moore. Early the next morning, — it was Sunday, the 24th day of April, — going out to hitch up his team, he saw a group of nine negroes — men, women, and children — standing near, in the dim light of the misty dawn. By their strange, apprehensive, distressed looks, expressive of fear and entreaty, he probably knew them to be fugitives. He asked them no questions: he pointed to his large and comfortable covered wagon. Quickly and silently they got in, and it started off with them.

When about sixteen miles from Cincinnati, still early in the sabbath morning, two men, Hefferman and Hargrave, living in Sharon, who had seen their neighbor's wagon drive through on the way to Lebanon, overtook it on horseback, and, without any authority for their conduct, ordered the driver to stop.

The driver was Andrew, one of the fugitives. Van Zandt ordered him to drive over Hargrave. Andrew obeyed, and Hargrave was thrown from his horse. The wagon was then driven at a run, until the other kidnapper, riding to the heads of the horses, seized the reins, and turned them into a corner of the fence.

Andrew then jumped off, and escaped. Van Zandt got upon the seat, and, taking the reins, attempted to drive on; but others came to the assistance of the kidnappers, who succeeded in securing the remaining fugitives, and returned them to their owner in Kentucky. For this service they received a reward of four hundred and fifty dollars. They did not even know the negroes to be fugitives when they seized them; but, in the hope of earning the price of blood, they had kidnapped them at a venture.

An action was afterwards brought against Van Zandt in the United-States Circuit Court. The damages claimed by the owner of the slaves comprised the following items, — \$1,200 as the value of Andrew, who had not been retaken; \$450 paid to the kidnappers; and other expenses to the amount of \$600:

Mr. Chase assisted in the defence of Van Zandt, and closed with a speech of an hour's duration, in which the great principles of national freedom and human rights were maintained with unanswerable arguments.

"A great concourse of spectators," said the "Philanthropist," "was present during its delivery, all of whom, as well as the court and bar, listened with intense attention. His opponents were compelled to acknowledge the power of his argument. He closed with one of the finest efforts of oratory we ever heard." Southgate, the counsel for the prosecution,

had proclaimed the principle, "Once a slave, always a slave;" which Mr. Chase opposed with the nobler one of "Once free, always free;" and went on to declare, that, should the atrocious claims of the system be allowed, slavery would spread everywhere, and nothing could stay its power, until at last it would work its own destruction, and involve the country in its ruin, — a prophecy which is now meeting with a terrible fulfilment.

So powerful was the effect of this speech, that judge, jury, spectators, everybody, appeared convinced by it. Even Mr. Jones, the plaintiff, who had been present throughout its delivery, came voluntarily to Mr. Chase, acknowledged himself in the wrong, said he had no doubt but he had lost his case, and expressed regret for having brought the action. What, then, was the general astonishment, when the jury, having taken time to fall back upon their pro-slavery prejudices, returned a verdict awarding the slave-owner's claim for damages!

Afterwards an action was brought by Jones against Van Zandt to recover the legal penalty of five hundred dollars for "harboring and concealing" a fugitive. The jury accorded that also. The defence, however, in order to test the constitutionality of the law, moved an arrest of judgment, and the case was finally carried up to the United-States Supreme Court. This was the occasion of another visit to Washington. The Yankee schoolmaster, who had been admitted to

the bar in that city in the manner we have witnessed, now returned thither, a lawyer in the full bloom of early fame, to appear in a case involving the very principles of republican liberty, before the highest tribunal in the land. This was in December, 1846,—twenty years after his first visit.

Mr. Chase was associated with Hon. W. H. Seward as counsel for the defence; and in a profound and elaborate argument, which attracted great attention, he again upheld the principles of justice and liberty, which he had now had occasion so often to proclaim.

"I am aware," he said in conclusion, "that this court will administer the law as it is written in the Constitution; but may I not confidently expect that you will not willingly allow any construction of that honored instrument which will bring its provisions in conflict with that other CONSTITUTION, which, rising in sublime majesty over all human enactments, withstanding them all, surviving them all, finds its 'seat in the bosom of God,' and utters its voice as 'the harmony of the world'?"

Well would it have been for our country, if the courts, if the statesmen, of those days, if the nation itself, had heeded those oft-reiterated appeals for human freedom and the divine rights of man!

Mr. Chase had argued, that conveying the fugitives in a wagon was not "harboring and concealing them;" and had clearly demonstrated that Van Zandt,

having received no "notice" of the fact of their being escaped slaves, — which the "Fugitive-slave Act" required to have been given, — was not liable to the penalty. Yet, in spite of humanity, law, and common sense, the case was decided against the defendant. Both Mr. Chase and Mr. Seward gave their services without compensation. A small sum had also been contributed by friends for the actual expenses of the defence. Notwithstanding this assistance, the loss Van Zandt suffered embarrassed him seriously, and he never recovered from it. He has long since gone where the Supreme Judge of all rights the wrongs enacted here, and where to have befriended the poor and oppressed will not certainly be held a crime.

XXXIII.

CONCLUSION.

IT now remains but to give a glance at the political career of the subject of this biography.

And a glance only must suffice. It is impossible, within the space of a few pages, to do justice to a theme of such magnitude; and I shall simply attempt to show that the same strong characteristics — perseverance, a generous impulsiveness, and a passionate love of justice — which made the boy what he was, also shaped the public life of the man. He was never able to give his hearty support to either of the great political parties which, in his youth, he saw struggling for power. He studied the political issues which divided the country, and saw them all shrink away to comparative insignificance beside the one great question which loomed up, dark and threatening, on the nation's horizon.

That was the question of slavery. He had no wish to interfere with the system in those States where it had taken root, and been tolerated as a necessary evil by the fathers of American Independ-

ence. He believed it would, soon or late, die out of those States, if its spread was prevented; for it is a monster that devours the land, and must perish if it cannot find fresh pasture. He saw the upholders of the institution aiming unscrupulously to extend its power over all the territory of the Union. To prevent this nationalization of a local wrong became with him a governing idea, at a time when the whole country seemed ready, for the sake of peace and present prosperity, to let the monster have its way.

Putting aside every other consideration, he was prepared to side with that party which would make a stand for freedom. For a time, his hopes were in the Whig party; and, in 1840, he gave his vote for Harrison. But Harrison's inaugural address, and, still more, the early acts of the Tyler Administration, convinced him that Freedom had no ally in either of the old political organizations.

Mr. Chase has been called "the father of the new Republican party, as Jefferson was the father of the old." He was indeed one of the first to see the necessity of a new organization to resist the encroachments of slavery, and to make the people, instead of a few usurping slaveholders, rulers of the nation's affairs.

He induced several gentlemen to unite in holding a meeting at the court-house in Cincinnati, where he proclaimed the ideas with which he wished to leaven

the sentiment of the country. This was the beginning.

He next issued a call for the opponents of slavery extension to meet in convention at Columbus,—a movement at that time so unpopular, that he was obliged to pay for the insertion of the call in the newspapers, as an advertisement. The convention met, adopted unanimously an address to the people written by him, and organized the "Liberty party" in Ohio.*

This was in 1841. Mark the change during the next twenty years. The very ideas so distasteful then to the North, as well as to the South, had become, in 1861, the prevailing ideas throughout the loyal States; and he, whose advocacy of them was denounced as "fanaticism," saw himself elevated to one of the highest places in the Government.

But little then did he foresee this change. He had no such prospect in the future to cheer him in his work. Nothing but difficulty and discouragement attended his outward efforts; while only a strong inward sense of duty impelled him to go forward. He was now a man; and to the moral traits of the youth which we have described was added a fully developed moral and intellectual power of the first

* Already, in 1840, about seven thousand votes had been cast by abolitionists for Mr. Birney. But there was no political organization: the votes were widely scattered, and it was rather a spontaneous moral and religious movement than any thing else.

magnitude. All this, having resolved upon his political course, he threw into the balance for freedom. Time, labor, material means, every thing that could be spared from his profession and the daily necessities of life, he gave,—all to no purpose, as it often appeared; so dead seemed the conscience of the country on the slavery question, so utterly impossible was it to hope for any near political reform. More than once, seeing how little he could accomplish with all his devotion to the cause, he resolved to think no more on the subject, and to act no more. Still the inward impulse would not let him rest: it urged him on and on. It was the hidden hand of Providence, pushing him ever forward in the work for which he seems to have been as truly raised up and trained as was ever man for a great and divine task.

In 1843, Mr. Chase took a leading part in the "National Liberty Convention" held at Buffalo. Two years later, he was the prime mover of a Southern and Western Liberty Convention, which was held in Cincinnati, and attended by two thousand delegates. He was chairman of the committee, and again prepared the address to the people, setting forth the antagonism of slavery to free institutions, and the necessity of organized resistance to its aggressions.

These ideas were now making rapid progress.

In 1844, Mr. Birney, again a candidate for the Presidency, had received about sixty-two thousand

and seven hundred votes, — one in forty of all the votes cast; whereas, in 1840, he had received only one in three hundred. Nor was this all: while the new party was growing in power, the old parties, as a necessary political consequence, made advances towards its principles and measures, wherever such a course could be adopted without alienating their proslavery members.

Almost before he was aware of it, Mr. Chase found himself in the attitude of a political leader. In the Free Territory State Convention of 1848, the call for which he himself prepared, and in the National Convention held at Buffalo later in the same year, and of which he was the president, his moral power and intellectual ability made him pre-eminent.

The old organizations felt more and more the influence of these movements. The Democratic party of Ohio, in convention, committed itself to oppose the extension of slavery. This gave Mr. Chase fresh hopes of that party; and he united himself with the Ohio Democrats; distinctly warning them, however, that, the moment they should desert their antislavery policy, he would desert them. He afterwards promptly carried out this threat, when, in 1852, the Ohio Democracy indorsed the proslavery platform of the convention that nominated Mr. Pierce.

In the mean time, on the 22d of February, 1849, Mr. Chase was elected to the United-States Senate

by the Democratic and Free-soil members of the Ohio Legislature.

So it happened, that the New-Hampshire school-master returned to the scene of his early struggles for a livelihood, to take his seat in the Senate Chamber of the nation. A few of his old acquaintances greeted his arrival; among others, one whom the reader of the early pages of this book may be interested to hear from again. A gentleman stepped up to him one day at the Capitol, and introduced himself. "We are old acquaintances, I believe," said he.

"I cannot recall where I have had the honor of meeting you," replied the senator.

"Don't you remember walking to the Falls from Buffalo with another boy, some thirty years ago? I am that boy."

It was indeed the "Fred Jordan" of this story, then a member of Congress from —.

Life in the great West had given breadth of character to the new senator, inspired him with large and generous views, and fitted him for the positions of power and influence he was henceforth to fill. He had attained his present standing by no subterfuges, — by no political hypocrisy or pretence. "To compromise for any partial or temporary advantage is ruin to our cause," he had declared in the memorable address to the people, written by him for the Southern and Western Liberty Convention of 1845. And this seems ever to have been with him a public

principle as well as a private virtue. His very nature, as we have seen in his earlier days, disdained all concession, whenever truth or honor was at stake. When convinced that he was in the right, he would yield nothing. This is the secret of his success,—that, in the first place, with clear moral perceptions he was able to discern what was right, and then planted himself firmly and immovably upon it, regardless of censure and opprobrium, waiting calmly for the people to come round to him. That he desired a fitting sphere for the talents with which he felt himself gifted, was very natural: no doubt, he was ambitious. But seldom have greatness and ambition been equally free from the petty faults of intrigue and self-seeking. Never was aspiring candidate for the highest prizes of public life better content to rely solely upon truth and solid merit for advancement. This I insist upon here, not for the purpose of exalting a character that can well dispense with all such work at my hands, but to point the moral of this story.

The original democratic doctrine, that all men are created free and equal; that slavery is contrary to natural law and the principles of American liberty,—such is the simple creed upon which was based his whole political action in relation to this great question. This he took every convenient occasion to enforce, in his addresses to the people, in his reply to Daniel O'Connell's Address to the Cincinnati Irish Repeal Association, and in his speeches everywhere.

He opposed in the Senate the compromise measures of 1850 with a zeal and eloquence inspired by his sense of the country's danger. Again, in 1854, he opposed, with all the power of his logic and the energy of his heart, the repeal of the Missouri Prohibition; prophetically declaring, that this violation of the nation's faith, pledged against the extension of slavery, would "light up a fire in the country which might at last consume those who kindled it."

The old Whig party was now dead; the Liberty party was obsolete, at least in name; the Democratic party was divided: and out of the diffused elements of these old organizations arose the new Republican party, based upon the principles to which Mr. Chase had all his life been wedded. Of this new party, opposed to slavery, he naturally became a chief. He finished his course in the Senate, to receive the strongest mark of the approbation of his constituents, who elected him, in 1855, Governor of the State of Ohio.

Of his many important acts with regard to other matters of National and State policy than those connected with slavery, this is no place to speak. Suffice it to say, that both the State and the Nation have indorsed them fully; the former by re-electing him to the highest offices, and the latter by its enthusiastic support of that wise and courageous financial policy which has saved it from bankruptcy.

Mr. Chase was placed at the head of the Treasury Department almost against his will. Mr. Lincoln, after his election in 1860, invited him to visit Springfield, and confer with him as to the selection of his cabinet. Mr. Chase complied, and received — but did not then accept — the offer of the place of Secretary of the Treasury. He had recently been re-elected to the United-States Senate; and could not readily consent to resign his seat in that body, to take charge of the disordered finances of the country under circumstances the most unpropitious and forbidding.

Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated, and Mr. Chase had taken his seat in the Senate, when the former, without any further conference with him on the subject, sent in his nomination as Secretary. Mr. Chase happened to be absent from his seat at the time, and knew nothing of what had been done, until, returning to his place shortly afterwards, he learned that his nomination had been sent in, and at once unanimously confirmed. He hastened to the President to remonstrate, — to no purpose. Mr. Lincoln insisted that he was the man for the place: he was seconded by influential friends of the senator, who urged him to accept the appointment; and at last, very reluctantly, he yielded.

The history of the Treasury Department,* since that important event, is a part of the history of the nation, — too large a part to be more than mentioned

* See Appendix.

here, and altogether too popular a subject to require any eulogy from so feeble a pen as mine.

In conclusion, I cannot refrain from speaking of the last political act of the secretary, which has come to our knowledge; an act, the noble patriotism of which must serve to endear him still more to the hearts of the American people.

At the solicitation of friends, who believed that his election to the Presidency would promote the welfare of the nation, he recently permitted the use of his name in connection with that office. Learning, however, that a majority of the Union members of the Ohio Legislature were in favor of another candidate, he promptly wrote to a friend a letter, the following extract from which will appropriately close this biography:—

"It becomes my duty, therefore, and I count it more a privilege than a duty, to ask that no further consideration be given to my name. It was never more important than now, that all our efforts and all our energies should be devoted to the suppression of the Rebellion, and to the restoration of order and prosperity on the solid foundation of union, freedom, and impartial justice; and I earnestly urge all with whom my counsels have weight to allow nothing to divide them, while this great work, in comparison with which persons and parties are nothing, remains unaccomplished."

APPENDIX.

THE WATSON CASE.

On the morning of the 21st of January, 1845, before day, one Henry Hoppess, having in charge the colored man Samuel Watson, arrived at Cincinnati on the steamer "Ohio Belle." Shortly after the boat was made fast to the shore, Watson was missing. In the evening, he was found by Hoppess upon the landing, not attempting, and probably not thinking of, an escape. He was seized; lodged in the watch-house; and, on the following morning, taken before a magistrate, in order to obtain a certificate for his removal as a fugitive from service under the Act of Congress of 1793.

At this point in the proceedings, a writ of *habeas corpus* was allowed by the Honorable N. C. Read, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Ohio; in obedience to which, Watson was taken before him, and Hoppess was required to justify his detention.

With this purpose, Hoppess alleged that Watson was a slave in Virginia; that his master had taken him to Arkansas, and, having himself returned to Virginia, had died, having previously conveyed Watson to one Floyd; that, as the agent of Floyd, he had proceeded to Arkansas, obtained possession of Watson, and was returning with him to Virginia, when, the boat having arrived at Cincinnati very early in the morning, Watson escaped.

The argument for Watson was opened by Messrs. Birney and Johnson, and closed by Mr. Chase. They insisted, —

1. That there had been no escape.
2. That the escape, if there was one, was from one place in

Ohio to another place in the same State, and so not within the constitutional provision as to escaping servants, nor the provisions of the Act of 1793.

8. That the boat, at the time of the escape, was within the State of Ohio.

4. That the holding of persons as slaves in Arkansas was repugnant to the treaty with France, which provided for the admission of all the inhabitants of the territory to the immunities of citizens of the United States; and also to the fifth amendment of the Constitution, which declares that no person shall be deprived of liberty without due process of law.

5. That the Act of 1793, relating to fugitives from service, was unconstitutional.

6. That the ordinance of 1787 confined the right of reclaiming escaping servants to cases of escape from the original States; and that Watson, not having escaped from an original State, could not, therefore, be reclaimed as a fugitive from service.

These considerations failed to influence the Court to their whole extent. Judge Read decided that slavery might exist in Arkansas; that a slave, escaping to Ohio from a new State, was subject to recaption; and although laying down the principle, that slavery was strictly local, still held that a master navigating the Ohio River, whilst upon the water, is within the jurisdiction of Virginia or Kentucky for the purpose of retaining the right to his slave.

Although the result of this opinion was to subject Watson to the power of Hoppess, yet some principles were recognized of the most vital importance to the free States, and the full force of which, if applied to the case of Watson, might have reversed the issue, and vindicated his claim to himself.

His honor the judge emphatically recognized the strictly local character of slavery. "Slavery," said he, "is wrong inflicted by force, and supported alone by the municipal power of the State or Territory in which it exists. *At one time, I was of the opinion that the master had the right of passage through a free State with his slave; but, upon more careful examination, I am satisfied the master must lose his slave if he brings him into a free State.*"

Judge Read thus explicitly recognized a doctrine, which was first fully presented to the courts of Ohio by Mr. Chase, in 1837,

in his arguments in the *Matilda* case. It is somewhat remarkable that Judge Read was the opposing counsel to Mr. Chase at that time.

After the result of the case was known, at a meeting of the colored people, a committee was appointed to superintend the preparation of a silver pitcher, to be presented to Mr. Chase as a token of their gratitude for his "various public services in behalf of the oppressed, and particularly for his eloquent advocacy of the rights of man, in the case of Samuel Watson."

The pitcher was duly presented on a public occasion, when speeches were made in behalf of the colored people by one of their number, and by Mr. Chase in reply. These speeches, which were highly honorable to both parties, were afterwards published in the form of a pamphlet, from which the above account of the case has been extracted.

Ten years afterwards, when Mr. Chase was a candidate for Governor of Ohio, the part he took in the case, and his address on receiving the testimonial, were used as potent electioneering arguments against him. Some of his friends were much disturbed by them; but he proudly declared that he valued the gratitude of an oppressed people more than he did any office, even the highest in the State.

There is another anecdote connected with the pitcher. After his election, Governor Chase took great interest in the organization of the military system of the State; thinking it wise to be prepared for all contingencies, though probably little anticipating such as have since arisen. The military men of the State seconded his efforts, and held a convention at Columbus, during the sitting of which they called on the governor. Among the refreshments of the occasion was the pitcher,—a beautiful piece of workmanship,—filled with lemonade. Most of the persons present had been opposed to Mr. Chase's election, and all recognized the pitcher from the prints of it which had been circulated. Generally, they took this quiet declaration of adhesion to his principles in good part; but some refused to drink any thing from that "— pitcher," characterizing it in terms more emphatic than polite. Of course, no such expressions were used in the governor's presence; but he afterwards heard of them, somewhat to his amusement, no doubt.

THE PARISH CASE.

FRANCIS D. PARISH was a lawyer of Sandusky, Erie County, O., of unblemished character and good abilities. In February, 1845, a woman named Jane Garrison was living in his house as a servant; and with her was her little boy Harrison, about five years old. In the latter part of that month, a man named Mitchell made his appearance in Sandusky, claiming the woman and her child as fugitive slaves. He went to the house of Mr. Parish; and, meeting that gentleman near his residence, inquired if Jane Garrison and her son Harrison were there. He replied that they were; and, returning with Mitchell, went into the house, and brought Jane out. After some conversation, Mitchell, with Driskell, son of the claimant, went away. Suit was subsequently brought against Mr. Parish for obstructing the arrest of the woman and her child, and also for harboring and concealing them. Upon the trial, Mr. Chase, with Mr. L. W. Andrews of Columbus, defended Mr. Parish. There was no evidence in the case against him, except that of Mitchell and Driskell; and the whole of it related to the transaction at Mr. Parish's house. Mitchell stated that he attempted to arrest Jane and the child in virtue of a power of attorney, which Parish said he did not wish to see; for he wanted judicial authority for such an act. Mitchell insisted upon arresting them; but Parish said he could not arrest them there, and pushed the woman and child into the house, and went in himself. Several gentlemen, who were present during some proceedings growing out of the arrest of other children in which Mr. Parish was called as a witness, stated, that, in his testimony then given, Mr. Parish said, that, at the interview between himself and Mitchell, he had only claimed for the alleged slaves that they should have a fair trial; after which, if Mitchell should establish his legal right to do so, he could take them; to which Mitchell said that he did not wish to take them otherwise; and that, after some conversation with the woman, Mitchell and Driskell went away, without taking, or attempting to take, the alleged fugitives. These witnesses also stated that Mitchell on this occasion made a statement of what took place at the

house, in which he agreed substantially with Mr. Parish, saying nothing about any attempt or claim to arrest, or any pushing or ordering the slaves into the house, and nothing even of any refusal by Mr. Parish to give them up without judicial authority. Upon this evidence, after argument and charge by the Court, the case went to the jury, who found Mr. Parish guilty of harboring and concealing the alleged fugitives, and obstructing their arrest, and assessed against him two penalties of five hundred dollars each. It seems incredible, now, that such a verdict upon such evidence could ever have been rendered; but it was rendered, and the Court refused to set it aside, and the money and costs were actually collected from Mr. Parish.

THE ROSETTA CASE.

In March, 1855, the Rev. Mr. Dennison of Louisville, Ky., requested a friend to take charge of Rosetta, a colored girl of sixteen years of age, and convey her from Louisville to Virginia. This friend brought Rosetta to Cincinnati, and started with her by railroad to Wheeling. While remaining at Columbus, she was taken before a judge upon a writ of *habeas corpus*, declared free, and, being a minor, was placed under the guardianship of a gentleman named Vanslyke. While under this guardianship, she was seized by a deputy-marshal, who surreptitiously gained admission to the house in which she was employed, seized the girl, hurried her to the depot, and started at once for Cincinnati. Fortunately, her guardian was promptly notified of her capture; and, hastening to the depot, entered the cars just as they were moving off, and went on the same train with the girl and her captor to Cincinnati. This was on the 23d or 24th of March.

It was the plan of Dennison and the captor of Rosetta to take her at once to Pendery, the commissioner; have an immediate examination, and carry her off at once into Kentucky. Mr. Vanslyke defeated this plan by obtaining a writ of *habeas corpus* under Mr. Chase's counsel; upon which writ, Rosetta was brought

before Judge Parker, of the Court of Common Pleas. Mr. Chase appeared in behalf of Rosetta, together with Judge Timothy Walker, one of the most eminent and respected members of the bar, and Mr. R. V. Hayes, a young lawyer of great promise; while Mr. Pugh and Judge Flynn appeared on behalf of Mr. Dennison.

The case was very thoroughly argued; and the Court ordered that Rosetta, having been brought into Ohio by the master or his agent, was free, and should be delivered to the custody of her guardian. As there was some danger that the girl, if delivered in the court-room, would be immediately seized again by the marshal, Mr. Chase applied to the Court for an order that the sheriff should protect her until put into the charge of her guardian at some safe place. The order was made; and Rosetta was taken to the Woodruff House by the sheriff, and there restored to Mr. Vanslyke. Shortly afterwards, she was, as was feared, again arrested by the marshal, and taken before the commissioner, Pendergast; who heard arguments for and against the claim of her alleged master. Fortunately, in this case, the commissioner, though notoriously venal, did not venture to confront the public indignation certain to be aroused by an order for her surrender, after she had been declared entitled to freedom by the decisions of two courts. He accordingly discharged her from custody.

While this proceeding before him was going on, Mr. Chase and Mr. Walker asked the Court of Common Pleas for process in contempt against the marshal. The Court issued its writ accordingly, and the marshal was taken into custody by the sheriff. In his turn, he applied for a writ of *habeas corpus* to Judge M'Lean; and was discharged by him, upon the ground that the State Court had no jurisdiction to protect the liberty of any person claimed and seized as a fugitive slave under process authorized by the Fugitive-slave Act. This decision of Judge M'Lean attracted a great deal of attention, and received general condemnation. As Rosetta was at liberty, however, the interest excited by it was less general and less intense than it would have been had the decision been followed by practical results.

In this case, as in others of the kind, Mr. Chase, without fee or reward, argued the questions involved on the side of Freedom,

with all the earnestness and all the ability he possessed. Mr. Pugh had been elected as his successor in the Senate; and it was remarked by many, that the ex-senator was as ready to defend the rights of men as the new senator was ready to attack them.

THE GARNER CASE.

In the night of the 27th of January, 1856, a party of slaves escaped from Boone County, in Kentucky; and, crossing into Ohio, took refuge in a colored man's house near the river-bank below Millcreek, which divides Storrs Township from Cincinnati. They were closely pursued, and a warrant for their apprehension was obtained the next morning from a commissioner appointed by Judge McLean under the Fugitive-slave Act of 1850.

Among the fugitives was Margaret Garner with her husband, Simon Garner, their four children, and Simon's parents. Provided with the warrant, the United-States marshal, with a gang of officers and slave-hunters, hastened to the house on the river-bank.

Their entrance was resisted. Simon, who was armed with a six-shooter, fired four shots at the kidnappers before he and his companions were seized. While this was going on, his wife Margaret, frenzied by excitement, seized a butcher-knife, declaring that she would kill all the children before they should be carried back to a fate which she deemed worse than death for them; and did actually succeed in killing one,—a little girl of three years, named Mary.

The survivors were taken into custody, and conveyed to the police station-house. The friends of the slaves procured, the same day, a writ of *habeas corpus*, returnable before the Probate Judge of the county; which was executed by the sheriff, so far as to take the slaves into custody, and convey them to the county jail.

The Probate Judge immediately proceeded to Columbus to confer with Governor Chase as to the proper course of procedure.

The latter had been governor then just fourteen days. It was not necessary for him to inform the judge that he considered the Fugitive-slave Act unconstitutional and void; nor did he think it discreet to offer any suggestions to a magistrate concerning a decision to be made by him. But what the judge naturally desired to know, and what he had a right to know, was whether the executive of the State would sustain the laws of the State, in the midst of a community in which, by most persons, any decision against the claims of slave-owners would be regarded as little better than treason to the Constitution and the Union.

The governor unhesitatingly assured him, that the process of the State courts should be enforced in every part of the State, and that the sheriff would be sustained in the performance of his duty by the whole power at the command of the executive.

On the 8th of February, the grand jury reported an indictment against the parents and grandparents of the child Mary for murder. This placed then, under the control of the State authorities. A writ of *habeas corpus* was afterwards issued by the Probate Judge for the three surviving children; and, pending his decision in their case, he made a special order, that they should not be removed from the jurisdiction of the court.

Meanwhile, the marshal applied to the United-States District Judge, Leavitt, for a *habeas corpus* against the sheriff for the four fugitives, for the purpose of bringing them before him, to determine, not whether they were unlawfully deprived of liberty, but whether the sheriff was entitled to their custody under the criminal process of the State, rather than the marshal under the Slave Act commissioner's warrant.

On Thursday, Feb. 28, Judge Leavitt announced his decision in the case which had been argued before him. He declared, to the surprise of every one, that the custody of the sheriff, as against the claims of the marshal, was unlawful, and ordered the former to deliver the indicted persons to the latter. Still more to the astonishment of the friends of the slaves, the sheriff obeyed, and delivered up to the marshal, not only the four persons, but the three children also.

The fugitives were immediately hurried into an omnibus, guarded by a posse of five hundred special deputy marshals, driven

to the river, and taken across on the ferry-boat to Kentucky. So swiftly did the slave-hunters perform their work, that scarce an hour had elapsed, after Judge Leavitt made his order, before the fugitives were lodged in a Kentucky jail.

No person was more astonished and chagrined at this unexpected result than Governor Chase. He had watched the proceedings, in the cases of the fugitives, with deep interest and solicitude. They were represented by able counsel, and the power of the State was pledged to maintain the authority of the State. No one imagined that a judge could be found who would undertake to transfer, by a proceeding in *habeas corpus*, persons indicted under a State law, to United-States custody under the Fugitive-slave Act. Nor did any one imagine, that the children, held under an order of a State court, during the pendency of a suit of *habeas corpus*, would be carried off in violation of that order. But such a judge was found, and such an abduction was perpetrated.

The governor was afterwards blamed by zealous but ill-informed friends of the slave because he did not in some way prevent the carrying-back to slavery of Margaret Garner. They saw the tragic circumstances of her case, and felt peculiar sympathy for her; but they did not see the extraordinary efforts made to save her. That these were unsuccessful, all humane persons must lament; but no one concerned in the efforts made in her behalf ever found any fault with him: on the contrary, they fully approved his action, and were grateful for his support. The whole weight of his influence was given to the side of the fugitives, in every form of encouragement and counsel. More than this he could not do; except in the single contingency, that the sheriff might need the power of the State to enforce the execution of the process in his hands. He was in Columbus at the time, and the Legislature was in session. If the friends of the fugitives, who were on the spot, could devise no means to save them, it is not wonderful that he could devise none, while a hundred and twenty miles away, and wholly ignorant of the outrage which was being enacted.

The governor afterwards did every thing in his power to have the Garner Family brought back within the jurisdiction of the State, but without success. What ever became of them is not

known. Perhaps the Rebellion has restored the liberty, of which the cause of the Rebellion deprived them; and we may yet hear of their rejoicing in the new-found freedom which God's providence has given to so many.

THE GREEN-COUNTY SLAVE-HUNT.

In May, 1857, a slave-hunt was conducted by some deputy-marshals and Kentuckians in Champaign County. Their success did not equal their expectations. They went to Cincinnati, and procured warrants for the arrest of four citizens of Ohio, whom they accused of defeating their enterprise. Under these warrants, they arrested several citizens: whereupon a writ of *habeas corpus* was obtained by their friends, and placed in the hands of the sheriff. The execution of this writ was resisted by the slave-hunters, who beat and fired pistol-shots at the sheriff. Another writ was procured in the next county—Green—through which they passed, and placed in the hands of its sheriff; who, with a posse, pursued the slave-catchers, and overtook them. One of the deputy-marshals fired upon the sheriff's party, and several of his men also fired. They were, however, taken into custody, and brought back to Xenia, the county-seat. The two deputies gave bail for their appearance, and their associates were committed to jail for trial. Judge Leavitt, at Cincinnati, then issued a writ of *habeas corpus*, directed to the sheriff, requiring him to produce his prisoners. The writ was obeyed, and application was made to Gov. Chase to have the case represented upon the hearing. He at once directed the attorney-general to appear; who did so, and argued the questions arising in the case with great ability. Mr. Pugh and Mr. Vallandigham appeared on the side of the slave-catchers. The result was what was indeed foreseen,—an order by Judge Leavitt, discharging the prisoners.

The leading Administration-paper denounced the governor's action as a declaration of war, on the part of "Chase and his abolition crew," against the United States. He was indifferent to the charge.

In this case, as in the Garner case, he had exerted all the power the Constitution gave him, for the vindication of the rights which the Constitution guaranteed.

The decision of Judge Leavitt in this case, like that in the Garner case, denied the right of the State to execute its own criminal process, or civil process, where that execution interfered with the claims of masters under the Fugitive-slave Act.

These transactions made a profound impression upon the public mind, and no doubt contributed much to the political revolution which took place in 1860.

NATIONAL WORK.

When, in December, 1860, South Carolina seceded, and every thing indicated great irresolution and timidity on the part of the Administration, Mr. Chase wrote a very earnest letter to Gen. Scott, entreating him, as head of the army, to take the necessary measures to secure the public safety, and rely upon the country for its sanction and support. The general replied very kindly, but did not evince a disposition to assume the responsibility of the crisis. In February, Virginia invited a conference of the States at Washington, and appointed commissioners on her part. This conference doubtless was intended as a means of extorting new concessions to the slave-interest from Congress. To prevent injurious results, it seemed necessary that there should be a general representation from all the States,—from free as well as from the slave States which had not become involved in secession. Mr. Chase was one of the commissioners selected by the governor to represent Ohio. Unfortunately, he was the only one who was prepared to resist the purchase of peace by undue concessions. He was quite willing to give to the slave States the strongest assurances, that no aggressions upon their rights or real interests were meditated; but he was not at all willing to disguise from them the fact, that the further extension of slavery could not be allowed. The death of Judge Wright, and the appointment of Mr. Wolcott in his place, gave him one resolute and like-minded associate in the commis-

sion; but they were a minority. The vote of Ohio in the conference was steadily on the side of submission. The commissioners, whose general views agreed with theirs, finally determined to propose to refer all matters of difference to a National Convention; and, in the mean time, to arrest the progress of disunion by assurance that no invasion of State-rights over the subject of slavery, or over any other subject, was meditated, or would be attempted. In support of this proposition, Mr. Chase addressed the conference with great earnestness and with great plainness. He warned them of the consequences which must follow secession, and implored them not to reject the only proposition, which, in his judgment, was likely to save the country from a civil war. The proposition was, nevertheless, rejected; and, in its stead, a proposed amendment to the Constitution, making large concessions to the slave-interest, was forced through the convention in disregard of its rules, and submitted to Congress. There, as Mr. Chase had predicted, it received little favor. It is not probable that any thing which the conference could have done would have saved the country from the insurrection which has since assumed such fearful proportions of civil war. It is only certain, that nothing which was done had the slightest salutary effect upon the disastrous course of events.

Meantime, Congress was full of schemes for pacification; all of them involving more or less an abandonment of the principles which had been deliberately proclaimed by the Republicans in relation to slavery. Threats were openly made, that, unless such abandonment should be conceded, there should be no inauguration. To these menaces, Mr. Chase replied, "Inauguration first, adjustment afterwards;" and these words were caught up and repeated by loyal newspapers as a popular motto. They were not without their influence.

Immediately after the organization of the cabinet, the question of what should be the policy of the Government in respect to the seceded States demanded the most serious attention. The rebel guns opened on Fort Sumter. The call for seventy-five thousand men immediately followed. Secretary Chase urged Gen. Scott to occupy Manassas, and compel the rebels to evacuate Harper's Ferry and the Valley of the Shenandoah. It has since become evident, that this might have been done; and it is even pro-

bable that a vigorous use of the force then at the disposal of the Government might have driven the rebels from Richmond. The action proposed, however, was thought to involve too much risk. The rebels were suffered for weeks to occupy Alexandria with an insignificant force, to excite insurrection in Baltimore, and to destroy the national property at Norfolk, except that which was destroyed under orders by ourselves. At last, after long delays, Baltimore was recovered, Alexandria was occupied by national troops, and the rebels were driven from Harper's Ferry. Meanwhile, it had become evident that the seventy-five thousand men originally called for would not be sufficient. To replace them, Mr. Chase took the liberty to propose to call for sixty-five thousand volunteers. This proposition, after having been modified so as to include an increase of the regular army, was sanctioned by the President, who, with the consent of the Secretary of War, directed Mr. Chase to prepare the necessary orders. He invited to his assistance Col. Thomas, Major M'Dowell, and Capt. Franklin; and, after a good deal of consideration, the orders, since known as Nos. 15 and 16, were framed, — the one for the enlistment of volunteers, and the other for regular regiments.

Major M'Dowell contributed the largest amount of information and suggestion; while the two other officers were by no means wanting in both. It was the part of the secretary to decide between different opinions, and to put the whole in form.

The object he had in view was — as there was no law authorizing the raising of the force required — to prepare a regular system, in conformity with which all new enlistments should be made, clear and intelligible in itself, and capable of being laid before Congress in a form which would be likely to receive its sanction. The orders were promulgated in May.

There were wide departures from this plan, however. Great irregularities prevailed. Regiments were raised under verbal authorities from the President and the Secretary of War, and under written memoranda, of which no record was furnished: so that the orders failed to secure the principal objects had in view.

During this time, great efforts were made in Kentucky and in Missouri to precipitate those States into rebellion; and the Secretary of the Treasury was called on to take a very considerable

part in the measures adopted to prevent their success. The President and Secretary of War, indeed, committed to him, for a time, the principal charge of whatever related to Kentucky and Tennessee; and he was very active, also, in promoting the measures deemed necessary for the safety of Missouri. When Rousseau, then a Union senator in the Kentucky Legislature, for Louisville, came to Washington to seek means of raising men for the defence of the Union, Mr. Chase took his matters in charge; obtained for him a colonel's commission, and an order—drawn by the secretary himself—authorizing him to raise twenty companies. Mr. Chase was also charged with the care of Nelson's work. He drew most of the orders under which he acted, and provided the necessary means to meet expenses. He was likewise called on to frame the orders under which Andrew Johnson was authorized to raise regiments in Tennessee. These duties brought him into intimate relation with these officers, particularly with the first two. He esteemed them worthy of the confidence reposed in them by the President. It is indeed doubtful if more valuable work has been done, with so much activity, economy, and practical benefit in raising and using men, by any others. Nelson's movement into the interior of Kentucky, and establishment of Camp Dick Robinson, was, especially, most opportune. This movement saved Kentucky from secession.

Gen. Cameron, while Secretary of War, conferred much with Secretary Chase. In addition to western border-State matters, the principal subjects of conference were slavery, and the employment of colored troops. They agreed very early, that the necessity of arming them was inevitable: but they were alone in that opinion; at least, no other member of the Administration gave it open support; while the President and Mr. Blair at least were decidedly averse to it. The question of the employment of the colored people, who might repair within our lines, soon became one of practical urgency. Gen. Butler wrote from Fortress Monroe, in May, 1861, asking what disposition should be made of such persons. The Secretary of War conferred with Mr. Chase, who submitted his suggestions to him in the form of a letter, which was adopted with slight modification. Gen. Butler again wrote in July; and, being again consulted, the Secretary of the Treasury again submitted suggestions, which were adopted. In the first of these letters

of Gen. Cameron, Gen. Butler was directed to refrain from surrendering alleged fugitives from service to alleged masters; in the second, he was directed to employ them, under such organization, and in such occupations, as circumstances might suggest or require.

It remains now to speak briefly of the secretary's financial labors. The treasury, when he took charge of it, was almost literally empty. The receipts were very small, and most of what did come in was in treasury-notes. He therefore addressed himself at once to the negotiation of a loan.

Having conferred with his predecessor, Gen. Dix, and other gentlemen, whose judgments he relied on, he issued proposals for his first loan on the 22d of March, 1861. The amount offered was eight million dollars; the right of rejecting bids regarded as disadvantageous being reserved to the Government. The bonds to be issued were six per cent, redeemable after twenty years; and, not doubting that they were worth intrinsically more than par, he was not willing to acknowledge that the credit of the nation was so impaired, that the Secretary of the Treasury, obliged to make a loan, was obliged also to take whatever brokers and capitalists might see fit to offer for bonds.

The bids were opened on the 2d of April, and amounted to twenty-seven million a hundred and eighty-two thousand dollars, at rates varying from eighty-five for a hundred to par. There was only one bid so low as eighty-five, and only one so high as a hundred. The last previous loan had been negotiated by Mr. Chase's predecessor, on the 23d of February, 1861, at rates varying from 90.15 to 96.10; while previous loans had been negotiated at rates still more disadvantageous. It seemed a fit occasion, now, to give bidders to understand, that bonds of the United States were not to be put into the market for the best price that could be got, and without reserve. All bids below ninety-four were therefore rejected. There was some dissatisfaction among disappointed bidders at lower rates; but the effect of the decision was certainly useful to the country.

The secretary continued to borrow money under existing laws. On the 11th of April, just before the attack on Sumter, he borrowed four million nine hundred and one thousand dollars, on two-years'

treasury-notes, at a small premium. On the 25th of May, he borrowed, on twenty-years' bonds, seven millions three hundred and ten thousand dollars, at from eighty-five to ninety-three, declining all bids below eighty-five; and, on two-years' treasury-notes, a million six hundred and eighty-four thousand dollars at par.

These loans, considering the condition of the country at the time, were remarkable successes. The average rate of discount on the bonds sold below par was less than six per cent; while the average rate of all loans under par, previously made in times of war, was over twelve and a half per cent.

The secretary was indebted for his success, in great part, to the confidence and support, most generously given him, of a number of distinguished citizens having large influence in financial circles; and he endeavored to merit what they gave, by frankness, fairness, and firmness.

Congress assembled on the 4th of July, 1861; and soon afterwards passed an act to authorize a national loan, and for other purposes. Under this act, and acts amending it, he took measures to secure the funds necessary to carry on the war.

With this object, he invited representatives from the banking institutions of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, to meet him in New York; and they promptly responded to the invitation. His conferences with them were full and unreserved. He explained to them the situation of the country; the large inevitable expenditure for the suppression of the Rebellion; his hopes of vigorous prosecution of all measures necessary to that great end; his wishes for economy; and his views of the inexpediency of high rates of interest, which might suggest a possibility of future inability to pay it. They, on their side, explained the position of the banks; their disposition to sustain the Government; and their inability to take more bonds than their disposable capital allowed, without a prospect of an early sale and distribution. They thought the secretary's ideas as to interest rather too stringent; and, on some other points, they thought him not sufficiently considerate of the interests they represented. He was obliged to be very firm, and to say, "Gentlemen, I am sure you wish to do all you can; and I hope you will find that you can take the loans required on terms which can be admitted. If not, I must go back to Wash-

ington, and issue notes for circulation; for, gentlemen, the war must go on until this Rebellion is put down, if we have to put out paper until it takes a thousand dollars to buy a breakfast."

The result of the conference was an agreement by the banks of the three cities to unite as associates, and advance to the Government fifty millions of dollars at once, or as wanted, on the secretary's drafts in favor of the assistant treasurers; in consideration of which, he, on his part, agreed to appeal to the people for subscriptions to a national loan, on three-years' notes, bearing 7-80 per cent interest, and convertible into twenty-years' bonds bearing six per cent; to pay over the proceeds of these subscriptions to the banks, in satisfaction of their advances, so far as they would go; and to deliver them 7-80 notes for any deficiency.

This agreement was faithfully fulfilled. The secretary opened books of subscription to the national loan in all parts of the loyal States, and the people responded with alacrity. About forty-five millions were thus subscribed, and paid to the banks; and the remainder was made good by the delivery of the promised seventhirties.

This operation enabled the banks to make a second advance of fifty millions on nearly the same terms. It had become evident, that the popular subscription would not continue as large and prompt as at first; and the inconveniences of its management by the department had proved to be very great. The accounts of the subscription-agents were therefore closed; and the notes for the second loan were delivered directly to the bankers, who distributed them as best suited themselves. This simplified the transaction to the treasury; and the arrangement, though not quite so advantageous to the banks as the first, was every way more convenient.

By these two loans, the treasury obtained one hundred millions of dollars; paying under the immediate exigency a rate of interest only one and three-tenths per cent higher than the ordinary rate of six per cent, and that only for three years. The sums needed beyond the amounts thus obtained were supplied by the negotiation of notes at two years and sixty days, and by issuing United-States notes as circulation.

The banks declined to make another loan of fifty millions for 7-80 notes; and the secretary was obliged, by the absolute neces-

sity of providing means for military and naval disbursement, to offer another description of securities. The act authorizing a national loan provided for the disposal of six per cent bonds, with such deduction from their face-value as would make them equivalent to seven per cent bonds, redeemable after twenty years, disposed of at par. He was extremely reluctant to avail himself of this power; but the emergency was great: there was no other resource, and he submitted. Fifty millions, in six per cent bonds, were equal to forty-five million seven hundred and ninety-five thousand four hundred and seventy-eight dollars forty-eight cents in seven per cent bonds, redeemable after twenty years; and, accordingly, he gave the banks fifty millions, in six per cent bonds, for forty-five million seven hundred and ninety-five thousand four hundred and seventy-eight dollars forty-eight cents in coin.

The banks had constantly urged him to forego the further issue of United-States notes, and draw directly upon them for the sums subscribed, and placed on their books to the credit of the Government. "In what funds will my drafts be paid?" he asked. "We in New York are entirely willing to pay in coin," was the reply. "But how will it be in Boston? how in Philadelphia? How, if you in New York give the draft-holder a check on Cincinnati or St. Louis, will the check be paid?"—"In whatever funds the holder of the draft or check is willing to receive."—"That is to say," he answered, "in coin, if the holder insists on coin, and the bank is able and willing to pay; but in bank-notes, if he will consent to receive bank-notes. I cannot agree to this, gentlemen. You ask me to borrow the credit of local banks in the form of circulation. I prefer to put the credit of the people into notes, and use them as money. If you can lend me all the coin required, or show me where I can borrow it elsewhere at fair rates, I will withdraw every note already issued, and pledge myself never to issue another; but, if you cannot, you must let me stick to United-States notes, and increase the issue of them just as far as the deficiency of coin may require." This resolution, seen to be unalterable, was followed by important consequences.

The negotiation of the seven per cent loan (for such it really was) took place on the 16th of November. The bankers could not pay their subscription in coin, unless they could find a market

for their bonds; and prices declined, instead of advancing. It soon became plain that the bank-note circulation could not be sustained at the par of coin, unless made receivable by the Government; and that it could not be made so receivable without risk of serious and perhaps irretrievable financial embarrassment and disorder. In other words, it became plain that a general bank-suspension was inevitable, except by sacrifices which the banks would not make. The banks of New York suspended on the 30th of December, 1861; and their example was followed throughout the country. This suspension made it certain that the Government could no longer obtain coin on loans in any adequate amounts. Some of the banks, indeed, which had subscribed to the seven per cent loan, declined to pay their subscriptions in coin; and even asked to be relieved from payment in notes of the United States. Under these circumstances, the secretary had no choice but to suspend payment of these notes in coin, and take measures to provide a currency in which loans could be negotiated, and the transactions of the Government carried on. He wished to avoid the necessity of making notes of any kind a legal tender, and proposed several modes of doing it. To none could the unanimous assent of the banks be obtained. Some of them manifested a disposition to discredit the national circulation wholly, whether issued in notes bearing interest, or issued in notes bearing no interest; and, if possible, force upon the country the circulation of the suspended banks. Several bankers refused to receive the United-States notes on deposit. This way of things was the high road to ruin; and he did not hesitate as to the remedy. He united at once with those who desired to have the United-States notes made a legal tender; and, by joining them, decided the success of that measure.

The secretary had already urged on Congress the adoption of a system of national currency, to be furnished to associations organized under national authority, and secured by the pledge of national securities. Congress was not yet prepared for so decided a measure as this. When, upon the issue of United-States notes, he had expressed the opinion, that the exigencies of the war might furnish the occasion for the establishment of a truly national currency, the idea was received with little favor, and less faith.

Very few, when he brought a plan for a national currency

before Congress, were prepared to accept it either as desirable or practicable. A majority of both the House and Senate financial committees were incredulous or hostile. Only Mr. Hooper of Massachusetts, a gentleman whose sound judgment and large knowledge of financial subjects gave great and deserved weight to his opinions, encouraged the secretary by open support; and the most he could do was to obtain leave to bring in a bill authorizing a national banking system, and providing for a national currency, and procure an order for the printing of it. Out of Congress, Robert J. Walker, distinguished by his brilliant administration of the treasury when himself secretary, and by his great ability, gave the plan the sanction of his approval. Encouraged by such judgments, he was not daunted by the general opposition. He knew that so great a revolution in the currency of the country could not be expected to command general and immediate assent; and he was not dissatisfied with the delay, because it gave him an opportunity of preparing for the transition by the issue of United-States notes, which, made a legal tender, were sure to obtain universal currency. Their currency would prevent, in some degree, the irregular and dangerous increase of bank-note circulation which would otherwise take place, and furnish the means by which that circulation could be redeemed. Congress authorized the issue of this circulation, and also provided for the issue of five hundred millions in bonds, redeemable after five years, and payable twenty years from date; which afterward became well known under the name of "five-twenties." To support the credit of the notes, they were made convertible into these bonds; and the interest on the bonds was made payable in coin. This was doubtless wise at the beginning; but it soon became evident that the right of conversion, at the pleasure of the holder of the notes, would prevent the bonds from being taken in sufficient amounts to supply the demands of the war. The secretary urged the financial committees to repeal the provision for conversion; but in vain. Congress adjourned; and he was left with no other means of raising money in large sums, except by the issue of United-States notes and the conversion of the five-twenties. He endeavored to stimulate conversions by the appointment of agents, but without very great success. He was obliged to depend chiefly upon United-States

notes. When Congress again met, in December, 1862, he again represented the inconvenience of the clauses in the Five-twenty Act, authorizing conversion, and requiring sales at market-rates; and again urged the necessity of an act authorizing the organization of a national banking system, and thus providing a permanent national currency. A decided majority in both Houses was at first opposed to these measures. At length, however, though with great difficulty, a majority was induced to adopt his views. The National Banking Act was passed; and the privilege of conversion was limited to the 1st of July, 1863.

He had made strenuous endeavors to dispose of the 5-20 bonds by way of loan: but the best offer he could obtain for a single loan of fifty millions was ninety-seven and a half or ninety-eight for a hundred, involving the loss on each fifty millions of the five hundred millions—beyond all expenses of preparation, transportation, and all risks—of a million to a million and a quarter of dollars; that is to say, of from eight to ten millions of dollars on the whole loan. These were the best terms. He therefore determined on another plan. He had already engaged the services of Mr. Jay Cooke as general agent; and arranged with him to obtain subscriptions throughout the whole country through sub-agents, for whom he was to be responsible. This arrangement, aided by the legislation of Congress, now worked very well. Mr. Cooke sent his agents everywhere, and, through the newspapers, gave the widest possible publicity to the loan, and secured great favor towards it. He was responsible for all his agents, for all expenses, and for all risks; and the whole compensation was three-eighths of one per cent, of which one-eighth only was compensation to him for services and responsibilities; and even from this eighth large amounts were deducted for actual expenditures. The result was, that the whole five hundred millions of loan was taken by the end of January; and the subscriptions were in excess by nearly eleven millions of the amount authorized.

The employment of Mr. Cooke did not exclude the employment of the treasurer, the assistant treasurers, and designated depositaries of the United States throughout the country. They received all the subscriptions they could obtain, and allowed one-eighth of one per cent to those who bought for resale. Mr.

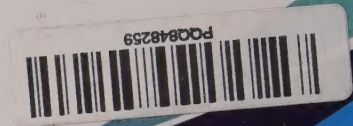
Cooke's exertions contributed very largely to the subscriptions made with those officers. The whole expense of the loan was one million four hundred thousand dollars, as against a loss of from eight to ten millions at the least which would have attended the ordinary course of negotiation.

The secretary had been told by the most experienced financial men that the five-twenty negotiation would prove a failure; for bonds redeemable after five years would find no takers, except at inadmissible discounts. He resolved to attempt the negotiation, because of his extreme aversion to binding the country to pay high rates of interest for long periods of time. While the subscription for five-twenties was going on, national banks were being organized under the banking law. It has become tolerably certain that the system will be a success, and will furnish to the country a safe, sufficient, and uniform currency. It is greatly to be regretted that Congress has not been willing to impose heavier taxes on the State bank circulation, so as to effectually restrict and discourage it. This is now the greatest necessity. There is every reason to expect that bonds may now be negotiated under the recent act at five per cent interest; and there can be no doubt, that if the necessary legislation can be obtained, and the war pushed to an early and successful termination, the credit of the country will be preserved unimpaired; and that the great results, including the resumption of specie payments, which the secretary has kept steadily in view from the beginning, will be attained.



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